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ART. I.—*Memoir of Robert Chambers, with Autobiographical Reminiscences of William Chambers, LL.D.* Ninth Edition. London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers. 1877.

THERE is a kind of cant lightly passed from lip to lip that publishers are the natural enemies of authors, feed on their brains, push modest merit into the background, and grudgingly reward popularity. The accusation, except in rare instances, is as unjust as it is untrue. In all professions there are discreditable members—literature itself being by no means an exception. But at no time have publishers been wanting as the generous and forbearing friends of authors. Indeed all who mix with literary men and women can cite instances of help given freely in sore need, of claims foregone, of difficulties smoothed, and paths opened by those who, making large outlays of capital and taking all the risk, are fairly entitled to a handsome share of the profits of literature. Moreover, from the days of Dodsley to our own, publishers have existed who have been both discriminating judges of the writings of others and themselves writers of no small distinction. Few careers offer wider opportunities of usefulness; and of those men who have combined book writing with book selling few perhaps have used these opportunities better than the late Robert, and the happily still surviving William, Chambers.

The birthplace of the brothers Chambers was that old world town on the banks of the Tweed whose tranquillity suggested the proverb, "As quiet as the grave or as Peebles:" at the beginning of this century occupied by a

prosperous, primitive, homely community of weavers, who burnt peat, ate from wooden platters with horn spoons, wore the stuffs they wove, and by way of dissipation invited each other to tea and proverbs—"a class of sayings," writes Robert Chambers, "which from their agreeable tartness found scope for exercise in ordinary transactions, and were more especially useful in snubbing children and keeping them in remembrance of their duty." Peebles was a paradise of handloom workers, where the operatives could easily earn two pounds a week, a sum which at that time and place represented much more comfort and importance than it would now. And a prominent man in the little community was James Chambers, sprung directly from generations of substantial woollen manufacturers, but looking back with pride through this prosaic vista to "William de la Chaumbre, Bailif é Burgois de Pebles, in the list of those who signed bonds of allegiance to Edward the First at Berwick-on-Tweed, in 1296."

James Chambers is described by his sons as neatly made and rather short, with a handsome face, a kindly cheerful temper, and a taste for astronomy and the German flute. He occupied "a small mansion fronting Eddleston Water;" with a pretty sitting room, carpeted, containing an alabaster clock and alabaster-framed pictures, rarities in those days, and also the Scottish indispensable—"a concealed bed;" with looms on the ground floor, and warp and weft in the garrets, where also was ignominiously stowed away a spinet which the music-loving head of the family had rashly sent in a carrier's cart from Glasgow, forgetful of the fact that there was no place for it to stand in.

Weaver James, seated at the open window of his little parlour on calm summer gloamings, "would play an endless series of Scottish airs which might be heard along the Eddleston Water," writes his son Robert. "Then, as the clear silvery moon and planets arose to illumine the growing darkness, out would be brought his telescope, which being planted on my mother's tea-table there ensued a critical inspection of the firmament and its starry host."

The mother's name opens another chapter of curious reminiscences of Scotland in days now historical. About two miles from Peebles was a farm called Newby, seven miles in length, though its homestead consisted only of a cottage and outhouses. Its occupants, towards the end of the last century, were a middle-aged farmer named

Gibson, and his wife, a handsome girl of eighteen, who, small as their dwelling was, every night afforded shelter to troops of vagrants, sometimes as many as twenty at a time. Those of the best character were entertained in "the farmer's ha'," where the family and servants usually sat, repaying their hosts by scraps of country-side gossip gathered in their peregrinations, which there was at that time no other means of hearing. The eldest daughter of the house in after years married James Chambers.

"My grandmother and her maids," writes Robert Chambers, "were generally up at an early hour to attend to the ewes, and their time for going to rest must consequently have been an early one. There was always, however, a period called 'between gloaming and supper time,' during which the wheels were brought out for spinning the yarn which was to clothe the family. I often think that it must have been a pleasing sight in that humble hall—the handsome young mistress amidst her troop of maidens, all busy with foot and finger, while the shepherds and their master, and one or two favoured gaberlunzies, would be telling stories or cracking jokes for the general entertainment, or some one with a good voice would be singing the songs of Ramsay and Hamilton."—P. 38.

Robert's earliest recollection of his mother is that of "a young woman of elegant shape and delicate features, . . . a being of ladylike grace and scarcely in her twenty-fourth year, though already the mother of four children. . . . Punctiliously tasteful in dress, and beautiful in feature, but with an expression of blended pensiveness and cheerfulness indicative of the position into which she had been brought. Even as a child I could see she had sorrows—perhaps regrets." The sorrows chiefly sprang from the temperament of her husband, whose genial disposition, tastes, and accomplishments exposed him to all the temptations attending social success, and who preferred cultivating his musical talent or studying astronomy with his celebrated friend, Mungo Park, then settled in Peebles as a surgeon, to superintending the hundred looms at one time in his employment. "Too slight a regard for personal responsibilities," as his son William gently puts it, threw the burden of them on the shoulders of his delicate wife, who, besides bringing up a large family, had to confront, and, where possible, conquer, the difficulties evaded by her husband. Two of their numerous children were born with six fingers on each

hand and six toes on each foot.* This peculiarity was said by the gossips to presage good luck—and good fortune certainly rewarded both Robert and William in after life, though we are inclined to attribute it rather to perseverance, talent, and energy than to their superfluous members.

The two boys were at an early age intelligent, observant, and impressionable. They learnt a love of natural beauty from the place in which they lived, and the people among whom they moved gave them a sense of humour. What can suggest a prettier picture than the following passage from the recollections woven into William Chambers's life of his brother :

"The going forth of the town cows to their pasturage on a neighbouring hill, and their return, constituted leading and interesting events of the day. Early in the summer mornings the inhabitants were roused by the inharmonious sounds blown from an ox-horn by the townherd, who leisurely perambulated the streets with a grey plaid twisted round his shoulders. Then came forth the cows deliberately, one by one, from their respective quarters, and took their way instinctively by the bridge across the Tweed, their keeper coming up behind to urge forward the loiterers. Before taking the ascent to the hill, the cows, in picturesque groups, might have been seen standing within the margin of the Minister's Pool, a smooth part of the river which reflected on its glistening surface the figures of the animals in various attitudes, along with the surrounding scenery; the whole—river, cows, and trees—forming a tableau such as would have been an appropriate study for Berghem or Wouvermans."—P. 20.

The strongly marked characteristics of the Peebles folk may naturally have given some hints to Scott for his famous Waverley portrait gallery. It is more surprising to find among the early acquaintances of the brothers Chambers certain oddities who might have supplied Dickens with the germs of two characters in *Our Mutual Friend*. Yet Miss Ritchie, the clever sprightly woman of irreproachable character, "who, so far from the obsequiousness of her profession, . . . ruled house, servants, and guests with her clear head and ready tongue," reminds us forcibly of Miss Abbey Potterson, to whose beneficent disposition and rough and ready rule over the "Six Jolly Fellowships' Porters," the

* In William's case amputation of each surplus finger and toe was successfully resorted to; but in Robert's the remedy caused an almost lifelong soreness and tenderness of the feet.

waterside population of Limehouse bowed down. Miss Ritchie would never allow her customers to have liquor after a certain hour. "When that hour arrived—I think it was the Forbes-Mackenzie hour of eleven," says Robert Chambers—"it was vain for them to ask for a fresh supply. 'Na, na, gang hame to your wives and bairns,' was her dictum, and it was impossible for them to sit much longer."

"On the clock's striking ten," says Charles Dickens, "and Miss Abbey's appearing at the door, and addressing a certain person in faded scarlet jacket with 'George Jones! your time's up. I told your wife you should be punctual,' Jones submissively rose, gave the company good night, and retired. At half-past ten, on Miss Abbey's looking in again, and saying, 'William Williams, Bob Glamour, and Jonathan, you are all due,' Williams, Bob, and Jonathan with singular meekness took their leave and evaporated. Greater wonder than these, when a bottle-nosed person in a glazed hat had, after some considerable hesitation, ordered another glass of gin-and-water of the attendant pot-boy, and when Miss Abbey, instead of sending it, appeared in person, saying 'Captain Joey, you have had as much as will do you good,' not only did the Captain feebly rub his knees and contemplate the fire without offering a word of protest, but the rest of the company murmured—'Ay, ay, Captain, Miss Abbey's right. You be guided by Miss Abbey, Captain.'"^{*}

Tam Fleck, again,—considered by his neighbours a "flichty chield," who, "not particularly steady at his legitimate employments," struck out a sort of profession by going about in the evenings with a well-worn copy of L'Estrange's *Translation of Josephus*, which he read as current news by the flickering blaze of the cottage fires,—recalls the familiar figure of Mr. Silas Wegg, at Boffin's Bower, alternately "dropping into poetry," and "Declining and Falling" with Gibbon's *Roman Empire* for the edification of the Golden Dustman and his Henrietty, at five-pence an hour. And the care with which the supply of improving literature was economised closely resembles that "ligneous sharper" Mr. Wegg's judicious method of eking out his scanty literary resources by pipes and cold pie. It was Tam Fleck's practice, says Dr. William Chambers—

"Not to read more than from two to three pages at a time, interlarded with sagacious remarks of his own by way of foot-notes, and in this way he sustained an extraordinary interest in

^{*} *Our Mutual Friend*. By Charles Dickens, Vol. I., p. 49.

the narrative. Retailing the matter with great equability in different households, Tam kept all at the same point of information, and wound them up with a corresponding anxiety as to the issue of some moving event in Hebrew annals. Although in this way he went through a course of Josephus yearly, the novelty somehow never seemed to wear off. 'Wal, Tam, what's the news the nicht?' would old Geordie Murray say, as Tam entered with his Josephus under his arm, and seated himself at the family fire-side. 'Bad news, bad news,' Tam would reply, 'Titus has begun to besiege Jerusalem—it's gaun to be a terrible business.' The protracted and severe famine which was endured by the besieged Jews was a theme which kept several families in a state of agony for a week. And when Tam in his readings came to the final conflict and destruction of the city by the Roman General, there was a perfect paroxysm of horror. At such *stances* my brother and I were delighted listeners."—Pp. 80, 81.

Nothing can, perhaps, be imagined much more dramatic than the sudden invasion in 1810 of this quiet sober-minded little Scotch town, whose inhabitants read Josephus for excitement, and took "a smell of fresh air" (generally in the kirk-yard) for recreation, by over one hundred prisoners of war on parole. Most of them were lively accomplished men; naval or military officers fresh from the Peninsular War, and all devoted adherents of Napoleon, though of varied nationality—French, Italian, Swiss, and Polish. Their strange picturesque attire, their vivacious gentlemanly manners, above all their determination to establish a *table-d'hôte*, a billiard-room, and a theatre, without which existence was to them an impossibility, turned the heads of the peaceful Peebles folk and filled their hearts with fearful joy. Military stragglers had already visited the old town and given "an intellectual fillip to the place"—militia regiments had marched to and fro with drums beating and colours flying, and gay recruiting sergeants (dashing, insinuating fellows!) had carried off the youth and valour of the locality, leaving behind in their stead London newspapers, the most new and fashionable airs,—such as, "Cease your funning,"—and a knowledge of cricket. A few prisoners, too, had been sent thither—Walloons, Dutch and Danes, who fell quietly into the ways of the quiet town, and by fishing and handicrafts managed to earn a bare subsistence. But no event so revolutionising as the "French invasion" had ever before happened to Peebles!

James Chambers, as might be expected from his social disposition and love of excitement, took kindly to the clever and interesting exiles. Unable to compete with machinery, he had for some time given up his weaving business and set up as a draper. His new friends were not only welcomed to his house and assisted in their theatrical properties from his wife's wardrobe, but were liberally supplied with clothing from his stores. To these unprofitable business transactions Mrs. Chambers, with the welfare of a large young family at heart, demurred. But her husband, easy-tempered and sanguine, continued to give "unlimited credit" to his unfortunate customers and, when the Government order for their removal to Dumfriesshire arrived, lost every penny due to him. This brought on a crisis in his affairs, complicated by the roguery of a trustee. The home at Peebles was broken up, and the family removed to Edinburgh. Though occasioned by loss and trouble, nothing could have been more fortunate for the two lads than the change of abode. They had exhausted the educational resources of Peebles, which were not vast, though ampler, and incomparably more accessible, no doubt, than in English country towns at the same period. The first school attended by the brothers Chambers was kept by an old widow, who undertook to carry her pupils as far as reading the Bible, with the exception of difficult words, "such as Mahershalalhashbaz," which she told her pupils might reasonably be considered "a pass-over." Thence they were transferred to the burgh school, where reading and writing could be acquired for two shillings and twopence per quarter, with arithmetic thrown in for an extra sixpence; and where, during the teacher's too frequent absence on a carouse, the boys would have a "battle of the books," while the girls discreetly retired under the tables. The "finishing" academy was a grammar school of some celebrity in its day, boarders from Edinburgh and the colonies occasionally appearing there. Boys were even prepared for the University, being well grounded in Greek and Latin for five shillings a quarter. To this establishment Robert alone was advanced; William's education, technically so called, terminating at thirteen, having cost, books included, about six pounds. The boys learnt more at home than at school. They had picked up conversational French from their father's unprofitable customers, studied astronomy through his telescope, and, inspired by his example,

spent their playhours in devouring Pope, Goldsmith, Fielding, Smollett, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The latter work was a mine of wealth, an intellectual Fortunatus's purse, discovered by Robert in a chest in the attic, having been, like the spinet, a white elephant of a purchase for which no standing room could be found in the crowded little house. "What the gift of a whole toyshop would have been to most children," he says, "this book was to me."

The brothers were fitted for a wider career than their native town could afford. They were independent, thoughtful, full of character, energy, and resource. When James Chambers, after some fruitless attempts to revive his commission business in Edinburgh, accepted the post of manager to certain salt works at Joppa Pans, near Portobello, Robert and William were left in the capital; the former to pursue his studies at the academy of Benjamin Mackay, the latter to begin life as a bookseller's out-door apprentice, at four shillings a week. It is immensely to his credit that he made this scanty sum suffice for lodging, clothing ("shoes," he says, "were an awkwardly heavy item"), and board, never asking the smallest help from his father, but living bravely and contentedly on threepence-halfpenny a day, thanks to the frugal catering of his landlady, who declared that eating was "just a use," and relied principally on oatmeal. For a time William managed to earn a daily hot roll (most welcome addition to his scanty breakfast of porridge) by reading aloud to a baker of literary tastes but scanty leisure, while he and his sons prepared their batch. Rising about four o'clock on winter mornings, the lad of fourteen, before beginning a hard day's work at Sutherland's shop in Calton Street, made his way across the silent town to the baker's cellar, where for over two hours he read aloud, seated on a flour sack in the window sill, with his book in one hand and a tallow candle stuck in a bottle in the other. The choice of books was left to the young reader, his employer only stipulating for "something comic." *Roderick Random* was the first experiment, attended by shouts of laughter; most of the novels of Smollett and Fielding followed in due succession, but *Gil Blas* was the prime favourite. Shop hours lasted from half-past seven till nine at night. Such infinitesimal leisure as remained, the brothers (for Robert temporarily shared William's bed-closet) spent with two studious lads,

named King, "whose talk was of retorts, alkalies, acids, oxygen gas, Leyden jars and the galvanic pile." Their experiments, such as the production of coal-gas in a blacking bottle, were conducted in the residence of a street porter, a handy and ingenious man, who in early life had broadened his sympathies and picked up an extensive assortment of odds and ends of knowledge by travelling as a gentleman's servant.

A varied experience of strange sorts and conditions of life, many of them long since obsolete, William Chambers gained during those early times of struggle and privation, which he half playfully, half sadly, calls the "dark ages." His master combined with bookselling a circulating library and an agency for the State Lottery, many of whose patrons were found—strange regions for Alnaschar visions!—in the Sanctuary, the Canongate, and the Old Tolbooth. William's heaviest grievance was the delivery of "those odious piles of lottery circulars," but even in this he found characteristic consolation: "Over the doorway of an old house in the West Bow, which I passed several times daily, was the inscription carved in stone, *He that tholes overcomes*; I made up my mind to *thole*—a pithy old Scottish word signifying to bear with patience." The superstitious preferences of the lottery patrons were innumerable. Some would only buy odd numbers of five figures, others bought numbers they had dreamt of, others brought the seventh son of a seventh son to choose a number for them. The majority of purchasers contented themselves with a sixteenth share, costing about a guinea and a half, and were chiefly hackney coachmen, waiters, housekeepers, small tradesmen, and prisoners for debt. But the inhabitants of the Sanctuary would probably have disdained this title; "distinguished characters from England, gaunt, oldish, broken-down men of fashion, wearing big gold spectacles," to whom it was inconvenient to reside near their creditors, occupied the cluster of decayed buildings round Holyrood Palace, within whose precincts they securely defied the sheriff and his men. The debtors' quarter of the Old Tolbooth (of which many strange stories were told) when William Chambers found patrons there, was "little else than a union of lodging-house and tavern, under lock and key." Political fugitives occasionally found refuge there, and thence escaped to the Continent; and among the *détenus* were several voluntary residents, very obligingly

overlooked by the governor, and preferring to live rent-free in a prison to paying for accommodation outside.

But however distasteful the routine of the week might be, Sunday always brought its blessed rest and variety. Between nine and ten on Saturday night the brothers started for their long walk through Portobello to Joppa Pans. The salt works had ceased to send up their noxious fumes, the manager's cottage, however poor and small, was home, and the mother's welcome was loving. Next day would be spent in due visits to the old churches of Inveresk or Dalkeith, followed by rambles through fields which, though scarred by coalpits, still had hedgerows where birds sang and wild flowers bloomed; or amongst "the shell and tangle-covered rocks, against which pellucid waves dashed in unremitting murmurs." Even on these walks the rule of never losing a moment for mental cultivation was maintained, and the boys carried a French New Testament with them to study by the way.

The community amongst whom James Chambers was then living had many peculiarities. Together with the colliers in the neighbouring tiled hamlets, the elder salt makers had at one time been serfs, and in that condition had been legally sold with the property on which they dwelt.

"I conversed with some of them on the subject," says William Chambers. "They and their children had been heritable fixtures to the spot. They could neither leave at will, nor change their profession. . . . I feel it curious that I should have seen and spoken to persons in this country who remembered being legally in a state of serfdom—and such they were until the year 1799, when an act of Parliament abolished this last remnant of slavery in the British Islands. Appreciating the event, they set aside one day in the year as a festival commemorative of their liberation."—Pp. 117, 118.

The boys had not long even the home at Joppa Pans as a refuge. The trials of James Chambers and his wife reached a climax when he was waylaid and robbed of some money he had collected in Edinburgh for his employers. It seems hard measure that he should be discharged because he had been savagely attacked and left stunned and penniless in the high road. But probably his rugged and irritable independence, always averse to receive or obey orders, became unmanageable when they were such as he did not approve, so that he was unpopular with his

employers; and the business at Joppa Pans consisted largely of "supplying material for a contraband trade across the border to England," a trade which high protective duties rendered exceedingly profitable, but whose illegality vexed the soul of the manager.

On Mrs. Chambers, in spite of her weak health and the cares of numerous children, devolved the task not only of nursing her husband, but also of supporting the whole family, except William. Removing at once to a small house on the Musselburgh road, she opened a shop, assisted by such very small savings as William could contribute, the most important item being half-a-guinea presented to him by the happy owner of the sixteenth of a twenty thousand pound prize. Wherever Mrs. Chambers went she made friends by her industry, rectitude, and pleasant manners. Her new undertaking, in course of time, prospered accordingly.

The change in the circumstances of the family fell most heavily on Robert. From inability to pay the college fees, he was compelled to give up his cherished scheme of becoming a divinity student, to which end he had been working desperately hard both in and out of school, half starving himself, and abstaining from every kind of recreation. "I cannot recollect," writes his brother, "that he ever spent a moment in what was purely amusing or of no practical value;" and this stoic was barely fifteen years old! Intensely fond of classical studies, he was a tolerable Latin verse writer and an ardent Pythagorean, sustained through every privation by the distinctions he won at school, and the hope that they presaged equal distinction in the Church. When this hope was dashed to the ground, and the reaction after so much effort and endurance came; when, in addition to his own disappointment, he was forced helplessly to witness the struggles and privations at home, "he wandered about with a sense of desolation," says his brother, "and abandoned himself to an agony of grief and despair." But all this time the "divinity that shapes our ends," however hard our misdirected enthusiasms may strive against it, had been qualifying him for a career more suited to his powers than the ministry. His vocation was to teach through the press, not from the pulpit; and the extreme poverty which sent him after school-hours to the Old Tolbooth for warmth and shelter, or prompted his restless wanderings through every nook

and corner of the picturesque old city, filled his fancy with character studies for future essays, and stored his brain with the quaint antiquarian and legendary lore which, seven years later, made Sir Walter Scott wonder "where the boy got all his information." But he could not foresee this in the hour of disappointment at his altered prospects; and the brothers held many a Sabbath eve consultation as to the future, as they sat on a grassy knoll overlooking the gleaming waters of the Firth. Jeremy Taylor says: "No man but hath blessings enough in present possession to outweigh the evils of a great affliction;" how the blessings are to be recognised and brought into practical application, comments William Chambers, is sometimes the difficulty. In Robert's case the blessings consisted of youth, health, a fair education, and honourable aspirations. Then came the question, what was he to do with them? At first a little teaching was undertaken at Portobello. Then an ill-paid situation in a merchant's office. But the latter involved a daily walk of twelve miles, which his lameness compelled him soon to give up; and from his next situation he was discharged, for no reason that he could think of, he said, but that his employer thought him "too stupid ever to be of any good." Impressionable, sensitive, feeling keenly the indifference of well-to-do relations, who might easily have removed the obstacles from his path, Robert now found himself "at the bottom of the ladder"—and instantly set about climbing up again.

Each brother had cherished a secret ambition: Robert's hope of entering the ministry must clearly be given up. William's dream of becoming a bookseller might still be realised. Why should not both enter on the same career, since the experience gained already by the one was fully at the service of the other? And not the experience only: during his apprenticeship William had contrived, by heaven only knows what frugality and self-denial, again to save a very little money, and this was at his brother's disposal, to start him on his new career. So in 1818, at sixteen years old, the disappointed divinity student set up as a bookseller in Leith Walk, Edinburgh, with his stock-in-trade, consisting of the well-worn remains of his father's library, displayed on a rude stall in front of the little room which "served him for workshop, parlour, and all," as the nursery rhyme runs, and for which he paid the gigantic rental of six pounds a year. William went to live with

him in order to lessen expenses, and to be at hand for professional advice, regardless of the fact that a bed on the floor, with a bundle of books for a pillow, was all the accommodation his brother could offer him.

In May, 1819, William's apprenticeship came to an end, and he resolved to make a bold stroke for independence. Continuing to live with his brother, he rented a small shop at no great distance in the Walk—a kind of broad boulevard, stretching for a mile between Edinburgh and the seaport, and used as a general thoroughfare in which most of the eccentrics of Edinburgh circulated, especially at the time of Leith races. Shops for shells, corals, and other curiosities abounded; but the chief attraction was a wax-work show, at whose entrance sat an old gentleman in full court dress, reading a newspaper which had occupied him for ten years. The houses were of a most heterogeneous order, villas with showy gardens appearing between rows of small shops, and an avenue of fine old trees leading to Pilrig House, fronting William's bookstall.

Robert having come into possession of the family library, it was problematical whence William's stock-in-trade would be derived, but for a lucky accident which gained him the good graces of the travelling agent of William Tegg, the Cheap-side publisher, who was about to hold a trade sale at Edinburgh, and wanted the help of some one accustomed to pack and arrange books. William Chambers was recommended, and gave satisfaction; and inquiries followed as to what he meant to do. "I replied to the friendly inquirer, that I was about to begin business," says William, "and that if I had any money I should buy a few of his specimens. 'Well,' he replied, 'I like that frankness. You seem an honest lad, and have been useful to me. Select ten pounds' worth of samples, and I will give you the usual credit.'" This offer was joyfully embraced, and William, having wheeled his precious windfall home in a borrowed truck, spent the few remaining shillings of his last wages in deals, nails, &c., to fit up his shop and stall. A few days later he began business.

He saved as well as earned money in every possible way. He bought books in sheets, and learnt to put them in boards himself; and on wet days, when trade was dull, he transcribed poems for albums with exquisite neatness, in imitation of copper-plate lettering. Then he began to write a little himself, and next to print his own productions.

The *modus operandi* he must himself describe, premising that the whole machine only cost three pounds :

"The press, constructed to stand on a table, consisted of a wooden sole, with a carriage, on which the forme of types was to be laid ; and this carriage required to be pushed forward and drawn out as you would a drawer. The power consisted of an iron screw hung on a cross beam, sustained by two upright supports. The handle was attached to the upper and projecting end of the screw, and had to be turned about twice with a smart jerk before the pressure could be effected. The working of the machine was slow. Owing to the unsteadiness of the structure, the impression was imperfect. The extent of the pressing surface was eighteen inches by twelve. . . . When the screw was brought to the pull a jangling and creaking noise was produced, like a shriek of anguish, that might have been heard two houses off. The impression being so effected the screw had to be whisked back to a state of repose. I had no table on which to fix this frail machine, and placed it on a stout wooden chest turned on its side, which in more prosperous days had been used in my father's house as a meal-ark."

Nothing more primitive, Dr. Chambers may well remark, had been attempted since Guttenberg made his rudimentary efforts in the art of printing.

"I think there was a degree of infatuation," he continues, evidently giving a half-compassionate, half-regretful glance at those happy days when he was so miserable, "in my attachment to that jangling, creaking, wheezing little press. Placed at the only window in my apartment,"—he had by this time left his brother, and was renting a bedroom behind his own shop,—"within a few feet of my bed, I could see its outline in the silvery moonlight when I awoke. And there, at the glowing dawn, did its figure assume distinct proportions. When daylight came fully in, it was impossible to resist the desire to rise and have an hour or two of exercise at the little machine."—Pp. 158—162.

The first work which issued from this apparatus was *The Songs of Robert Burns*, a popular subject, only too fascinating to the young printer himself, who "hung delightedly over the verses, and could not help singing them" as he set the type. After an interval of fifty years he adds, "I recollect the delight I experienced in working off my first impression, the pleasure since of seeing hundreds of thousands of sheets pouring from machines in

which I claim an interest being nothing to it." The artist who illustrated the volume was as remarkable an instance of perseverance under difficulties as the young publisher; both were excellent representatives of a type of character perhaps only to be found in full perfection among the Scots.

"Peter Fyfe had been a weaver's reed-maker in Paisley, but having been unfortunate in business had migrated to Edinburgh. Necessitous and clever, he was ready for anything artistic that might come in his way. I am not aware of any department in the fine or useful arts of which he would have confessed himself ignorant. At this period, when few knew anything of lithography, and he knew nothing at all, he undertook in answer to an advertisement to organise and manage a concern of that kind, and by tact and intuition gave unqualified satisfaction. Although altogether unacquainted with copperplate engraving he executed from the description I gave him a portrait of the Black Dwarf, for my account of that singular personage, which sketch has ever since been accepted as an authority. I now applied to this genius for an illustration to my song book, which he successfully produced, and for a few additional shillings executed a vignette representing some national emblems."—P. 163.

The profits of the venture, nine pounds, were found very useful in increasing William's stock of types, which he had been obliged to supplement by wooden letters cut with his chisel and penknife. His next experiment was a Circulating Library, in which the Waverley Novels formed the chief attraction. A huge signboard, with "BOOKSELLER AND PRINTER" painted on it by his own ready hand, also attracted attention; and, in short, though he had many irons in the fire, he handled them so well that none of them burnt his fingers.

The printing stock had been enlarged just at the right time. A rage for writing fell on Robert (then nineteen), who projected a threepenny fortnightly periodical of sixteen pages octavo, to be called *The Kaleidoscope*,* or *Edinburgh Literary Amusement*. Robert was the editor and author in chief; his brother William, printer, publisher, and contributor when leisure served. At the time William undertook these additional tasks he was already working sixteen hours a day, only allowing himself a quarter of an

* The kaleidoscope, "an optical toy, about which people were, for a time, nearly crazy," was invented by Brewster in 1821.

hour for meals which, indeed, did not offer much temptation to loiter, as he lived literally on the proverbial sixpence a day. Nothing but the energy and hopefulness of youth could have sustained such pressure and privation.

The Kaleidoscope barely paid its expenses, and expired, at a year old, in 1822. Other hopes and prospects were opening to the young editor. In the same year he issued his first book, *Illustrations of the Author of Waverley*, containing descriptions of supposed originals of notabilities in the earlier Waverley Novels, such as Dominie Sampson, Meg Merrilies, etc. William set it up in his best long primer type, worked off a thousand copies, and put them in boards with pink paper covers. These were soon sold, and an Edinburgh publisher brought out a second edition in better style, with, as frontispiece, a portrait of Walter Scott, his face hidden by a curtain; an ingenious, and then novel, way of identifying the "Great Unknown." Another circumstance soon brought Robert Chambers into personal communication with his idol. Like his brother, Robert Chambers had cultivated ornamental penmanship; and among other things, he wrote with wonderful minuteness a large sheet of extracts from Scott's poems, which a friend showed to Constable. This led to Robert's obtaining an interview with the great publisher, who advised him to copy the songs from the *Lady of the Lake*, in a volume which he would have bound, that Robert might personally present it to the author. The book was taken to Scott's house in Castle Street, and kindly and admiringly received. In a letter from Robert Chambers to Constable, describing the interview, gratitude and enthusiasm hurried the usually accurate and even precise young writer into an extraordinary image. Hoping that he did not stay too long, he adds: "If I have been guilty there, my excuse will readily be found in my only having endeavoured to take as long a draught as possible of the bewitching bowl of his presence."

When George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822, Scott employed his young admirer in copying addresses to the king, and also commissioned him to enter in a volume like the one presented to himself, the best *vers d'occasion* inspired by the royal visit. In 1823 the stock of the two brothers had become worth about two hundred pounds each, and they removed to better quarters—William to Broughton Street, Robert to India Place, where he began his *Traditions of Edinburgh* in penny numbers, printed by William.

Edinburgh was at that time full of historical remains, most of which have been swept away in the course of modern improvements. Robert Chambers observing the transition state of society, foresaw the doom of many of these objects of interest, and that many curious customs would soon be obsolete. He therefore conceived and carried out the happy idea of giving, in a popular form, minute accounts of them.

"His statements of places and residents exhibit," says Lord Cockburn** "a picture of society which is incomprehensible now" [1847], "and indeed was scarcely credible even to such survivors as lived in it. They imply that those of the upper class must have all been well acquainted and must have associated with the familiarity of village neighbours. What else could people do who pigged together in the same 'Land,' and had their main doors within a few feet of each other on the same common stair? This must certainly have occasionally given rise to the petty quarrels and factions that keep small sets awake; but on the whole the local concentration was favourable to kindliness and mirth. Few of them had houses, and still fewer incomes, convenient for formal company dinners. The lady's bedroom was often the drawing-room. This, and custom, prolonged hereditary resort of men to the tavern for business and conviviality. . . . The society of Edinburgh contained many good and several bright names, both professional and literary, and was graced by a far greater intermixture of resident rank and family than either Edinburgh or any provincial town can boast of now, when everything of the kind is sucked into the London whirlpool."

Lord Cockburn then laments the "successive throes of the old town," which produced various "improvements," amongst them being the bringing of railways into Princes Street Gardens, whereby many highly interesting memorials perished, and over which the antiquarian soul sighs in vain. Robert Chambers's book attracted some notice, and during its publication, Scott, Lockhart, and Henry Mackenzie (the "Man of Feeling") called upon him; and Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the well-known antiquary, gave him the notes he had made for a book to be called *Reekiana*, and written jointly by Walter Scott and himself. Scott also sent the young author, with a kind encouraging letter, sixteen closely written folio pages of reminiscences of old

* *Journal of Henry Cockburn; being a Continuation of the Memorials of his Time; 1831—1854* (Edinburgh: Edmondston and Douglas, Princes Street; 2 Vols., 1874), Vol. II., pp. 194, 195.

persons and things in Edinburgh. "Such a treasure to me!" wrote Robert, in an introduction to a later edition, "and such a gift from the greatest literary man to the humblest!"

On the completion of the *Traditions* in numbers, and exhaustion of the first collected edition, Robert was advised by Constable to send the second edition to his London correspondents, Messrs. Hurst, Robinson, and Co., to whom he would recommend it. Some large packages were sent, accordingly, but the brothers not feeling satisfied with the result, William determined to look into matters in person. A little romance attending this determination is so naïvely told, that we cannot resist quotation:

"On a fine summer evening in 1825, arriving by a steamer in the Thames, I first visited the Metropolis. The circumstance is to be specially remembered by me. It being too late to pursue my business mission I thought of calling on Mr. John Clark, of Westminster, an artist whom I had accidentally met in Scotland the previous year, when taking views of the principal towns. A long walk brought me to Mr. Clark's door. It was opened by a sprightly young lady, his daughter, whom I had never seen before. The interview with the family was agreeable. An intimacy ensued. And some years afterwards, when the fates were propitious, the sprightly young lady who had chanced to open the door became my wife."—P. 200.

The more prosaic result of the visit to London was that William, not liking the aspect of affairs at Messrs. Hurst and Co.'s Cheapside establishment, withdrew the whole stock of *Traditions*, and thus saved his brother from any loss in the gigantic crash which ruined Sir Walter Scott, Ballantyne, Constable and his London correspondents. The *Traditions* were afterwards purchased by William Tait for between three and four hundred pounds, and finally, in more prosperous days, repurchased by Robert Chambers.

The satisfaction felt by the brothers in the literary success of the *Traditions* was alloyed by a piece of characteristic imprudence on their father's part. When his son's prospects improved he removed to Edinburgh, and began a lawsuit for the possession of "a wretched old house, not worth, perhaps, £200," which had once belonged to the family, but had drifted into other hands. Both Mrs. Chambers and her children strongly, but vainly, opposed the hopeless litigation. The case proceeded, was lost, and

the effect on James Chambers was, that he "went from bad to worse, . . . and under his accumulation of disasters and cankering reminiscences, ascribable in a great degree to his own inconsiderateness and want of moral courage, died a wreck, in November, 1824." The costs of the lost lawsuit not only swallowed up all the money received from Tait for the *Traditions*, but also threw the brothers back a year or two in their brave struggle. Notwithstanding this heavy legacy of debt left them by their father, his widow found a peaceful and an honoured home with her sons, and had the consolation of seeing their progress, and being rewarded by their affection, till the close of her long and useful life in 1843.*

To Robert Chambers's next work, *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, Walter Scott also gave assistance; and, until overwhelmed with work and trouble by Constable's failure in 1826, showed the author much personal kindness, daily walking with him and discussing his studies and prospects. Pecuniary help, it was often hinted, would have been given as readily, but Robert, with youth and strength for capital, honourably preferred to rely upon his own exertions. "The quantity of varied literary work," writes his brother, "which he went through at this time was astonishing," especially as he was personally superintending every detail of an increasing business. Scott seems to have thought he was overdoing it, for he wrote in his diary:

"Took to reading Chambers's *Beauties of Scotland*, which would be admirable if they were accurate. He is a clever young fellow, but hurts himself by too much haste. I am not making too much myself, I know—and I know, too, it is time I were making it. But there is such a thing as more haste and less speed."†

This is a fault to which all fluent and popular young writers, who undertake serial works for money as well as fame, are prone. The marvel in Robert Chambers's case was that, doing so much, and often literally while the press waited for copy, he attained such an average of excellence. He had the advantage of dealing generally with kindred subjects, so that while engaged on one book he was accu-

* Robert and William Chambers also took charge of and associated with themselves in business two brothers, James and David; the former of whom died young, the latter dying in 1871, four days after his brother Robert.

† Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, 2nd edit., 1839, Vol. IX., p. 304.

mulating materials for others, as a glance at their titles will show. Between 1822 and 1832 he produced, besides the *Illustrations and Traditions*, his *History of the Rebellion of 1745*; *History of the Rebellions in Scotland from 1638 to 1660*; *History of the Rebellions in 1689 and 1715*; *Life of James the First*; *Scottish Ballads and Songs*; *Scottish Jests and Anecdotes*; and *Biography of Distinguished Scotsmen*, in addition to editing an old-established newspaper called the *Edinburgh Advertiser*. This was a busy life, yet he found time in its course to fall in love with and marry Anne Kirkwood, a charming and accomplished woman—the heroine of some of his poems—whose musical and social talents helped to draw round their home a pleasant circle.

Meantime, William Chambers also was busy writing. His first work, *The Book of Scotland*, describing the secular and religious institutions peculiar to that country, he mentions as poor, and “now very properly forgotten.” Nevertheless it procured his engagement, in conjunction with his brother, to prepare the *Gazetteer of Scotland*, a compilation from the best authorities, with additional matter, to obtain which William undertook pedestrian journeys of forty miles a day, consulting the “oldest inhabitants,” and resting at the humblest inns. The compiled portions he wrote and rewrote so diligently, that his manual work amounted to 30,000 pages of MS., all transcribed behind the counter, or after business hours. *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, the enterprise by which the brother's name became best known, was started in February, 1832. Popularly written, and plentifully mixing tales and poems with essays and “useful knowledge,” at three-halfpence a number, it had an immediate success far beyond its projector's hopes. The circulation of the third number reached eighty thousand. The honour of the idea belonged to William. Robert was sceptical, and even a little shocked at it. By the thirteenth number he was converted, and became joint editor; of this partnership the survivor says:

“A happy difference, yet some resemblance, in character, proved of service in our literary and commercial union. . . . One could not well have done without the other. With mutual help there was mutual strength. . . . All previous hardships and experiences seemed to be but a training in strict adaptation for the course of life opened to us in 1832. Nothing could have happened better.”

Such was their brotherly confidence that for twenty-one years no memorandum of agreement between them was thought necessary. In his opening address William Chambers hoped that the *Journal* would be welcomed by "the poorest labourers in the country." How the hope was realised is shown in this passage from a letter written by Allan Cunningham to Robert Chambers:

"My wife, who has just returned from Scotland, says that your *Journal* is very popular among her native hills of Galloway. The shepherds, who are scattered there at the rate of one to every four miles square, read it constantly, and they circulate it in this way: the first shepherd who gets it reads it, and at an understood hour places it under a stone on a certain hill-top; then shepherd the second in his own time finds it, reads it, and carries it to another hill, where it is found like Ossian's chief under its own grey stone by shepherd the third, and so it passes on its way, scattering information over the land."—P. 245.

On the 21st of September, 1832, died that glory of Scotsmen and giant among *littérateurs*, Sir Walter Scott, who was buried on the 26th, at Dryburgh Abbey, with every mark of regret and respect which could make the ceremony impressive. Among the few mourners from Edinburgh were the brothers Chambers. No one acquainted with the almost idolatrous veneration they lavished on the great leader of Scottish literature can for a moment doubt the genuineness of their grief, notwithstanding the sudden transition in the following passage:

"Indebted to Sir Walter for so many kindnesses some years previously, and in correspondence with him till the close of 1837, my brother felt that he had lost his most honoured friend. Almost immediately, he proceeded to write a memoir of the deceased, from such materials as were within reach, as well as from personal recollections."—P. 242.

The memoir was no doubt very excellent—certainly it was very popular, as a hundred and eighty thousand copies were sold.

There are three extremely national features in this "simple story." The naïve mixture of sorrow with an eye to business; the honesty with which it is avowed; and the apparent blindness to its ludicrous side.

It is impossible to enumerate here all the books for which *Chambers's Journal* led the way. A few instances

will sufficiently indicate their nature and success, and enforce the lesson of their authors' struggling, persevering, and finally triumphant lives. *Chambers's Information for the People* sold 170,000 sets, was republished in America and translated into French. The *Educational Course* was so well received that it extended to a hundred volumes, several of them written by Robert Chambers, while William wrote many of their popular *Social Science Tracts*. Among Robert's earlier works was a *History of Scotland* (projected and published by Richard Bentley), to which his *Domestic Annals of Scotland* formed a valuable appendix. In Chambers's *Encyclopædia* and *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, the brothers were of course assisted by competent friends, including James Payn, George Dodd, and Robert Carruthers—the latter having been but recently taken from us in his 79th year. One book written by Robert deserves special mention—because it furnishes an illustration of one of his many methods of "doing good by stealth," and because it evoked from Charles Dickens an unexpected tribute of generous appreciation. On the 25th of January, 1859, a grand Burns Centenary Festival was held at the Crystal Palace, while similar gatherings were held in most of the principal towns throughout the kingdom, and of course in Edinburgh. In *Household Words* for the 12th of February following, appeared as leader an article entitled, "Burns: Viewed as a Hat-Peg." Written by Dickens himself it satirised, in his own incisive, inimitable style, the commemoration as a gigantic humbug and display of personal vanity, singling out, however, for "favourable distinction" the Edinburgh dinner "from the circumstance that one man happened to be present" who had "done something for the memory of Burns besides talk about it." That "one man" was Robert Chambers, who acknowledged in a speech of "just two lines" the toast to "the Biographers of Burns."

"What Mr. Robert Chambers said for Burns on this occasion," continues Mr. Dickens, "is not mentioned in the report we read. The infinitely more important question of what he has done for Burns we are in a position to answer without referring to reports. About seventeen years ago a grateful country had left Burns's sister, Mrs. Begg, and her daughters in the most impoverished circumstances; and Mr. Robert Chambers set on foot a subscription for them. The result of the appeal thus made and of a solemn Branch-Burns Commemoration got up in Ayrshire, was a

subscription amounting to something less than £400; of which the Queen and Court gave £64. As much was done with this pittance as could be done; and it was sunk in an annuity for the three poor souls to live upon. Mrs. Begg and her daughters were settled in a cottage in Ayrshire. Mr. Robert Chambers then went bravely to work with his own hands and brains to help Burns's kindred for Burns's sake. After devoting admirable industry and research to the task, he produced *The Life and Poems of Burns* in four volumes; published the book in 1851; and devoted the first proceeds of the sale, £200, to the necessities of Mrs. Begg and her daughters. Thus giving from his own individual exertion more than half as much as the entire sum which all Scotland had given. We hope Mr. Robert Chambers will forgive us for filling up an omission in the newspaper history of the 26th January, and mentioning by way of contrast the nature of his tribute to the memory of Burns.*

This paragraph was copied into the *Times* with a heading, "Robert Burns and Robert Chambers," and while it gave considerable surprise to Robert Chambers it was even more gratifying to his friends and relatives, who knew how modestly he shrank from all parade, and that he "never spoke" of what he did to help poor but deserving persons whose distresses were brought under his notice. Leigh Hunt immediately after reading the paragraph wrote to Robert Chambers to express his "delight" with it, saying of the facts announced, "These are things which bring tears of admiration into one's eyes. I never heard of the circumstances before or I should have spoken of them. They did not surprise me, for I already believed you to be a man capable of such things; but it is affecting to see realised what one believes in."

Remembering that Leigh Hunt and the brothers Chambers had been considered in some sort competitors for the honour of having originated cheap and good periodical literature; that Leigh Hunt had been the projector, proprietor, and editor of more than one commercially unsuccessful publication of the kind; and that Charles Dickens was the projector, proprietor, and editor of an every way successful periodical, which might have been regarded as the southern rival of the northern journal, it is what Leigh Hunt himself would have called a "handsome thing" to see in all three such utter freedom from that "trade malice" which Mr. Charles Reade so trenchantly de-

* *Household Words*, Vol. XIX., pp. 242, 243.

nounces—and without which, according to the same high authority, no literary man can be complete!

Another generous act formed the sequel to a pretty love story in the life of Robert Chambers. When he was beginning to make way as a bookseller of nineteen, a widow with several daughters lodged over his shop in Leith Walk; the girls sang and played excellently, and Robert, listening, thought them “a choir of angels.” In such a case, as his brother drily remarks, there is always one who is *most* angelic; and Lilius, the youngest and fairest of the daughters, became Robert’s first love. He used to lie awake at night listening while she sang overhead, and weaving verses on her sweet voice and bright eyes. His affection was returned, but the mother thought the young suitor ineligible and broke off the acquaintance. In time Lilius married—in every respect unfortunately. Hearing of her destitute condition, Robert Chambers liberally assisted her. They met once more, when both were on the verge of the grave. She was a widow; he doubly a widower. He was rich and celebrated; she entirely dependent on his bounty. The interview was painful, and they parted with tears. In his will Robert Chambers made ample provision for his first love, but she only survived him a few months.

There was, however, much good work to be done, and there were many fortunate years to be enjoyed before this sequel to their story. The latter half of the brothers’ lives was as full of prosperity as the earlier had been of privation. Visiting foreign countries, and writing pleasant and reliable accounts of their travels; receiving municipal and collegiate honours in their own country; welcomed abroad by leaders of thought as worthy fellow workers, and happy at home among affectionate families and “troops of friends,” they amply reaped the reward of their labours.

At a time of life when most men allow their youthful acquirements to rust a little for want of practice, Robert Chambers took up a new science by way of recreation, and threw himself into the study of geology with an ardour worthy of the boy who preferred the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to fairy tales. The Rhineland, Switzerland, Iceland, and Norway, besides the remoter parts of Great Britain, were visited in the course of his explorations, which were described in readable and useful volumes. In America both brothers were cordially received. William was made LL.D. of Edinburgh (of which he was Lord

Provost for four years), and St. Andrews conferred the same dignity on Robert. In the London literary society of the last half century the brothers were popular. While staying in town a visit from Sydney Smith—who announced himself as the originator of the *Edinburgh Review* come to see the originator of the *Edinburgh Journal*—gave William Chambers great pleasure. In the course of their chat Mr. Chambers claimed for the Scotch a considerable fund of humour. "Oh, by all means!" replied his reverend visitor. "You are an immensely funny people, but you require a little operating upon to let the fun out, and I know no instrument so efficacious as the corkscrew."

One visit paid by William Chambers was to Miss Mitford at her pretty cottage at Three Mile Cross. They were mutually pleased, and the authoress of *Our Village* wrote in January, 1850, to the Rev. Hugh Pearson: "I am sure you would like Mr. Chambers. I verily believe that he is all he seems: kind, truthful, benevolent, intelligent, and eminently practical." *

In all their later successes the brothers never lost sight of their birthplace, or forgot their early friends. In grateful recognition of the benefits they had received from a little collection of books called *Elder's Library* in Peebles, William Chambers gave the town a suite of rooms consisting of museum, art gallery, lecture hall, reading-room, and a library of ten thousand volumes. But he frankly admits that the class for whose benefit the princely gift was chiefly intended has not benefited by it to the hoped-for extent.

The last work of any magnitude undertaken by Robert Chambers was *The Book of Days*—a gigantic miscellany of popular antiquities, illustrating the calendar, "including anecdotes, biographies, curiosities of literature, and oddities of human life and character." As it was necessary to attend the British Museum almost daily in order to collect materials Robert Chambers brought his family to London, and took for their accommodation Verulam House, St. John's Wood. This residence, says one of his daughters, he described to her as comprehending—

"A large garden, lawns, hothouses, and, in short, the whole paraphernalia of a gentleman's country house, with a fine conservatory adjoining the drawing-room, and containing a fountain

* *Letters of Mary Russell Mitford* Edited by Henry C. Chorley. Second Series. (Bentley, 1872.) Vol. II., p. 199.

surrounded with flowers." Besides "plenty of space for the beloved books," Mrs. Dowie adds, "and spare rooms for guests, there was no end of scope for the romping of grandchildren. On the lawn, adjoining a rustic summer house, there were some fine trees, one of them a splendid spreading oak, beneath which my mother often took breakfast, at which she usually held a levée of cats. Her fondness for these animals was extraordinary, and she always maintains that they were a misunderstood and ill-used people. Her special favourites were two beautiful white cats, known as Mr. and Mrs. Archie, and one of their kittens was generally perched on her shoulder, when seated under the trees."—Pp. 306, 307.

Amidst this charming home-life *The Book of Days* was begun in 1861, at which time also he was reading the proofs of his *History of the Indian Mutiny*, with the assistance of a new friend, Lord Clyde. Two years later *The Book of Days* was finished; but, as he said himself, it was his "death-blow." It seems both sad and strange that a man who had attained greater wealth and popularity than his wildest boyish visions painted; who was surrounded by a loving and beloved family and a wide circle of eminent friends; who could rest or travel as he chose; and at whose command was every requisite for making life enjoyable, should have died of "overwork." Yet that he was a "victim to literary labour" his family believed; though, as he had reached within one year of the allotted threescore and ten, it cannot be held that overwork very materially shortened his career. This toiling unto the eleventh hour, when the need for toil has long ceased, is but too common among literary men, as instanced by Thackeray, Southey, and Dickens; less, of course, for the love of gain than for that of the actual work produced, and the unimpaired power of producing it. Whether this was so or not with Robert Chambers, it is certain that *The Book of Days* was the last continuous work of which he was capable. He died in his own house at St. Andrews—in his study, which had been fitted up as a bedroom during his illness. His last words were: "Quite comfortable—quite happy—nothing more."

Consistently with his unremitting industry, he left an unfinished book; and consistently with his deep though unobtrusive piety, the subject was *The Life and Preachings of Jesus Christ from the Evangelists, for the Use of Young People*.

In an excellent summary of his brother's character, at the end of the memoir, Dr. William Chambers says :

"In the common language of the world, Robert's life had been successful. From humble beginnings he had risen to the enjoyment of a fair share of earthly possessions. Let it, however, be understood that he never sought to acquire wealth for its own sake. He had a hatred of mere money-making. Life with him, as I may say with myself, was viewed as a trust for much more noble ends than that of miserly accumulation. At the outset we had to encounter some privations, but the struggle was by no means either discouraging or cheerless."

He then speaks at some length of the "unextinguishable impulse upwards," which supported them through so many struggles, and pays a grateful tribute to the—

"Sustaining influence of a keen love of and veneration for books. We revelled," he adds, "in imaginative as well as in more serious kinds of literature. . . . In looking back through a long vista of years to the 'Dark Ages,' I cannot but think that this species of enjoyment was not only actively but negatively advantageous. There was always for us something to think of besides ordinary cares, something to modify and subdue the temptation to mean indulgence. . . . Poor we were, but so far as the pleasures of reading were concerned, we might be said to be almost on a level with the affluent. . . . Actuated by correct and generous impulses, Robert's career afforded a lesson not only to the young but to the middle aged. . . . There was a purity, a simplicity, a geniality about his whole career which we do not often see so amiably or so consistently demonstrated. In youth, in manhood, and in declining age, in all the social phases through which he passed, he was ever the same gentle and benign being—loved and esteemed by all who knew him."—Pp. 338, 339.

We have dwelt at perhaps disproportionate length on the earlier part of the brothers' gallant fight with fortune. But all who have to toil and struggle may turn for encouragement and example to this minutely-painted picture of self-denial, industry, and ingenuity. There is nothing in the story of the brothers Chambers which may not be imitated by young men beginning life with an equal amount of health, principle, and perseverance. No noble patron smoothed seemingly insurmountable obstacles out of their path by the touch of a jewelled finger ; no Indian uncle helped them on by an unexpected legacy ; no heiress fell in love with the heroic souls inhabiting those poorly-clad

bodies, as virtue is usually rewarded—in novels. Their story is simply an excellent commentary on the brave old text: "God helps those who help themselves."

There is a fibre in the Scottish character which will bear a tremendous strain: the bracing of the keen native air, the Spartan simplicity of the national diet, may be among its material causes. Of its existence there can be no doubt. Every generation affords examples of Scots who, against innumerable and intolerable difficulties, have worked their way to stations honourable to themselves, helpful to those around them, and useful to the world; and in all this distinguished list few lives have been more admirable than those of the brothers Chambers.

Of Robert we have had to speak in the past tense; of William, though the elder brother, we may yet, happily, speak in the present, for he worthily continues the career of which, so far, a sketch has been given. To the young and friendless the simple, earnest memoir before us ought—to use William's words—to be both "instructive and inspiring;" and, we may add, that in time to come—which we trust will be long in coming—it will prove to be the best monument to the memory of William and Robert alike: a fine lesson of probity and industry, and a beautiful record of brotherly affection.

- ART. II.—1. *Map of the South African Republic (Transvaal) and the Surrounding Territories.* Compiled from all available official and private information, and the latest observations and exploring routes of C. Mauch, E. Mohr, A. Hubner, T. Baines, S. V. Erskine, Captain Elton, Colonel Colley, Capt. Bawden, R. T. Hall, Dr. E. Choen, &c., combined with his own observations during fifteen years' residence in the country. By F. JEPPE, F.R.G.S. Silver and Co., 66 and 67, Cornhill, London.
2. *Report of Diplomatic Visit to Ketsuweyo.* By F. B. FINNEY, Esq. Blue Book on Transvaal Affairs.
3. *A Visit to King Ketsuweyo.* By MAGEMA MAGWAZA. "Macmillan's Magazine," March, 1878.
4. *Letters of the Rev. R. Robertson, on the Present State of Zululand.* "Natal Mercury."

WE are glad to be able to recommend a well-drawn and correct map of a part of Her Majesty's dominions which is of especial interest at present. It is not often that as much and as varied information is found in a map as appears in this. But the exuberance is natural to the circumstances of compilation. Mr. Jeppe is an accurate surveyor himself; has been the scientific friend of the persons named in the title; in the official sources to which he refers he has had the reliable work of his late friend, the Surveyor-General, who devoted especial attention to the correct placing of rivers and other natural boundaries; while his own official connection with the late republic as Postmaster-General and as Treasurer-General gave him opportunities of accurate acquaintance with the countries he delineates. The geological records are valuable, as they are from his own accurate observation. It is the only complete map of any part of South Africa, and, while under any circumstances it would rank high, it is especially to be prized as the first complete delineation of that part of the world.

Near the south-east corner of the above map lies a territory nearly square, bearing the name of Zululand, to which we call attention, as already exciting great interest

at the Colonial Office and among that part of the population who care for the safety and success of our South African colonies, and as likely soon to be more prominently, perhaps more painfully before us. Its extreme length is about one hundred and forty miles, and its extreme breadth one hundred and thirty. It is bounded on the north by the Pongola river and the Amatonga country, on the west by the Blood river, on the south-west by the Buffalo and Tugela rivers, which divide it from Natal, and on the south-east by the Indian Ocean. It includes the Lake and the Bay of St. Lucia, the latter being capable of transformation into a safe harbour for small vessels. The rivers have no open mouth, and, from the constant occurrence of rapids, from the shallowness of the water in winter and the strength of the current in summer, are useless for navigation. Merchandise has to be carried into the country from Natal over the Buffalo and Tugela rivers, or through the Amatonga country from Delagoa Bay. The road to the last-named source of supply is through a fever country, which is dangerous at all times, and in the summer certainly fatal to Europeans.

Zululand lies below the Drakensberg, but many of its hills rise to more than five thousand feet above the sea level, and more than two thousand feet from their own base, and have great variety of shape and size. The Lobombo is a range running from near Delagoa Bay, on the west of the Amatonga country, into the centre of Zululand, where it loses its distinctiveness in the cluster of hills which surround the royal valley, in some part of which the king makes his kraal. These hills spread out fan-like till they terminate in isolated hills to the north and west, and in diminished ranges and spurs towards the Tugela and the coast.

On the sides of the highest mountains, fed by the rains and the mists, a fine growth of timber is found, consisting of ironwood, stinkwood, yellowwood, knobthorn, bokenwood, and a few other kinds of less frequent occurrence and inferior value. Some of the deep valleys are entirely destitute of trees, and others have clumps of mimosa and other evergreen shrubs and trees scattered in picturesque beauty over their sides. On the high lands there is little besides grass; but the gorgeous lilies, the primrose and pink geranium and other flowers, add beauty to the varied green of the diverse grasses. In summer all is verdant,

but in winter the universal russet is only broken by patches of blackness, the residuum of fire which has done the work of the mower. On the coast, perpetual verdure of veldt and foliage presents the appearance of constant spring. But here, as in all other lands, the recurrence of the sombre signs of winter are the pledge of health and safety, while the perpetual smile of spring and the exuberance of vegetative life are the indicators of an atmosphere laden with febrile seeds of death. The seasons in Zululand are two, summer and winter, which gradually pass from and into each other. The summer begins with the first rains, which fall from the beginning of September to the middle of October, and the winter commences with the first frost, which is generally in some part of May. Rains are heavy in the summer months, but they seldom fall in the winter. In the high lands the thunderstorms are severe, and the electrical discharges are frequent and abundant, four, five, and sometimes more discharges following each other down a broad, perpendicular band of light, whose continuity is not broken, while its multiplicity is discerned by the long time of its continuance and the pulsation of its edges. The course of these storms is singularly uniform, and the general direction is from west to east. The highest hills are their pathway, among which no prudent man remains during their continuance. From this uniformity of direction the natives learn to place their kraals on the sides of the valleys, or in some other position which is commanded by higher hills, and thus they attain security only a short distance from the frequented path of the fiery death.

The agricultural capabilities of the country are presumably equal to those of the border states, in which wheat, oats, barley, maize, millet, beans, and tobacco are easily matured. The Zulus only grow maize and millet, the latter principally for their beer. Hemp of strong fibre is indigenous, and is smoked by nearly all Zulus to produce a stupefying intoxication similar in its effects to opium. There are several herbs whose entire substance is a strong fine fibre, and some shrubs and larger plants whose fibrous bark is almost unbreakable. Grass is abundant, and generally of sufficient variety to secure at all times nutritious food for stock.

The bovine stock of the Zulus is a breed peculiar to themselves, and is called Zulu. It is something like the small Devonshire, with a full, symmetrical body and short

legs. Its milk is rich and more abundant than that of any other pure South African breed, and the flesh is juicy and well-flavoured. A cross with almost any imported stock gives the best style of animal for that part of South Africa. Bastard-Zulu oxen are more suited for draft than any others; they are quick in their movements, require but a short time to feed, and keep their flesh when the larger kinds are reduced to skin and bone. Flocks of goats of an inferior breed, and black or brown hairy sheep, with thick tails and small hind quarters, are the only other animals kept for food.

The game of the country in former times included the eland, blesbok, wildebeest or gnu, and quagga, which in large herds roamed over the north-western part of the country, especially in winter; while on the low lands of the coast the elephant and buffalo abounded, the latter often making incursions into the higher lands when a good piece of herbage tempted their keen scent. Now all have disappeared, except a few buffaloes and fewer elephants, which are claimed by the king as his own. Only a few of the smaller kinds of buck remain, and these are in the way of speedy destruction from the guns with which the Zulus are armed, and which as yet they have not had an opportunity of using on men.

The carnivori of Zululand embraced lions, leopards (in Africa called tigers), hyenas, and several kinds of wild cats; all of which at present have representatives, but in diminished numbers, from the failure of food. The snakes of this part of Africa are not numerous, considering the wild condition of the country. The most formidable are the python, cobra de capella, puff-adder, mamba, and night-adder. With the exception of the mamba, they never attack or pursue human beings.

The Zulus, to whom this country belongs, are a race of martial savages, whose prowess has been felt by all surrounding tribes, whom they have slain or driven from the land of their fathers. Tshaka was the first of their kings who raised them from the position of equality with the neighbouring tribes. He had fled from his father to preserve his life, and wandered as far as Graham's Town, very soon after the settlement of the eastern province of the Cape Colony. Here he became a domestic servant, and employed all his leisure time in watching the drilling of the soldiers. He also made himself acquainted with the

division of the army into regiments, and with the nature and extent of military discipline. So that, when on the death of his father he was found and brought back as king, he divided the whole of the men into regiments, which he gave severally into the command of his most trusty chiefs; and after he had drilled them, with such modification of the English system as their weapons and mode of fighting required, and proclaimed his military code, he commenced those wars of devastation and plunder which in his reign and Dingan's made their borders a desert. Dingan compassed Tshaka's death, and he was slain by Panda, the nominal father of Ketshweyo, the present king, who, when it so pleases him denies the paternity and claims to be the son of Dingan, in disposition and character much more resembling the latter.

From the time of Tshaka's succession, all the male population from sixteen years and upwards have been enrolled as soldiers, and stationed at the various military kraals through the country, ready to do the bidding of the king as a police force, as engineers to construct new kraals, or as executioners to "eat up" and kill any man or kraal which has fallen under suspicion of witchcraft—a fate which now, sooner or later, overtakes nearly every man whose wealth distinguishes him from his neighbours. The entire Zulu army is about thirty-six thousand, but the effectives are not more than thirty thousand. They were formerly armed with the assegai, but within the past few years nearly all have obtained guns, in consequence of the command of the king, enforced by a threat that every kraal not thoroughly provided by a specified time should be eaten up. These guns are principally English muskets and Enfield rifles, which have been obtained through the Portuguese settlement at Delagoa Bay, and for which, it is said, more than 60,000 head of cattle have been exchanged. Although nearly every man has a gun, and the majority a rifle, they have not many cartridges or caps; nor are they skilful or quick in loading and firing. We have had in our hands a cannon ball of lead fired in one of the civil wars of the Transvaal Boers, which, being much too small for the piece was made to fit by covering it with a thick piece of raw hide, taken from the neck of an ox. So, in like manner, we have been told by those who have seen the operation, that a Zulu takes a looper and wraps it round with rag, till it fits the muzzle of his Enfield, and

does this with a gravity which indicates his full persuasion that his work is effective.

The Natal Government has exercised a nondescript control over the Zulus ever since its establishment. Panda, whom the Dutch had helped to put on the throne, quietly took the position of subordination, which the closing of the old human hunting grounds of the Zulus, by the establishment of British rule on the borders, rendered necessary. Ketshweyo has submitted ever since he has known Mr. Shepstone, but the occasion on which he made his acquaintance at Panda's kraal, in May of 1861, was one which revealed and tried the character and strength of the two men so fully that there has been no need of a repetition. Mr. Shepstone, as Secretary for Native Affairs, had been sent by the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal to Panda on diplomatic affairs, among which was the acknowledgment of Ketshweyo as the successor of Panda, whom he summoned to the royal kraal to receive the announcement. He was inflated with his own importance after the victory he had obtained over his brother, which he supposed made him one of the greatest men in the world. He thought it beneath his dignity to go to receive, in the presence of Panda, an assurance of future regality from a subordinate like the Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal, that matter he had already settled for himself. Accordingly, he and his three thousand followers went unwillingly and in ill-temper, and, taking occasion from a breach of etiquette by Goza, one of Mr. Shepstone's native attendants, they commenced a clamorous assault on both, in which for more than two hours they incessantly shouted their complaint, and prevented any official action on the part of Mr. Shepstone. In the centre of those infuriated savages he sat for more than two hours outwardly calm, giving confidence to his solitary European companion by his own quietness, only once saying, "Why, Jem, you are afraid," and imposing restraint on his native attendants. Then, when they had shouted, as Ketshweyo himself said in our hearing, "till their throats were so sore that they could shout no more," they departed. But Somtseu* had conquered. Ketshweyo, in describing the scene to us and our companion, on a visit to him a short time afterwards, said, "Somtseu is a great man; no man but he could have come through that day alive."

* The Zulu name of Sir T. Shepstone.

Similar testimony we have had from some of the Zulu assailants, from the native attendants, and the companion above mentioned. The next morning Ketshweyo humbly begged an interview, which was not granted but on terms of unqualified submission. From that day Ketshweyo has submitted to British control in the measure in which it has been exercised, and has been profuse in his expressions of respect and submission to Sir T. Shepstone; but in his heart, as occasional acts and speeches show, he writhes under the restraint, and bitterly hates the man who imposed it.

Although the Zulus have manifested a more or less willing respect for the British Government in Natal, this has not been their feeling towards the Boer Government of the Transvaal. Panda, the late king, was under their influence, from a remembrance of their help in placing him on the throne; and they were not slow to use their power in obtaining grants of land from him. Such grants Panda had no authority to make; and, if made, as the Boers say, and as the Zulus deny, were made in secret, with no concurrence of the people, and were, therefore, not made at all. Their first application was for a tract of country below the Drakensberg, as a place of grazing for two months in the end of winter. This consisted of that half of the Utrecht District which lies to the west of the Blood river, as marked in the map, and was unquestionably placed at their use for the time and purpose specified. They, however, began at once permanently to occupy it, contrary to their express promise, and, as the Zulus were at the time torn by internal dissensions which ended in a war fatal to a third of their men, they were not observed, or, at any rate, they were not interrupted. But, when peace came to the Zulus, and placed Ketshweyo in the position of real but not as yet nominal ruler of the land, he took the first opportunity of denying the right of the Boers to the district they occupied. This occurred in the early part of 1861, when Pretorius, the President of the Transvaal, Paul Kruger, the Commandant, and another called at his kraal, and said that they had come to give thanks for the land which Panda had given them. He denied any gift from Panda, and told them, what they already knew, that the land belonged to the people, and was not Panda's to give to any one; that they had already come up to the banks of the Blood river, although the

original boundary was the watershed of that river, and that all they occupied below the Drakensberg belonged to the Zulus, who would not give it up. No more was said about land for several years, although individual Boers continued to encroach. The next step of the Boers called forth decisive action from the Zulus, who threw down certain beacons which the Boers said marked the boundary of the land lately given them; they drove the settlers out of it, and pulled down their houses, and then sent to the Natal Government to ask them to determine the boundary between them and the Boers, joining this with an earnest request that they would take and occupy a broad belt of country inside the border. The Boers consented, and permission to arbitrate was sought from Downing-street, which was delayed till after the Boers had withdrawn their submission. From this time commenced a series of mutual irritations, in which neither side was blameless, while the weight of present harm lay on the Boers, and which at length by reiterated and enlarged demands and counter demands, had so embittered the relations in which the parties relatively stood, that no hope of peaceful settlement remained. At this juncture the Transvaal was annexed; and to the message which Sir T. Shepstone sent informing Ketshweyo that the Transvaal was now the land of the Queen, and that he must respect it accordingly, he replied, he did not wish to trespass, but he hoped the border would be now fixed, that he might know where he might not go.

Sir Theophilus was anxious to bring this long debate to a conclusion, and both by his Secretary for Native Affairs, and personally, he gave the Blood river as the boundary. This was objected to by the Zulus, and then he found himself in the unfortunate position of having to arbitrate in his own case. He had taken over the Transvaal with all its liabilities and obligations, and as the head of the Transvaal, he plainly could not determine between himself and the Zulus, who had a long standing claim against him, as to the extent of that claim. So with the consent of the Home Government, the case, as between the Transvaal and the Zulus, was remitted to the tribunal to which they both had appealed, and Sir Henry Bulwer, the Lient.-Governor of Natal, appointed a commission to hear the case and report to him. On this report he has made an award, which, at our latest dates

from the Cape, was in the hands of Her Majesty's High Commissioner, Sir Bartle Frere, awaiting his confirmation.

Through all the official intercourse of this negotiation, Ketshweyo has professed great respect for Sir T. Shepstone, submission to the Queen, and readiness to accept the award of the Governor of Natal. But there have been also indirect indications of a stronger disposition, if possible, to set himself free from all control. He is, hence, a mover in all the native trouble on our South African borders, although he has kept himself free from any overt act which would compromise himself. So far as this question of boundary is concerned, we have no doubt but it will be easily settled; especially, as from the collapse of all native resistance, he sees undivided military attention can be turned on him. We expect that the award will be accepted with professions of satisfaction, and there our difficulties with Ketshweyo might end, but that our national honour and character suffer from the present government of Zululand.

What is the precise relation in which the British Government stands to the Zulu king we do not know; but it is plainly one of supremacy, for, as far back as 1861, it publicly fixed the succession to the throne, and when, in 1873, the throne was vacant, the representative of the British Government in Natal, not only installed the king they had previously declared, but took from him at that time a declaration before all his people, that he would rule in righteousness; that he would not kill his people, or suffer them to be killed unjustly, and that no man should be put to death but after fair and open trial. This was an assurance of a bright day for Zululand, and, as Mr. Fynney reports one of the men with whom he conversed to have said, "It was not in the night that Somtseu spoke, but in the sunshine; the king was not alone, but his people were around him, and the ears of all Zulus were joyful, and in gladness they lifted up their hands, saying: 'The mouth of our white father has spoken good words; he has cautioned his child in the presence of his people, and a good sun has risen this day over Zululand.' How is it now? Has the king listened? Does he hold fast these words? Not one; the promises he made are all broken! What does Somtseu say to this? You should dine at my kraal yonder for a few days, and see the inzisi (cattle and other property of people who have been killed) pass, and

you would there see with your own eyes how a case is tried."

The concurrent testimony of the Zulus themselves, missionaries, traders, border residents, and all who have any knowledge of or intercourse with Zululand, confirms and intensifies the declaration of the above head man. The Rev. R. Robertson says:

"The Zulus will tell you—it is a saying of theirs—'There are two things which happen every day. Every day people are killed in Zululand; and every day they are running away from it. How can it be otherwise? Scores of witchcraft cases are reported to the king or his izinduna every day. On one occasion I counted no fewer than five during the short time Umuyamana was eating his breakfast."

Mr. Fynney says, that at length he so far overcame the fears of the Zulus, as to get them freely to tell him facts, and when they assured him that Ketshweyo caused his people to be put to death in great numbers, he said, "that of course he did so after a fair trial;" but he tells us:

"In some cases my remark was greeted with a suppressed laugh or smile. Some remarked, 'yes, a trial of bullets;' others, 'yes, we get a trial, but that means surrounding the kraal at daybreak and shooting us down like cattle.' One asked me what the Government intended doing, or what was thought in Natal about the killing."

And he concludes this part of his report by saying, with respect to both the above extracts:

"I quote these words, as I am of opinion that they express the feelings of a large number in Zululand, especially the elder and thinking portion of the population; and I give this opinion after traversing the country and hearing what many had to say."

The question which was put to Mr. Fynney is continually put by all thoughtful and patriotic people in Natal, "What is the Government intending to do?" We have some authority, or we had no right to fix the succession and crown the king. We have the right to enforce good government, or it was a burlesque publicly to proclaim the promises of the king. We intended to enforce them, or the narrative of that day's transactions, containing all these promises in due prominence, would not have been printed under the direction of the Colonial Office, elegantly bound and presented to Ketshweyo, with a suitable address in the name of the Queen. Why then, when the cry comes from all quarters in every degree of horror at the barbarities

which are perpetrated, "Why is this not stopped?" how is it that nothing is done? The Government, doubtless, have sufficient reasons for delay, but it would greatly relieve the minds of all loyal subjects of the Queen, if they were so far informed of these reasons as to be assured that our complicity in these horrors would speedily terminate. So long as we permit our nominee on the Zulu throne to practise such revolting barbarities as are every day perpetrated by him and his subordinates, we stain our own honour, and supply reasons for doubt of our humanity.

The most astounding thing, however, with relation to this question is, that while the whole white population of Natal was horrified at the perpetual slaughter and injustice of Ketshweyo's rule, Bishop Colenso should think it his duty to publish a narrative in *Macmillan's Magazine*, which, so far as his endorsement could effect it, is a vindication of Ketshweyo, and a condemnation of the missionaries and all others who have dared to speak the truth concerning Zululand; and especially is a charge of high crime against the administrator of the Transvaal. It is the misfortune of Bishop Colenso to have pursued a course of unbroken failure from the day he set foot in Natal. He paid a preliminary visit to the colony, and during twelve weeks endeavoured to learn its need, that he might devise suitable means, and secure from home adequate cooperation to fulfil his episcopal mission. These seemed so wise, that he published, for the guidance of others, his experiences, observations, and designs, in that book of project and promise, *Twelve Weeks in Natal*. He returned and carried out all his plans, unto total failure. Soon after he came, he assailed the missionaries already successfully employed in Natal, in a pamphlet which condemned their mode of work, and pleaded for the right of polygamists to membership in the Christian Church. His pamphlet was demolished by Scripture reason and fact, not one of the missionaries adopted his doctrine, and after twenty years he has not been able to persuade one polygamist to accept baptism, although one of the strongest pleas of his argument was, that the requiring every Christian to have only one wife was the main reason why the Gospel was not more generally received. His *Explanation of the Epistle to the Romans*, in the process, explained or affirmed away every distinctive doctrine of the Gospel. But in his own diocese he has not perverted a single believer, while his attempt to do

so has cut him off from all sympathy with his own Church, and left him in the legal possession of his status in the teeth of a universal moral protest. His *Pentateuch* fell noiseless in Natal, and European judgment has pronounced it a failure, leaving the narrative untouched in its integrity, unshaken in its authority, and neither tarnished in the purity nor lessened in the power of its Divine and moral teaching. He no sooner found himself a cotemporary of the rebel Langalibalele, than he espoused his cause, pleaded his innocence, and made the government he had defied his oppressor, while he insinuated or spoke charges of military or political crime against its officers. He came to England and rehabilitated himself for the time being with the Aborigines Protection Society, by his "noble and disinterested advocacy of the poor oppressed native." The Colonial Office appointed commissions and courts for inquiry and judgment, and there was *prima facie* prospect of triumph for the first time; but the bishop failed again; not an accusation was sustained, not an officer was condemned or censured, and the only substantial result which followed was the contribution of cattle, which one of his rebellious clients sent him for his pains, but which, with true Zulu astuteness, he sent, not to the bishop, but to Miss Colenso. But in his subsequent action, as the spoils were in the process of collecting, he exposed himself to one of those calm, clear, sharp, and incisive hypothetical rebukes from Sir Garnet Wolseley, which only men of his quiet, modest, but fearless character can deliver with unmitigated force, and which would have relegated any other man to perpetual silence. But, undeterred by past rebuke and failure, he again comes forward to espouse a cause which every man who knows it, knows it to be hopeless. In this, as in former cases, he might be left to take his labour for his pains, if he had not made charges against other men which are utterly groundless.

After Magema had given details of conversations he had held with Ketshweyo, he summarises the condition of Zululand in the following concluding paragraph:

"Now, let me give some account of the peaceful state of Zululand. Well, in Zululand there is no war; there is no mustering of people for evil work; there is no calling together of an impi. A little while ago, Somtseu (Sir T. S.), son of Sonzica, sent a messenger to Ketshweyo, to say that he was going to set the Boers to rights, and Ketshweyo must collect an armed force to

assist him, in case anything should happen from the Boers fighting with him. So Ketshweyo mustered the whole tribe of the Aba Zulusi, which lives in the north, and said that they were to stay assembled at Somtseu's word, and to attend to Somtseu's word, and, in case the Boers should fight with him, then the Aba Zulusi were to render him help, and go at once to assist Somtseu. Ketshweyo did all that, wishing to obey the commands of the Queen, though he did not want to do it, since no occasion had yet arisen for his fighting with the Boers, as they had not attacked him; but, from what I saw at Maizerkanye, he is well prepared with ammunition, &c., in case any one should attack him. Well, so the Aba Zulusi stayed on in full force until Katishana came, sent by Somtseu, to say that all was right, there was no fighting among the Boers, and then the Aba Zulusi dispersed to their homes."—*Macmillan*, p. 431—2.

Every one of the above allegations, so far as they affect Sir T. Shepstone, is false. In proof of which, see the report of Mr. Fynney. Sir T. Shepstone, in sending that report to Lord Carnarvon, said, "Mr. Fynney has taken great pains to present the results of his observation; and as he speaks the Zulu language as fluently as he does his own, and is intimately acquainted with Ketshweyo personally, I attach great weight to both his statements and opinions." To this testimony he might have added that Mr. Fynney had been for some time a trusted member of his own staff while secretary for native affairs in Natal. The report was sent to Lord Carnarvon the day after Magema's first interview with Ketshweyo, and was already in print before his narrative had left Bishopstowe. It cannot, therefore, have been written with respect to Magema's allegations, and its denials of them, whether direct or implied, have the value of perfect independence, while their official character stamps them with an authority which can in no way be claimed for Magema's word, even with Bishop Colenso's endorsement.

It is utterly impossible to reconcile the main charge of Magema's narrative with Mr. Fynney's report. Not only is no mention made of it by Ketshweyo, but in his earnest plea to be permitted "to make one little raid only, one small swoop," he showed that so far from having been called to fight the Boers on behalf of the English, he felt himself so under the control of Sir T. Shepstone, that he could not attack the Swazies till he had removed the restraint. Through the whole interview there was mani-

fested a respect which fell to sycophancy for Somtseu, and the fawning was greatest in his solicitation for this permission to wash his spears in the blood of the Swazies, but no mention was made of this unfulfilled bargain, which must have been effectual, and could not have been forgotten. And the report furnishes direct contradiction to Magema's charge. He said, "The Aba Zulusi stayed on till Kaitshana came." Kaitshana is the name by which Mr. Fynney is known to the Zulus, and one part of the message he had to deliver was, "It has been reported to His Excellency that you are gathering the Zulu army together, and have given the command of two of your regiments to Umbaline, who, as you must know, has shown great enmity to the residents of the Zulu border, and used repeated threats of violence against them. I do not see your army assembling, &c." To this Ketshweyo replied, "My army is not assembled as you see, &c." So that Ketshweyo himself directly denies the statement of Magema.

We ourselves are able to declare that every item of this charge against Sir T. Shepstone is false. During the time all this was supposed to be taking place, we were residing within a mile of the Zulu border, and only a short distance from where the army was assembled, and were almost daily receiving information of the doings and sayings of the Zulus, from Zulus and others crossing over to Natal, and from official sources which we are not at liberty to specify, and we say, 1. That Sir T. Shepstone sent no message at all to Ketshweyo on his way to the Transvaal. The Zulus were in entire ignorance of the destination of the troops, and some of them feared they were coming against them. Ketshweyo consequently sent one of his men on whom he could rely to the magistrate at Newcastle with some frivolous case, that he might see what number of soldiers came, and learn if possible their destination. As soon as this was done he left his case unfinished in the magistrate's court, and secretly returned to Ketshweyo, who, when he had learned where the troops were going, called up his army, in the hope that if there were war he might join in the melee and share in the plunder. It is, therefore, not true that the Zulu army was assembled at Somtseu's word. It is not true that they were to attend to Somtseu's word. It is not true that they were to go at once to assist Somtseu. Nor is it true that Ketshweyo

called up his army and gave them the specified instructions, wishing to obey the commands of the Queen. 2. Ketshweyo had long wished to make war on the Boers, and he had proceeded so far in unacknowledged aggression as to drive them out of the disputed territory; but he was unable openly to attack, because he could not obtain the permission of the Natal Government. When it was known that the Transvaal had been taken under British rule, and that there was to be no fighting, a universal cry of disappointment and rage went up from the Zulus, who said, "It is a shame for the English, who know how the Boers oppressed us, and who would not let us fight them, now to go and take the country, and so stop the fighting for ever." So far from Ketshweyo not wanting to fight the Boers, when the messenger Ungabana came to tell him the Transvaal now belonged to the Queen, and therefore must not be touched, he refused to see him, and, in the madness of his disappointed rage, ordered him to be killed, that he might not receive the unwelcome news. And when, listening to the sober counsel of the old Indunas, he next day received the message from the lips of Ungabana, his reply was, "It is well you came now, for if you had stayed a week later I should already have made a clean sweep from the Drakensberg to the Buffalo." 3. The Zulu army did not "stay on in full force till Kaitshana came to say all was right." Tired with waiting during the many weeks Sir T. Shepstone remained in the country without decisive action, and believing the many reports which at that time prevailed that nothing would be done, Ketshweyo dismissed his army. But when the rumours that annexation would speedily take place reached him, he immediately reassembled them, and was himself at their head when the message which defeated the purpose of the muster was delivered.

It is unfortunate for the Bishop that these statements, which so seriously compromise Sir T. Shepstone, and which are so opposed to the caution, prudence, and knowledge of native character, which have invariably been seen in his official acts, and which have preserved him from mistakes in the use of means to accomplish the ends he has proposed, should have been given on the sole authority of Magema. In all other cases he gives the name of the person from whom he obtained any information, but in this, the most serious statement of the whole narrative,

which charges Her Majesty's Special Commissioner with a design and plan of letting loose the dogs of savage war upon a defenceless population, at a time when, according to the terms of his Commission, he was going into the country on purpose to see if there were any means short of annexation to avert such a calamity, we have merely the bare word of Magera and not a single Zulu authority. Doubtless the bishop certified himself that Magera had authority for this capital charge, which, if true, would make the name of Shepstone an execration throughout the world, before he declared concerning it, "I am sure that his statements are thoroughly to be relied on, as accurate reports of what he has seen and heard in Zululand." We must, however, say it is a pity that, for the sake of his own reputation, he did not give to the world the same means of judgment, for if the curse falls not on Shepstone, it must fall on Colenso. It is impossible to avoid the conviction that a great scandal has been perpetrated, when a bishop could so far forget what was due to a trusted servant of the Queen, from whom he also had received his appointment, as to publish this terrible accusation, in a form and manner in which the accused was precluded from denial, and to send it forth against the man whom he had proclaimed as his friend, when he could not but know its publication would greatly hinder him in the delicate and difficult commission his Queen had given him to fulfil.

Bishop Colenso, by the pen of Magera, has endeavoured to persuade the English public that human life is sacred and property respected in Zululand, which is an African Arcadia, in which every one rests beneath the shadow of a paternal king, who toils to give his subjects rest and plenty.

"It is right that all people should know that Ketshweyo loves his people; he does not at all wish that they should kill one another, or that he himself should kill them. He has altogether abandoned the policy of Tshaka and Dingan, and carries on that of the English in earnest. He does not wish to hear with one ear only. If one man has gone to inform against another he summonses him who has been informed against, that he may hear and decide the case properly. If a man has committed a great crime he makes him pay a fine with cattle. During all the time I stayed in Zululand, I saw Ketshweyo sitting in his seat judging the causes of his people, and his judgment was excellent and satisfactory."—*Macmillan*, p. 428.

In addition to former testimony, take the following. Mr. Fynney says:—"I have no hesitation in saying the system of wholesale slaughter is kept up in the land, as few (if any) Zulus would hesitate for a moment in either impeaching or taking the life of a fellow if he thought there was a chance of obtaining a head of cattle by so doing. It is a strange fact that poor men seldom or never get killed." The Rev. R. Robertson, in a letter published in the *Natal Mercury*, June 24th, 1878, says:—"I am prepared to prove that in the neighbourhood of Kwamagwaza, within the radius of about eight miles, taking the station as a centre, there have been killed, since I went there, no fewer than twenty-four persons, and there may have been others that did not come to my knowledge. But with regard to the twenty-four mentioned above, I can (if required) give their names; I can show the places where they were killed. I was intimately acquainted with most of them. I did what I could to relieve the sufferings of the survivors (one of whom died in my house from the wounds he had received, and a second is here with me now, whom I found left for dead with nine assagai wounds in her body). The perfect truth of the above statement I can bring many witnesses to prove, some of them white men, others natives. I have to add, too, that with the exception of five, all the twenty-four have been killed since the death of the late king Panda. The above is what I can testify from my own personal knowledge; and I believe it to be a tolerably fair picture of what is taking place all over the country—always excepting Emahlabatani (the residence of the king). As a matter of course, such multitudes congregate there, the numbers killed are out of all proportion to the numbers killed elsewhere. I shall not cumber your columns with names, but I beg to enclose a list for your inspection which I received last year from a much-respected missionary. It contains twenty-nine names, and embraces a somewhat wider area than mine does. You will see that the reverend gentleman adds:—"All the above were killed without trial, since the installation of Ketshweyo, in 1873, also many women." In answer to the question "What are they killed for?" he says:—"In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred (probably), for no crime whatever. The fact is, the Zulus seem to act upon the theory, that the death of one is the life of another: what is loss to you is gain to me. Hatred, envy, and

covetousness are the roots from which the killing comes, but witchcraft is the ostensible reason given for it."

The following came within our own knowledge. Early in 1877, the king gave orders to one of his regiments to marry, the age of the men was over forty, and the female regiment assigned to them were girls, who, as might be expected, refused these old men. Then Ketshweyo, who "loves his people, and does not at all wish them to kill one another, or that he should kill them," sent forth an impi to eat up the fathers and kill all the girls who refused. This order was executed, and only a few of them escaped into Natal. This diabolical slaughter did not excite especial wonder in Zululand or on the border, because it was too much like the ordinary ways in which Ketshweyo shows his love to his people. These were not Christians; their only sin was that they dared to be human. With facts like these, which abound in Zululand, and are as well and as universally known as the shining of the sun, one cannot account for the temerity of Magama, and still less can we understand the infatuation of his episcopal endorser.

To the people of England it may not be uninteresting or uninteresting to learn how Bishop Colenso's interest in the Zulus arose. When he visited Panda, in 1860, he propounded to him such vast and various schemes for the country and people that Panda was frightened, and although he could not refuse him permission to commence a mission, seeing he had been accredited to him by Mr. Shepstone, the Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal, as "the head of the Queen's religion in that colony," yet he determined to render it ineffectual. He accordingly gave his people instructions to have nothing to do with Mr. Robertson, the missionary sent. And Bishop Schreuder found Mrs. Robertson living on the roots of grass growing on the river, the Zulus refusing to sell them any food. Mr. Robertson has made his way in Zululand, in spite of the great difficulties which the fear and hatred of the Zulus to the Bishop presented while he was under his direction. But the hatred and fear of the Bishop remained, and he was painfully conscious of it himself; so that when, in July, 1861, the false alarm of a Zulu invasion reached Muritzburg, he alone, of all the outlying inhabitants, fled at midnight into the city for safety. And he had less than no influence in Zululand till he became the advocate of the

outlawed rebel, Matyan, and the rebel, Langalibalele. From the time of this advocacy of rebellion dates the commencement of Bishop Colenso's influence in Zululand, and the beginning is in harmony with his latest action there.

Having become the advocate and the friend of rebels against his Queen, it is not a matter of surprise that he should send forth this narrative, whose second purpose evidently is to disparage and defame the missionaries of the Cross, and if possible to stop their work. Ketshweyo had so acted towards the missionaries and their converts that some of them left, feeling their lives to be in danger, and having had the people driven from them. Others remained, and were in the country at the time of Magema's visit. He accepted Ketshweyo's explanation of the murder of the three Christians as a complete exculpation, but regards the going away of those of the missionaries who had departed as of sufficient criminality to banish them for ever, although this took place after the Secretary of State for the Colonies had informed them that they stayed at their own risk. "I do not at all understand that going away of the missionaries without your knowledge, when you had not warned them. And for my part I commend that word of the king's, that they had better not come back. . . . I say the king had better stick to that." This Bishop Colenso publishes with no note of modification, but, on the contrary, covered with the general confirmatory declaration.

Magema, having succeeded in converting the Bishop, tries his profound logic on Ketshweyo, to the defamation of the missionaries. "That is not being converted, Gumedé, where people cast off the power which is appointed to rule over them, and despise their king, and go and live with the missionaries." This is a strange speech for a representative of a Christian bishop; for it is plain that throughout Magema spoke as the mouthpiece of Bishop Colenso, and that Ketshweyo regarded him as so speaking, particularly in the present case; for immediately after the above speech he said: "That is what Sobantu (Bishop Colenso) wishes, that people should be converted, respecting their chiefs, and living in their own kraals." To which Ketshweyo replied: "O! well then, is Sobantu a white man? Why, Sobantu is quite a native like myself." This the Bishop causes to be printed, without any sign of repudiation, and he therefore must be held responsible for it,

because, without his name attached, the narrative would have been too contemptible for notice, and certainly would never have found its way into *Macmillan's Magazine*. All the influence of Magera is derived from the fact that he is the favoured pupil of the Bishop, under whose charge he has been more than twenty years, and whom he now sends forth with a character truly flawless. He is, therefore, interesting as an example of the natural "outcome" of the Bishop's teaching, independent of the special guarantee of trustworthiness. And, judging the above speech in this light, we cannot conceive of any thing more damaging to pupil and teacher. No stranger could read the speech just quoted without coming to the conclusion that the converts cast off the authority of their appointed ruler, and despised their king. But both Bishop Colenso and Magera knew, when the one wrote and the other published this, that it was false; they knew that the missionaries do not interfere with the obedience of the converts to the king, except when that obedience is in direct violation of a plain and primary command of God, like "Thou shalt do no murder." All the male population are soldiers, whom the king is at liberty to employ as he pleases, and whom he does employ freely in murdering their fellow subjects and confiscating their property. No Christian can be employed in such work, and on no recognised principles of government can any man be required to do it as an act of legitimate obedience. But even here the missionaries have striven to secure the king from any loss through the failure of his iniquitous will. The Rev. R. Robertson says, "With regard to Ukukonga (military or other duty), Bishop Schreuder, Mr. Oftebro, and myself have each again and again urged the king to allow them to pay it, either in personal labour or by paying a reasonable tax. With what effect, think you? The king positively refused to hear of it." He also adds, "With regard to offences committed by Christians, can a single instance be shown in which a missionary has tried to screen the culprit from the consequences justly due to the offence? I defy Bishop Colenso to name one such case." It would naturally be concluded from what Magera says, that the missionaries were continually withdrawing men from their allegiance. But not a man is received on their stations before the case has been reported to the king, and his permission has been obtained.

Magama and his teacher seem to regard it as a political crime for the converts to live on the stations with the missionaries, and that now they are gone from the country they advise that they should not return, that there may be only one ruler in the land. Mr. Robertson is quite competent to reply to this objection, because, at the commencement of his labours in Zululand, finding this an excuse for opposition to missionary labour, he waited on the king and told him that he should not attempt to withdraw the people from their service to him, and that any men who should become Christians by his labours would be no less the king's men than all other Zulus. Shortly after Bishop Schreuder made a similar declaration to the king on behalf of the Norwegian missionaries. It is, therefore, with special interest that we turn to Mr. Robertson's reply to this charge. "This is an attack upon the mission system. Let Bishop Colenso and his factotum come and show us a more excellent way. No one is more alive to the difficulties attendant upon the station system than I am; they are incidental to the transitional state from a smaller number to a greater; the former can be ruled and kept in order by the personal influence of the missionary; the latter requires a sterner and firmer hand. Mission work, which does not combine *going to* the heathen, as well as station work, where you wait for them to come, is no mission work at all; but that there is any other way than the old one of getting the young heathen into schools, and forming those who have become Christians into villages I deny. Of course, I mean here in Zululand. What does Bishop Colenso think would be the fate of a young woman who happened to say she wished to be a Christian? I can tell him. Why, before to-morrow morning she would be united in marriage (so called) to an old man who might possibly be old enough to be her grandfather, and she would be his slave for the remainder of her life." The slavery is not ended by the death of the old man. This is a true statement of the difficulties attendant upon the early stages of mission work under as barbarous a rule as that which prevails in Zululand, and is an irrefutable expression of the reasons for the peculiar mode of operation which all the missionaries in that land have adopted.

With the fervent repulse of the recommendation, not to let the missionaries return, we will close our extracts from Mr. Robertson's letters.

"It is clearly shown by this report that Magema and his master are no friends of missionaries. 'Turn them out, now's your time,' was written by one of the Bishop's friends and agents in 1864; and here we have Magema saying, 'I say, the king had better stick to that,' *i.e.*, have no missionaries in the country. No, I am wrong, excepting those which he and his distinguished master might send. Bishop Colenso's son also, Mr. F. E. Colenso, unless he is grossly maligned, did all he could to the same end when he paid his late visit to the king. I am told on good authority, that he brought a bundle of Natal newspapers with him, and read anonymous reports which appeared in them of doings in the Zulu country, especially at the recent inkosi; the direct result being that all the Norwegian missionaries were obliged to leave forthwith. Conduct more ungrateful than this I cannot conceive. Both in going and coming Mr. F. E. C. received from these very missionaries all the kindness and help, that they were able to give to him; and at the very moment of his so injuring them he was living upon their food. Let the fact be known, that a man calling himself a Christian bishop, his son, and the best specimen (Magema) of his missionary works, desire that Zululand be cleared of Christian missionaries, some of whom have laboured there for more than a quarter of a century, and that they have in part accomplished it."

Thus, for the time, Zululand is closed to missionary labour. But, with this crisis another political crisis has come also, and this demands British intervention. Not only must the boundary question be settled, that our own border may be secure, but the perpetual slaughter of the Zulus by their king must be stopped. Whether this can be done by anything less than the annexation of the country will depend upon the way in which the necessary reforms are accepted by Ketshweyo. The forcible annexation will cause great slaughter, for if the Zulus fight they will not soon leave off; and, during the contest, if their old tactics are pursued, we may expect sundry border reprisals, which will carry devastation as far as they extend. But, at whatever cost, Zululand must be reduced to order and to humane government.

The usual difficulty in the way of our effective action will be sure to appear. We are unable to adopt a rough and ready mode of proceeding, which takes the broad, plain view of the case, and follows sure but tangible modes and processes of judgment, which are the only safe methods of procedure with wily savages; but we must have legal proof which is incapable of quibble from an

Old Bailey lawyer. This we shall never get against Ketshweyo. By Umbelene he kept the whole border in excitement for some months before the annexation of the Transvaal; but as soon as he was spoken to, he repudiated Umbelene and all his doings. He has followed the same course now; he sent notice to quit to all the dwellers in the disputed territory, but our latest telegram says that he has sent a message to Sir T. Shepstone to say that he did not authorise this action. There is no doubt in the mind of any man who knows Ketshweyo and the Zulus that not a man among them would have dared to move in such a matter without his bidding; but they also know that it would be impossible to obtain proof of this. So it has been in all other cases. With him lies are easier than truth, and stopping the breath of an inconvenient witness is a peccadillo which would occasion no compunction. He has had his finger in every pie of rebellion and aggression which of late has disturbed South Africa, but if we must have evidence of this which will satisfy a British jury in a criminal case, Ketshweyo will escape; but then there will be a great miscarriage of justice. We can only hope the decision of this case may be left in the hands of some one who, like Sir Bartle Frere, has so established a reputation for wisdom, conciliation, and justice, as to be able to risk all consequences of criticism at home, and do right if the sky falls.

- ART. III.—1. *Biblical Commentary on the Book of Job.* By F. DELITZSCH, D.D. Second Edition, Revised. T. and T. Clark.
2. *Commentary on the Book of Job.* By REV. A. B. DAVIDSON, M.A. Williams and Norgate.
3. *The Speaker's Commentary.* Vol. IV. John Murray.
4. *The Book of Job Explained and Illustrated.* By REV. C. P. CAREY, M.A. Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.
5. *The Expositor.* 1876—78. Hodder and Stoughton.

THOSE who hold the opinion that in point of time the Book of Job stands at the head of Biblical literature, may fairly be asked the question, "How did Job and his contemporaries attain to their views of God and of their relations to Him?" A question not easily answered. We must remember that, on the hypothesis stated, we are dealing not only with a state of society uninfluenced by Jewish teaching, but also with men who, without a written revelation, have fought their way to a clear, broad, and deep theology. We will attempt in this article to answer the question, and to trace the progress of that fight.

We shall not arrive at an intelligent understanding of the religious aspect of this Book, unless we first of all examine the processes by means of which men have advanced along the lines of superstition, scepticism, and faith to a knowledge of God.

What is that instinct of man's nature that compels him to seek the Lord, if haply he may feel after Him and find Him? Shall we trace it to that constraining necessity which urges us to discover the cause of each phenomenon and event we witness? Is not this one of the ruling instincts of our race? There is in man a deep sense of wonder. That which excites our wonder, that eludes our investigation, that hides itself in impenetrable mystery, provokes, even to-day, the respect of our intellect. It is as some mystic tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and towards it we are resistlessly attracted. As soon as

we understand a phenomenon we say that we have mastered it; until we do so understand it it masters us.

In dealing with the religions of primitive races we must watch the effects of this instinct on them. Placed in the midst of the phenomena of nature, they looked with the eyes of children upon the mysteries that surrounded them, and wonder gradually became boundless. Let us glance at some of the rough steps that man has hewn for himself up the precipitous heights of belief; and let us respect every effort that he has sincerely made to lift himself into the presence of the Great First Cause.

Let us picture to ourselves a man pursuing his rude husbandry in the field. The heavens that shone sweetly upon him in the morning now gather blackness; the gloom of the coming storm awes the wild, simple heart that is in him. The lash of the lightning flashes on the clouds, and after it a voice roars, murmurs, mutters, and dies away in whisperings. What is that which streams from the shuddering clouds? It seems like a chariot of fire that, in some battle of the gods, has been hurled down the slopes of the sky. The affrighted eye follows it until, close at hand, it crashes into the earth. There it lies, glowing fainter and fainter, until its lurid splendour fades away. A brave man is he who will first approach it! Rushing towards the dwellings of his tribe, the story is told, and soon, with palpitating hearts, men and women stealthily glide over the ground, and from a distance gaze upon the awful visitant. To account for it is impossible, and so wonder becomes boundless. If the nineteenth century scientific man had been there, he would have expounded his theory of meteorolites; but as he was not, and no sufficient explanation was forthcoming, the instinct of man's heart cried: "God is here! Let us adore!"

Whilst stone-worship must be looked upon as amongst the very earliest of man's attempts to find a god, we cannot profess to consider it with very great reverence; nor can we conceive that it could for any length of time have continued to exercise a mastering spell over the minds of earnest primitive worshippers. There is, fortunately, in human nature a deeply-rooted scepticism, or spirit of inquiry, and this would lead to investigation; wonder would begin to find bounds, then to contract, and then to be got under control. For after that leap from the skies, what has this god done to show his power? Is it not

evident that where he fell there he must lie, unless we, his worshippers, should come to his help and lift him? Even frogs prefer King Stork, with some life in him, to helpless King Log; and sceptical men would, in process of time, turn away in search of a more sublime and living mystery.

Where would they find it? Let us go out into the woods for an answer to that question. We sit down on the gnarled and mossy roots of some majestic forest giant, and watch the sunbeams as they glint on the leaves and shower themselves athwart the pillared aisles. What is that mysterious sound which whispers, and sighs, and faints away like the voices of a dream, then rustles and swells out again as if the woods lived and breathed around us? The plain matter-of-fact man—the Zophar of the period—cries: “Oh, it is only the wind among the trees.” “Only the wind among the trees!” Whilst imagination remains that phrase will rouse from their slumber—

“Images and precious thoughts,
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.”

The woods have a voice! Calculate the effect of that fact on the mind of a man seeking after God. But let us go into the forest again. Why this fainting and drooping under the grey skies of autumn? The leaves that have rustled and hissed in the gale, that have toyed with the bright sunshine, begin to wax pale; and now the breath of the zephyr can lift them and send them sailing in gentle balancings to the earth. The voice of the tree dies away, and winter's snows pile themselves on the forlorn branches. The tree-god shares the fate of the stone-god, and the new worship halts and well-nigh vanishes away. But wait! What is this new mystery? Our tree-god is not as our stone-god, after all. Spring smiles away the chill trance of winter, and whispers to her forest-children, “Live!” And once more the bursting bud and expanding leaf tell that what seemed death was only rest. What wonder that the spreading tree, with its frank, gentle, mysterious strength and life, was worshipped; that a spirit was believed to be there; that gaunt oaks in solemn valleys, gloomy groves cresting bleak hills, plane-trees stretching out their arms in lonely solitudes, became objects of boundless reverence? Account for it as we please, there we

have the fact, that tree-worship has entered deeply into the religious education of the world.

But tree-worship must ultimately find its limits. The sceptics discover that these tree-gods are burnable; that they, with axes, can hew out their lives: so another departure must be made. If stones and trees fail, whither shall man look? If there are Dryads, shall there not also be Naiads? There is a murmuring voice in a tree; is there not such a voice in a stream? The woods, under the touch of spring, pour forth their verdure, so does this fountain send out its clouds of rainbow-barred spray. If we worship trees, why should we not gaze with boundless wonder on rolling streams and sparkling forest or mountain wells? Especially shall not man worship that waste of mystery, that wreck of waters, that glittering mirror that glasses heaven—the boundless, fathomless sea! What does its voice not say? And as the evening twilight comes down, what are those white-robed figures that glide up the face of the rock, or toss themselves aloft amidst the breakers' rage? Peer through the gloom of the swiftly-falling night, and cannot we watch the sea-gods as their chariots crowd the tumbling waves? Their horses, flinging from their necks flakes of foam, rush from crest to crest, and the wild conch-shells' blast wails and dies along the shore. Gazing on these sights, listening to these sounds, men developed the mysterious mythology of the waters, and worshipped on the breaker-beaten coast, on the margin of sombre lakes, and by the side of living wells that made the forests green.

In searching into the mysteries of primitive beliefs, there is one aspect which they present that especially impresses us, and which we may as well mention here. If we find therein an attempt to personify the agencies whose influence is in the direction of good, we also find a similar attempt to personify the agencies whose influence is towards evil. The conviction that good and evil are for ever at war also appears in all mythologies. Out of this conviction, we presume, must have arisen that most extraordinary form of worship which holds its recognised position to-day, we mean the worship of serpents. Against the serpent, nature has implanted in all animals, including man, a deeply-rooted antipathy. The horse carrying his rider through the bush suddenly stops and shivers in every limb. The rider looks down, and sees the flickering

tongue and ghastly eyes of a snake, and the horror of the horse is shared by the man. Why, then, do we find that, of all animals, the serpent is most frequently worshipped? We presume that another strong instinct of human nature must be considered in our calculation. There is within us a powerful inclination to flatter that which seems bent on doing us mischief. Who has not heard the timid little boy lavishing endearing epithets upon a preternaturally ugly bull-dog that advances to meet him? And, alas! where is the still more ugly human tyrant that is quite without his fawning train of flatterers? It is a miserable instinct, but it exists. In it may we not find the reason why the serpent, which is man's natural enemy, has been worshipped with complete devotion, and why it holds its place in the religious systems and mythologies of all cultured nations?

But we must advance another step. The healthy scepticism of which we spoke, in process of time must prove fatal to all the forms of worship we have indicated. Fatal, in this sense. The higher minds of the nation will constantly, by investigation, be conquering much of the mystery that surrounds natural phenomena, and will gradually find that they are effects, not causes; that the secret of life and power lies further away, in a dimmer and less reachable region. The investigator, having mastered the things his hands can touch, finds himself to be greater than the thing he knows, and refuses to worship that which is less than himself. Effects are not fit objects of worship; to the supreme cause of all effects the heart of man turns with its wealth of homage. And now, having exhausted his wonder on the things that surround him, whither shall man turn to find that which is higher than himself, and so escape atheism? Let us be thankful that such higher regions exist. There is a world of life, and movement, and brilliancy, and soul-subduing beauty into which the hasty foot of man cannot pass, on which the restless hand of man cannot be placed. We may till this earth and subdue it, but who will grasp the stilts of the celestial Plough and drive his furrows among the stars? Let us be thankful for the heavens above our head, for the unreachable, untouchable constellations. The reachable is the conquerable, but who will place his hand of triumph on the sun? And so, in watching the religious education of the world, we see the higher minds of the race gradually transferring the primi-

tive ideas that once attached themselves to the things of the earth to the heavens. The sun becomes the supreme object of worship; the constellations are individualised, each having its human-divine history; and, noticeable fact, against the stars, the moon, the sun, the powers of evil and darkness fight.

We have expressed our thankfulness for the fact that the heavens are out of the reach of the hand of man. But are they out of the reach of his thought? Is there not a mighty, world-compelling, heaven-compelling faculty in man called Understanding? And has not man placed himself in the presence even of the mysteries of the heavens, and by patient endeavour, close watching, unwearied correction of mistakes, has he not pierced the dim secret of the stars? or, if he has not actually done so, has he not pretended to have done so, and has not his pretence been accepted; and have not he and his class been *fêted* and honoured as the men who have, by force of thinking, established a sovereignty over the mighty globes of light? And thus may we not watch the development of a complete system of sky-worship, with its devotees, its priests, and its ceremonial observances, a system which lingers in some of its aspects in English society to-day!

Thus far have we come in our attempt to trace the development of the religious idea in man; and, at this point, we must pause, for we have now reached the pathway on which we can distinctly trace the footsteps of Job and his contemporaries. The form of religion out of which they had emerged, or were gradually emerging, was the worship of the heavenly bodies. It will be remembered that Job asserts that he has not been guilty of secret complicity with such worship. He says:

"If I saw the sunlight when it shone,
And the moon walking in splendour,
And my heart was secretly enticed,
And I threw them a kiss by my hand:
This also would be a punishable crime,
For I should have played the hypocrite to God above."
(Ch. xxxi. 26—28.)

From this passage it is clear that this form of religion still lingered in the country, and that its rites were practised. The rulers had proceeded so far in freeing themselves from the superstition that they had made the

practice of star-worship a punishable offence; but superstition is stronger than statute-law, and the old religion seems to have had a firm hold upon the minds of the people. It is not easy to escape the thralldom of men who profess to have a special power over the affairs of our life; and of all cheats the astrologer dies hardest. Let us examine such indications of the presence of this religion as may be furnished by the records before us, and let us watch the death struggle of a mighty superstition.

Job was no doubt guiltless of any act of worship paid to the heavenly bodies, yet even his clear mind does not seem to have been altogether free from the power of the men who, arrogating to themselves the right to control the good and evil influences that contended against each other in the skies, professed themselves able to bring those influences to bear on the life of man. In that gloomy chapter (iii.) in which Job curses his day, this trait in his character comes out. In the A. V. the 8th verse stands thus: "Let them curse it (*i.e.*, the day of his birth) that curse the day, who are ready to raise up their mourning." The translators have had their difficulties with this passage, for the marginal correction does not seem to be at all parallel with the text. "Their mourning," or "a leviathan." What does that mean? We avail ourselves of the invaluable criticism of Delitzsch, Davidson, Cook, and Cox, and see in this passage an allusion to the work of the astrologers. Cox gives this nervous translation of the verse:

"Let those who ban days ban it,
Who are of skill to rouse the dragon."

Here we have references to two of the functions of the old-world sorcerers. They professed to have power to cause days to be lucky or otherwise; and, moreover, they asserted that they could control the dragon, the emblem of the evil principle in the heavens, and incite him to devour the sun and so destroy the light. It is a strange fact that this idea has retained a mastership over multitudes of the human race. Go into a Chinese or East Indian village during the progress of an eclipse, and you will hear men speak as men used to talk in the days of Job. With gongs, tom-toms, and loud shoutings, a frenzied mob is trying to scare away the dragon that is swallowing the sun. That early faith holds to-day. It is no wonder, then, that even

the strong mind of Job, in his agony, turns towards the superstition from which he had been emancipated.

But although we do meet with these distinct traces of the early religion in this Book, it is clear that the ideas of the people are in a transition state. We have watched the passing over of the ideas attaching to the mysteries of the earth to the heavens; we can also watch the further journey of these religious ideas—namely, their passing over from the heavens to the Power that is above the heavens—the Great First Cause—God. Is it possible for us to lay our hand upon a bridge connecting the old religion with the new? Can our eye detect a pathway lying between the visible and the invisible, and can we see thereupon traces of the passage of the old legends to the unfathomable deeps of Deity? Surely if we can do this we shall feel a quickening of the heart, if we are real searchers after the footsteps of the Divine Wisdom in the beliefs of men. Let us turn to ch. xxvi. 12, 13. Speaking of the God whom he has found, Job says:

“By His power He rouseth up the sea,
And by His understanding He breaketh Rahab in pieces.
By His breath the heavens become cheerful;
His hand hath pierced the fugitive dragon.”

In these verses we see traces not only of the worship of the stars, but also of the gods of the waters. We thus touch two of the links of the chain we have striven to construct. By the rousing of the sea, Delitzsch says, we are not to understand its being made turbulent, but that the conflict of God with some sea-monster, the emblem of evil thought and pride, is referred to. But mark especially the 13th verse:

“By His breath the heavens become cheerful;
His hand hath pierced the fugitive dragon.”

Here the conflict of light and darkness, symbolical of the struggle between good and evil, is depicted. In the old mythologies the constellation of the dragon figures prominently. On a bright star-light night if we look up at the Great Bear, and then allow our eye to follow the lower pointers, we shall soon discover the Pole star, which is the last bright point of the Lesser Bear. Between the two Bears we shall see a long straggling line of stars, curved as a serpent curves itself when hastening over the ground.

That is the constellation of the dragon. Now, one of the old-world theories of eclipses was that they were produced by this large dragon or serpent. Impelled by his hatred of light, he cast his coils around the sun and attempted to crush it. To prevent the destruction of the sun, some power must be found capable of wounding the great foe; and in the early religions this power was supposed to reside in the person of the astrologer, or priest of the sky-worshippers. In the verse we have quoted, we see a distinct advance towards the truth. Job asserts that God wounds the dragon. He constantly smites the sable folds coiled around the sun, until, one by one, they fall off, and the bright disc escapes from the deadly embrace. Then the Spirit of God, symbolised by the wind, passes over the heavens; and once more the agony of nature is soothed, and the light streams from the face of the cheerful sky. Does not this mark a stage of transition? The poetry of the old mythology is retained, and perhaps the old scientific explanation of an eclipse is held to be true; but here is a distinct advance. The astrologer-priest is dispensed with, and God is seen absolutely controlling the movements of the heavenly host. The ideas of the people are migrating to a profounder region, and the Great First Cause is not only being felt after but found.

To this transition period we must also refer much of the teaching of this Book as to angelic beings. As we have watched the contest of light and darkness in the skies, so we have to contemplate the conflict between good and evil angels; indeed, we may look upon the angelology of the poem as the final stage of religious thought before the mind of man went out to grasp the magnificent idea of the One God, from whose hand the devout spirit receives with thanksgiving both good and evil. How deep is the reply that Job makes to his wife when she urges him to confess that the God whom he had served had been overcome by the Powers of Evil opposed to Him. "As one of the ungodly would speak, thou speakest. Shall we receive good from God, and shall we not receive evil?" We will glance at two aspects of this teaching as to angelic beings. In ch. xxv. 2, it is said of the Almighty that "He maketh peace in His heights;" that is, among the celestial beings who immediately surround Him. This sentence leads us to watch the warring of good and evil spirits in the heavens. Furious encounters are waged, and even as God wounds the

dragon and liberates the sun, so He chases away the evil spirits that shadow the brightness of His dwelling-place. Again in ch. ix. 13, we meet with a mysterious statement. In descanting on God's power Job says: "The helpers of Rahab stoop under Him." We have seen that Rahab stands for the embodiment of Pride, but who are the "helpers?" Are we not justified in looking upon them as spirits, filled with the same evil passions, who struggle against God, fighting desperately in the cause of darkness? A side light is cast on this perplexing phrase from Zoroastrianism. It teaches that Ormazd, the Lord of Light, and Ahriman, the Prince of Darkness, are committed to a deadly struggle for victory. Before it commenced, Ormazd, who alone knew of the existence of Ahriman, had a preliminary period of three thousand years in which to form an army of immortal fellow-helpers. The battle is to rage for three thousand years without decision, but at the end of six thousand years Ahriman is to be reduced to impotence. If we transfer the "helpers" from Ormazd to Ahriman we have the thought of Job reproduced. In both of the passages (xxv. 2, ix. 13) we may mark the transition of religious ideas. In process of time the doctrine of God's absolute sovereignty will become established, and all that is true in the vanishing mythology will remain.

We must now emerge from the dim region in which we have been moving, and try to strike the path that will lead us to the discovery of the methods by means of which Job and his contemporaries were guided into those clear and enduring religious truths which so remarkably characterise this Book. Our task is twofold. First, we shall have to detect the methods of Divine revelation in patriarchal times; and, secondly, we must pass in hasty review the truths ascertained—truths relating to God, man, sin, and the future world.

It is an interesting moment in the history of a nation when it is seen emerging from the deeps of superstition, led up therefrom by the spirit of inquiry, and by that deep instinct of the heart which compels us to seek after the living God. Let us be thankful for this upward tendency of human nature which operates, at least, in those men in every nation whose hearts are peculiarly sensitive to the Divine presence. How some men tower aloft above their surroundings, holding high communion

with kindred souls in all lands under heaven! Melchisedek, the priest of the Most High God, meets Abram, who has journeyed from distant Ur of the Chaldees in order that he may solve the problem which has been solved by the King of Salem in the midst of idolatrous surroundings. In them we see two mighty souls that have emerged above the mists, standing, in unutterable grandeur, as eternal types of priesthood and faith. We will try to watch the emergence of similar spirits from the gloom.

When we say that Job and his contemporaries attained to their knowledge of God and their relation to Him without the aid of revelation, we mean thereby only to exclude the idea of a written revelation. That direct and indirect revelation played an important part in the construction of their creed, we hope soon to show; indeed, we very much doubt the possibility of arrival at full and true knowledge of God by any process of development that does not include direct revelation. Much as we may be allured by the successful guesses men have made at the problems of the Divine existence and character, we are convinced that the fullest reliance may be placed on the statement—"The world by wisdom knew not God." The mystery baffles human reasoning; the results attained are felt, by the highest minds, to be scarcely reliable; the intuitions of the heart rebuke the artificial rest of the intellect; every fact ascertained refuses to be a goal, and declares itself a starting point; and the man is constantly urged onward, until wearied out, he has to cry, "Behold, I go forward, but He is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him: on the left hand, where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him: He hideth Himself on the right hand that I cannot see Him" (xxiii. 8, 9, A. V.).

What indications, then, have we in this Book that God, pitying the weakness and failure of man, gave a revelation of Himself to Job and the men of his day?

In this prosaic nineteenth century, with its restlessness and superficiality, it does seem almost impossible that God can, by way of unwritten revelation, directly speak to man's soul. But in this article, happily, we are dealing with calmer days and with more placid minds. The stages of the world's growth are very fitly described in Wordsworth's profound *Ode to Immortality*:

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily further from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

We have to deal with the period of the world's youth. The shades of the prison-house are closing, but light still streams on the reverent eye.

It has been said that books are written to save people the trouble of thinking for themselves. This is an extreme statement, but it has a truth in it. We shall now, however, have an opportunity of watching men advancing in knowledge in an age long before printed books commenced their warfare against original thinking. We are amongst the children of nature, who are dependent, to a considerable extent, upon themselves for acquiring information.

In the Book of Job we have brought before us the sovereignty of two organs of the human body; two organs which we are in some danger of deposing from their eminent positions—the eye and the ear. In Job's day men used their eyes, looking with frank, penetrating gaze upon Nature, watching her movements, seeing into her heart. Were not the old prophets called seers? And is a man worthy of the name of prophet who is not a seer, "looking through the shows of things into things," as Carlyle says? This Book, in its strong objectivity, may be called the Book of the eye. Search its chapters, and is it not a striking fact that the eye and the act of seeing are mentioned upwards of seventy times? There was a revelation of God which was given to the men who were the watchers of their age; before their sight Divine facts were pictured, and at last they saw God. In addition to the eye, there was also the ear. The art of listening, somewhat undervalued in the present day, was cultivated and carried to great perfection. Does it not appear, in this narrative, that these men had in them a great depth of silence? Witness the visit of the three friends who came to comfort Job, and who, seeing his doleful plight, sat down on the

ground with him for seven days and nights, and "none spake a word to him, for they saw that his grief was very great." Let us honour their preliminary silence, if we are compelled to censure their subsequent speech. If this is the Book of the eye, is it not also the Book of the ear? Do we not listen to the sayings of the Fathers, to well-worn proverbs, to the wisdom of the ancients? The conversations that had taken place in distant Tema, the counsels of venerable Shuite men, treasured up in the memory of reverent listeners, are spoken out in this great controversy. Sacred is human experience! In this Book it becomes tyrannical, but still it is at our peril that we neglect its results. Fortunately we have presented to us two men who stand forth as representatives of the senses of sight and hearing, and they may be taken as types of many who belonged to the nations of the world in the times of Job. Who so clear a seer as Eliphaz? Who so accurate a listener and rememberer as Bildad?

But, in addition to the eye and the ear, this Book discovers to us that God had other means of communicating with man. In chapter xxxiii. Elihu explains that Divine revelations were often given in dreams. He says:

" In the dream, in a vision of the night,
When deep sleep falleth upon men,
In slumberings upon the bed :
Then He openeth the ear of men,
And sealeth admonition for them " (15, 16).

To-day we have our philosophy of dreams, and we have learned to smile at their strange adventures; but in the morning of the world the revelations of sleep were held in the highest esteem. Most important occurrences, which have hinged upon dreams and their interpretation, are recited in the Bible narrative, and God frequently chose this method to convey information of coming events. In Job's day it seems that moral instruction was communicated by the same means. The words of Elihu, just quoted, refer not only to dreams as media of Divine instruction, but also to the "deep sleep" that falleth on men. Delitzsch understands by this phrase the sleep that is related to death and ecstasy, in which a man sinks back into the remotest ground of his inner life. There are moments—even waking moments—in which we become conscious of the deeps of spirit-life within us. The outer

environments of our condition seem to vanish away; the trammels of habit and hearsay fall off; and the emancipated soul goes out to meet God. On a gentle summer day, when we have left the noisy world far behind, we lie on some hill-side, and look out upon the placid lake, and up to the blue sky; then we feel the stirring of the wings we fold within, and, as they are lifted into the glorious heavens, we see things which it is not possible in staid, measured language to describe. This phase of super-sensuous life constantly meets us in our study of the world's religions. We see it in the rage of the Pythoness, the ecstasy of the Platonist, and the Nirvana dream of the Buddhist. Degraded the idea has no doubt become; but shall we not find its true use here in this book of extraordinary revelation? The deeps of spirit-life, in those early ages, were stirred from time to time by the breath of the Holy Ghost, and Divine light struck down upon them, and, obedient to the voice of God, new worlds of moral thought and beauty rose into the day.

There is a dim border-land that lies between the "deep sleep" and the broad awakening which we find was used as a means of Divine communication. Let us listen to the experience of a human soul. Eliphaz lies upon his bed, his brain full of thoughts crossing each other in perplexing entanglement. He has just emerged from a "deep sleep." Lying there, in the midst of the darkness, trying to recall the images that have trooped through his mind, he, all at once, becomes conscious that some awful presence overshadows him. The instinct that registers the approach of the mysterious spreads a horror through his frame. Fear comes upon him and trembling—trembling that causes the multitude of his bones to quake. Every sense is roused; every nerve, wakened into terrible sensitiveness, waits to record its dread experience. Then, across his face, a breath passes, and the hair of his flesh stands up! Peering through the gloom, his straining eyes can perceive a ghost-like something. It stands there, but he cannot clearly discern its appearance; and yet the mind, wrought into acute activity, suggests the waving outlines of a figure—waving outlines which fall off and vanish, and quiver out again. Then upon the ear comes a gentle murmur like the voice of the passing wind, and the stealthily-whispered revelation of man's frailty is given;

and then darkness which may be felt, silence which may be felt, reign around (iv. 12—21).

In chapter xxxiii. Elihu mentions another mode of Divine communication. In that land of health and vigorous life, how strange must have been the experience of sickness! The strong man who has ploughed the field, reaped the harvest, hunted in the wilderness, scaled the mountain peaks, braved a hundred storms, whose frame is knit into elastic might, feels the touch of sickness, and, like the forest tree in autumn, begins to droop, and the glory of his manhood fades away.

“ He is chastened with pain upon his bed,
And with the unceasing conflict of his limbs ;
And his life causeth him to loathe bread,
And his soul dainty meat.
His flesh consumeth away to uncomeliness,
And his deranged limbs are scarcely to be seen.
Then his soul draweth near to the grave,
And his life to the destroyers ” (19—22).

In this sad plight, as earth grows dim, the mind looks out into the mysterious future, and stretching “ lame hands of faith,” he gathers out of the gloom truths which challenge him to trust the “ larger hope.”

Such were some of the methods by means of which God directly communicated Divine facts to the minds of men in early days. By such modes Job and his contemporaries attained to a knowledge of “ the words of the Holy One ” (vi. 10), and “ the commands of His lips ” (xxiii. 12).

In addition to these direct methods of Divine communication, this Book reveals to us several indirect ways by which men arrived at religious knowledge. In reading its pages we are irresistibly reminded of the profound truth that God made man in His own image. A conviction of this seems to have been arrived at by Job and the men of his age. In this Book we have abundant evidence that man is weak and frail, but have we not also distinct indications of his greatness? Is it not shown that there are some men who possess the power to emerge above their fellows, and that their actions and words are revelations of the nature and character of God? Look at the constitution of the aristocracy of the day. Counsellors, with whom rested Divine wisdom; judges, emblems of Divine righteousness; kings, symbols of the Divine government; priests,

witnesses of the contact of the human and the Divine; the eloquent, whose voices uttered truths for earth in the language of Heaven; princes, and the aged, and the mighty, indicators of the limitless experience and strength of God (xii. 17—21). From these men the light of Deity scintillated, and through them, as they crushed down the tyrant, and vindicated the cause of the oppressed, men learned to know that glorious Being who is the Father of the fatherless and the Judge of the widow. There is one very pathetic illustration of this fact. Job, attacked by his friends, suggests to them an effect their conduct was producing in him. If they had sympathised with him, sustaining him by their valorous love, he tells them that he could have learned from their visible sympathy the soul-strengthening truth of the invisible sympathy of God. But their conduct was a stumbling-block to him.

“To him who is consumed gentleness is due from his friend,
Otherwise he might forsake the fear of the Almighty.”
(vi. 14.)

How full of pathos is this statement, and how sublime does human friendship become beneath its light! Yes, human friendship is, or ought to be, a priest that leads us away from the shattered idols of this earth, away from miserable disappointments and heart-breaking failures into the holy calm of the love of God. How many men, soured and bewildered by life's hollowness, have been turned from atheism by the gentle touch and tender voice of some human friend; some human friend who, when the trial went by, became the type of the Divine, and made it for ever easier to believe that “God is Love!” And who has not felt the temptation to distrust God when our confidence in man breaks down? From wise, true, strong, loving men there came forth in Job's days, as in ours, a revelation of the wise, true, strong, loving God, who sits above us all.

But, finally, on the methods of Divine revelation, what shall we say of that inner deep of our being which we call intuition, out of which abyss of suggestion and questioning thoughts arise which hasten through Eternity! Thoughts, we say, and yet they are more than thoughts—they are thoughts instinct with feeling, and sometimes the feeling—the soul of the thought—masters thinking and voyages forth alone. What power is that which compels

us to reach forward to that which is beyond; that compels us to travel wearily from stepping-stone to stepping-stone of conjecture, only to find that wild wastes of the waters of blackness spread on and on into the gloom; wild wastes of waters that must be resolutely crossed if that silver streak of horizon light is ever to be reached? What power is that which urges us, maddened by the smart of injustice, and the sting of pain, and the shadow of death, to break the bounds of our little systems and stand face to face with God? Is it the stirring of the Infinite within us breaking out towards the Infinite beyond us? Is it the gleaming of the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world struggling through the clouds of earth towards Heaven's unshadowed noon? We call it Intuition; and, indeed, can write learned treatises on the intuitive faculties; and, having written them, can dismiss the problem from our minds. But we will take the liberty of declaring that the meaning of intuition is not yet exhausted, of declaring that this power is that which is "likest God within the soul." In this Book this force energetically displays itself; it conquers some of the darkest problems of human experience and history. It summons from the future the world's Redeemer, and evokes from His lips a promise of an atonement and a resurrection. In fact, this poem is full of the results of cultured intuition, and therefore it sounds the deeps of the heart, and will continue to sound them for evermore.

Having examined the primitive methods of Divine revelation, as brought to light in this Book, we close our investigations by passing in hasty review some of the truths discovered by or communicated to Job and his contemporaries.

That which first strikes us in this great controversy is the clear apprehension possessed by all the speakers of the nearness of God. The chasm which had stretched between the life of man and the presence of God no longer exists. The lesson had been learned that behind all natural phenomena a Power resided which produced, sustained, and controlled them. The beasts of the earth, the fishes of the sea, the birds of the air declared the facts of the existence and living energy of God. It would be interesting if we could mark the moment when man's mind was emancipated from the bondage of idolatry, and went out to meet the invisible Creator. Some one, gazing and ponder-

ing, pursuing the mystery of being through bewildering mazes, at last stood still and heard the voice of the Lord God walking through the earth. One such instance suggests itself. We think of Abram, serving the gods of his fathers, and growing gradually weary of their helplessness and emptiness. One day he sees a vision, and in obedience to a strange voice he gets him out of his country and wanders into the vast wilderness. What a change would instantly be wrought in a man who had so found God! Nature would be transfigured; the earth and the sky would become a tabernacle flaming with the glory of the Lord. In this Book we see the impression produced by such a revelation. With eager eyes men watched the Almighty doing great things and unsearchable, marvellous things, till there was no number; giving rain on the earth, and causing water to flow over the fields; removing mountains without their knowing that He overturned them in His wrath; causing the earth to shake out of its place, and its pillars to tremble; commanding the sun not to rise, and sealing up the stars; spreading out alone the heavens, and walking on the heights of the sea; the Creator of the Bear, Orion, the Pleiades, and the flaming host of the Southern skies (ix. 5—10); besetting man behind and before, and laying His hand upon him; clothing him with skin and flesh, and intertwining him with bones and sinews (x. 11). Bewildered and awe-stricken the watchers might well cry, "Lo, these are but a whisper of His ways; who can understand the thunder of His power?" What an advance do we see in this, even upon the position occupied by a sky worshipper! Resting in thought on the "height of the heavens," that is, on the far-off star which stands as the remotest sentinel on the confines of space, the believer in God touched the threshold of the presence chamber of his living and mighty King; and, as he retired abashed to the lowly earth, he found that again and again the gates of that mysterious chamber opened, and the Lord of the angelic and starry hosts issued therefrom, and filled the world with his mild or terrible splendour. Men's eyes had not then been educated to detect the elaborate machinery which we now place between ourselves and God. We, being duly instructed by science, can now discern the bewildering maze of mechanism, called "laws of nature," which too often fences off earth from heaven, and too

often veils the Great Worker from our eyes. Now, as far as most of us are concerned, we hear of Him with the hearing of the ear, but then they saw Him; and often might the first faint chords of the great apocalyptic song have been heard: "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God." All readers of this Book must feel that the prominent belief of Job's day was that God was a personal Being, who lived and worked in the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. To Him was attributed the creation of the world and all things in it. Especially do we gather that it was firmly believed that man was the object of His constant care and inspection, and that it was from His hand that good and evil came. The way in which Job discerns the fact that the adversary with whom he was contending was God, is very strikingly suggested. He turns aside from the men who surround him and lifts his eyes to the heavens, searching their blue deeps for some sign of the approach of Him who, without cause, was his enemy. What are men, smoothly murmuring their thin commonplaces, to him when he knows that the hand of God has touched him, and that from His lips alone can an explanation of his sorrows come! Nothing can satisfy him but a personal interview with the Almighty.

This apprehension of the nearness of God to man carries with it very much. If God is so near, and if both good and evil come from His hand, then the question soon presents itself: How is the good to be obtained, and the evil to be avoided? Are they distributed according to law, or without law; and, if the former, then what is the law that regulates their distribution? That question, or series of questions, exercised the deepest thought of Job and his contemporaries. Their eyes and ears had been diligently employed, and not without success. The friends of Job, giving him the benefit of the conclusions of the highest wisdom of the time, assure him that the law which rules the world is, that good invariably follows well-doing, and that evil is the assured portion of the sinner. Starting from this discovery, we may pursue our inquiries into their theory and consciousness of sin.

It is interesting to note a few of the stages of investigation into the problem of sin and its punishment, as revealed in this Book. How were men instructed in the

nature of wrong-doing in those ages of which its records treat? Is the full answer to be found in the word—Conscience? We hardly think so. Conscience in its primal form is that power within us which tells us that there is *a* right and *a* wrong; but here we see plain conviction of *the* right and *the* wrong. The indefinite has become the definite by means of education. How was that education conducted and accomplished? In the present day we exercise our senses to discern between good and evil chiefly by the aid of a written revelation; but how was the conscience trained in the years before such a revelation existed? We answer: First by the influence of tradition. It seems clear that the people of the age of which we treat had some true knowledge of the history of the angels who kept not their first estate but left their own habitation. Proceeding along the lines of their mythology, they had arrived at the understanding of the principal reason why good and bad angels existed; and that understanding implies that the thought of sin was in their mind. The fall of Satan and his host is still involved in mystery, but to Job, as to us, the mystery had been sufficiently lifted for all practical purposes. Delitzsch, in commenting on Bildad's assertion, that "God maketh peace in His high places" (xxv. 2), says: "Although from ch. iv. 18, xv. 15, nothing more than that even the holy ones above are neither removed from the possibility of sin nor the necessity of a judicial authority which is high above them, can be inferred; yet, on the other hand, from ch. iii. 8, ix. 13 (comp. xxvi. 12 sq.), it is clear that the poet, in whose conception, as in Scripture generally, the angels and the stars stand in the closest relation, knows of actual, and not merely past, but, possibly recurring, instances of hostile dissension and titanic rebellion among the celestial powers; so that by 'making peace' is intended not merely a harmonising reconciliation among creatures which have been contending one against another, but an actual restoration of the equilibrium that has been disturbed through self-will, by an act of mediation and the exercise of judicial authority on the part of God" (Del., ii. 45, 46). We may well refer this knowledge to tradition as its channel. But, further, in this Book we come upon records of two events which connect themselves directly with the subject of sin as it affects man. The first concerns the Fall, the second the Deluge. When Job is

asserting the innocence of his life, amongst other things he declares that he has not "hidden his sins like Adam, concealing his guilt in his bosom" (xxxi. 33); and Eliphaz thus graphically alludes to the Deluge :

" Wilt thou observe the way of the ancient world,
Which evil men have trodden,
Who were withered up before their time,
Their foundation was poured out as a stream,
Who said unto God : Depart from us !
And what can the Almighty do to them ?
And notwithstanding He had filled their houses with good,—
The counsel of the wicked be far from me !" (xxii. 15—18).

These traditions might well furnish a starting point from which men could proceed to the investigation of the great problems of sin and its doom. But, in addition, we have in this Book a clear instance of the communication by means of a vision of the facts of man's frailty and God's purity. The words that whispered like the passing wind through the chamber of Eliphaz are fraught with a revelation that saddens the heart of the listener :

" Is a mortal just before Eloah,
Or a man pure before his Maker ?
Behold, He trusteth not His servants !
And His angels He chargeth with imperfection—
How much more those who dwell in houses of clay,
Whose origin is in the dust !
They are crushed as though they were moths."
(iv. 17—19.)

Confining ourselves to the knowledge obtained from this vision and from tradition, we see that the following conclusions were reached. God is near; He punishes sin terribly, executing on angels and men His awful judgments; even the holy ones who stand in His presence are charged with imperfection; what, then, must He think of us, poor dwellers in houses of clay, who perish at the blast of His nostrils? No slight question to ask in those twilight ages, unilluminated by the glory of the written Word of God! All honour to the men who faced it, and at last hewed upon the mountains of blackness a pathway along which weary seekers might travel to the heights from whence their eyes might watch the springing of the day.

The fact of sin being established, the question arises

"How can man be just with God?" This sentence starts out from the Book of Job, and is expressive of the intense eagerness of the age. In proceeding to examine the reply which was given to it, we shall see that it was an answer with which we, who live in this day of full illumination, cannot be completely satisfied, but still it merits our profound respect.

"How can man be just with God?" By the attainment of a perfect morality. That a certain perfection of morals could be reached is clearly implied throughout this Book. It was possible for a man in all his ways to please the Lord. Many are the pictures which are sketched of the blessedness of such a man. He laughs at destruction and famine, and has nothing to fear from the beasts of the earth; he is in league with the stones of the field, and the beasts of the field are at peace with him; peace is in his pavilion, and when his eye examines his household he finds nothing gone astray; his seed is numerous, and his offspring is as the herb of the ground; he comes to his grave in a ripe age "as shocks of corn are brought in in their season" (v. 22—26). It is further clear that a consciousness of this perfection existed on the part of those who possessed it. Job clings to his integrity with a desperate grasp. Although the Divine sword pierced him, yet he waited for God, "that he might prove his way before Him" (xiii. 15). He was perfectly prepared to meet his great Antagonist, and in His very presence maintain that his ways were pure. Singular as this may appear to us now, it illustrates the truth we allege, that perfection and the consciousness of its possession were possible in the days of Job. We note, with interest, the particulars of patriarchal morality as they are cited in this Book. In chap. xxxi. we have a code of morals deserving our earnest study. At the outset Job asserts his chastity not only in act, but in look; a distinction which reminds us of the severe teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. Then he declares himself to be free from intercourse with falsehood and deceit. He maintains, further, that his conduct towards those who were socially beneath him had been marked by the strictest justice; nay, that he had ever shown deep and practical sympathy with the poor, the widow, and the fatherless; he had clothed the needy, and had never used the immense influence he possessed in the city council to oppress the orphan. Although his wealth had been abundant, he had never

placed any confidence in it. Nor had he played the hypocrite to God above by any secret complicity with the sin of idolatry. When his enemy was destroyed he had abstained from rejoicing; indeed, he had never felt even a thrill of delight when evil befell his foe. He claims to have practised constantly a large-hearted beneficence, not only abundantly caring for his own household, but opening his door towards the street, and exercising a kindly hospitality to the stranger who passed through his village. He declares that he has been neither an open sinner, nor, from fear of men and a feeling of honour, a secret sinner; he can frankly meet any person's gaze, for he has no occasion to fear the judgment of men. And, lastly, his justice and benevolence had even extended to the land he cultivated; the field which he tilled had no reason to cry out on account of violent treatment, nor its furrows to weep over the wrong done to them by their lord. By the aid of these declarations we are able to read between the lines of the opening statement: "That man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil" (i. 1). What wonder that Job believed that in the sight of God he was just!

Although we may consider that this was the first answer to the question, "How can man be just with God?" we instinctively feel that other replies must have been forthcoming to save men from despair. We are compelled to descend from the high regions in which Job lived, and stand in the plain amongst those who struggled and sinned as we struggle and sin to-day. Standing in his solitary majesty of holiness, Job had his answer to the question, but "there was none like him in the earth." What were the experiences of those who lived, and toiled, and died around him? We know that in them a consciousness of sin existed, for two cases of conviction are specified, which may be taken as suggestive of universal experience. In chapter xxxiii. Elihu cites them. The first (14—18) is that of a man who has been guilty of the sin of pride, and who is being borne onward by this master-passion to the pit. In a dream, in a vision of the night when deep sleep falleth on men, in slumberings upon the bed, God opens His ear and seals admonition. The Divine rebuke is conveyed as it was to Eliphaz, and the man rises up chastened and humbled in spirit. The second case (19—28) is that of a man who has been guilty of a deeper sin, and there comes on him a sharper conviction—a conviction produced

by sickness. Then as the strength fades, and the fever consumes, and pain racks the restless body, the gates of the solemn past are set wide open, and the eyes look down the days that are no more; all their failure and crime start out to the light, and the death weapons of the avengers quiver in the air. These two cases may be taken as types of numberless convictions, and they compel us once more to ask what means existed, in Job's day, for meeting the consciousness of sin when thus aroused?

At the outset of the Book we find that the world-wide belief that God can be propitiated by sacrifice was held. We see Job, in his great anxiety in respect of his sons, offering up burnt sacrifices for them all; and in the closing chapter we have a specific revelation of the meaning and efficacy of such offerings. "And it was so, that after the Lord had spoken these words unto Job, the Lord said to Eliphaz the Temanite, My wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends; for ye have not spoken of Me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath. Therefore take unto you now seven bullocks and seven rams, and go to my servant Job, and offer up for yourselves a burnt offering; and My servant Job shall pray for you; for him will I accept: lest I deal with you after your folly, in that ye have not spoken of Me the thing which is right, like My servant Job" (xlii. 7, 8).

The passage just quoted suggests another means by which the consciousness of sin was met. Those who have carefully followed the course of the controversy will have noted the way in which Job, as we have said, gradually loses sight of his human antagonists and cries aloud for the appearance of his great adversary—God. How touching is his anxiety to meet the Almighty face to face! He prepares for the dread interview, laying down only two conditions, which, if granted, are all he asks. He pleads that the awful physical anguish he is enduring may cease for a little space, so that he may have time to gather his thoughts together and prepare his pleas; and, further, he asks that God would not stifle his words as they came from his lips by confronting him with His terrible Majesty. If these conditions were granted, then he is prepared to express himself fearlessly (ix. 34, 35). Trusting that the Most High will grant him his request, he cries aloud for the Divine appearance; and then, gathering together his fast waning strength, he breathlessly waits the answer to

his summons. And the steadfast heavens shine pitilessly down upon him, and the hard earth glares around him, and there is no voice, neither any that regards. Then from his lips breaks the cry, that like the still, sad music of humanity wails through this Book, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him; that I might come even to His dwelling-place!" That cry has not died out of the air of this "strange and most unintelligible world;" it still murmurs upon the lips of millions who, seeking Divine help and finding it not, sink with all their

"Weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God."

Out of this passionate, unappeased desire for a personal interview with God a question arose which points us along a twilight path. Driven by their earnest yearning, on and on, through days of disappointment, men at last paused and asked: "Is there no link that will connect us with the Unseen; no priest who will stand as our intercessor, and plead for us with Him who hides Himself?" And to this question the religions of the old world found an answer; an answer which has been recognised as true by God. That man represents not only God to man but also man to God, is a deep truth that underlies the idea of priesthood as it exists in many nations. In Job's day the consciousness of sin was met by human sympathy and prayer, and we see that in the case of the "friends" they were directed to choose Job as such an intercessor, for him would God accept.

But in the case of Job we see a further advance. His agony of body and mind urged him onward into higher hopes. His experience led him to discover the frailty of human friendship; for him there was found no helper standing ready to soothe him with sympathy and strengthen him with prayer. The highest service his friends could do him was to be still. For him there is no hope on earth; can anything be hoped for from Heaven? Turning his eyes away from this world, he looks to the heavens, and his thoughts travel over the dismal space that divides him from the God who has withdrawn Himself within the blue curtains of His pavilion. Is that great gulf fixed for evermore? He thinks that he can imagine how it might be crossed; how God and man might be brought together.

If there were only a Daysman who could lay his hand upon them both! If that were possible, then the distance would be bridged over. The Daysman, turning a face quick with sympathy for human sorrow towards him, would see his pitiable plight, and then would look with pleading, saddened eyes on God, and tell the story of wrong. The hope being once suggested, fascinates. As it flutters above the wreck of physical, mental, and spiritual life, its wings gather strength, and it rises to the heavens that are so pitiless and still. And that hope, although it vanishes for awhile, returns at last unashamed, for upon it rests the brightness of a Divine promise which has now been fulfilled.

It is with this hope that we have now to deal. That it was possible for man to stand as an intercessor between his fellow and God was ascertained. But was it possible for one higher than man to be retained for such a purpose? That the thoughts of men had wandered in this direction is clear from the question of Eliphaz: "To which of the Holy ones (or angels) wilt thou turn?" (v. 1.) This suggests a second stage of inquiry. That the interest of good angels could be secured, and that by their influence the acts of evil angels could be controlled, was a direct outcome of the belief of the star-worshippers. But in this second stage it was impossible for Job to rest. Eliphaz had little need to ask such a question of the man who had declared that evil as well as good came from One Hand. But if he could not rest in the thought of angelic intercession, might not the suggestion give direction to his thinkings, and help him to define more accurately the person of the Daysman for whose appearance he yearned? If he could not expect to enlist the sympathy of an angel, could he not hope for something higher? Was there no Being greater than all angels who, standing near to God, would plead his cause? That man's highest hope is in God Himself was a truth too spiritual for him to reach just then; for all things seem to say that God was his foe, and had to be contended against. For the appearance of such a superhuman deliverer Job hoped almost against hope.

That the mind of the race went out in the direction indicated we learn from an examination of the statement of Elihu contained in ch. xxxiii. In speaking of the case of the man who had been convinced of sin by sickness, he says:

" If there is an angel as mediator for him,
 One of a thousand,
 To declare to man what is for his profit :
 He is gracious to him, and saith :
 Deliver him, that he go not down to the pit—
 I have found a ransom " (xxxiii. 23, 24).

Delitzsch contends that here a reference is made to the angel who stands out so prominently in connection with patriarchal history—the Angel of the Presence, the Angel of Jehovah. He says: "The Angel of Jehovah of primeval history is the oldest prefigurement in the history of redemption of the future incarnation, without which the Old Testament history would be a confused *quod libet* of premises and radii without a conclusion and a centre. And the angelic form is accordingly the oldest form which the hope of a deliverer assumes, and to which it recurs in conformity to the law of the circular connection between the beginning and the end, in Malachi iii. 1 " (Del., ii. 229). Elihu further explains the functions of this mediating angel, and by examining them we shall see how this hope ministered to the consciousness of sin. The sick man is represented as hastening to the grave; the destroying angels are preparing to execute upon him the consequence of his sins. The hour of his doom has almost come! One chance alone remains to him. Perhaps a being, superior to all angels, will stand forth and interpose between him and the destroyers, holding them back from their prey until, once more, he makes a declaration to the sinner of the "right, straight way" which he must take if he will avoid death. That way is summed up in the words—repentance and trust in God. If this teaching is accepted and penitence ensues, then God takes pity on him and pardons him, saying to the mediating angel: "Deliver him that he go not down to the pit, I have found a ransom." Then the effects of the Divine forgiveness are at once seen. Sickness departs, and the shrivelled flesh swells with the freshness of youth. Then the humbled man prays to God, and He sheweth him favour, "so that he seeth His face with joy." His happiness is so great that, in the presence of his fellows, he sings this psalm:

" I had sinned and perverted what was straight,
 And it was not recompensed to me.
 He hath delivered my soul from going down into the pit,
 And my life rejoiceth in the light " (27, 28).

Here, then, we have a well-defined hope in reference to the superangelic Mediator, and also a distinct instance of the influence of that hope on the consciousness of sin. In such manner did the mind of man, burdened with a sense of guilt, penetrate the mysteries whose clear revelation was reserved to future days. In the fulness of time, that which they had not wholly grasped found its explanation in the Babe of Bethlehem, the Man of Nazareth, the Jesus of the Cross, the Christ of the Heavens, who, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, "ever liveth to make intercession for us."

It remains that we should attempt to gather from the pages of this Book the views held by Job and his contemporaries on the subject of the future. It is true that life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel; but are there any pencillings of the dawn on this the eastern sky of revelation? We think that there are.

We learn that the men of Job's day held the doctrine of the dual nature of man. The body was the sheath of the soul (comp. Dan. vii. 15, marg.); death drew it out, and the useless scabbard was thrown aside. But death did not destroy the soul. Consent was given to the truth of the prevailing doctrine of immortality; a doctrine which was held by the Egyptians, and which was, in those early days, enshrined in a legendary and poetical form, which, perhaps, was known to Job. There is a passage (xxix. 18) round which controversy gathers, which, if settled in favour of the view held by Delitzsch, would enable us to uphold our surmise. In recalling the days of his prosperity, Job says:

"Then I thought: with my nest I shall expire,
And like the phoenix have a long life" (Del., *in loc.*)

We must confess to being surprised at the mention of this fabulous bird; and yet we must remember that it is well known to early literature, and that it has, probably, played no unimportant part in expressing the idea of immortality. Modern fancy lingers on the figure of the butterfly that escapes from the chrysalis as representing the survival of life after death; the imagination of early ages found a symbol of the same fact in the phoenix. Jewish tradition recognises the existence of the bird, and gives us some particulars of its history. It appears that when Noah fed the

animals in the ark, the phoenix sat quite still in its compartment, that it might not give more trouble to the patriarch, who had otherwise plenty to do; in consequence of which considerate conduct Noah wished for it the reward of immortality. Another Jewish fable, carrying the history further back, conveys the information that Eve gave all the beasts to eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree, and that only one bird avoided this death-food. Of this bird it is said, "It lives a thousand years, at the expiration of which time fire springs up in its nest and burns it up to the size of an egg, or even that of itself it diminishes to that size, from which it then grows up again and continues to live." The legend of the phoenix is also common to Egyptian, Arabian, and Roman literature.

That the soul would survive the shock of death was firmly believed, but the experience that awaited it in the future was only dimly known. In the course of the controversy, however, we notice a great advance towards the truth; the agonised glance of Job flashes through the sombre gates of the hidden world, and the deep intuition of his heart forces from his lips words of imperishable trust. Those who carefully follow the spiritual progress of the poem will note this advance. The position occupied by all the speakers at the commencement of the controversy seems to be this:—This world is the scene of the exercise of God's righteousness. Here well-doing meets with its reward, and here, also, the doom of the wicked overtakes him. When death comes, the soul of man passes into a strange region, peopled by the shades of the departed of all time; a land of rest and of deep darkness; a land of the shadow of death and confusion, its faintest degree of darkness being black as the most shadowed midnight of this upper world.

"There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.
The captives dwell together in tranquillity;
They hear not the voice of the taskmaster.
The small and great,—they are alike there,
And the servant is free from his lord" (iii. 17—19).

Job, broken by his manifold afflictions, yearns to enter into that state of rest, and to have done with the cruel light that revealed the wreck of his humanity. This is the position from which the controversialists start. But in

ch. xiv. we begin to see signs of progress. A strange hope springs up in the heart of Job, and the gloom is lightened. It is true that Hades is still a land of darkness, but a question whispers in his spirit which emboldens him to look fixedly into the confusion. Is there no emerging from the darkness of Sheól; does it last for evermore? With this impassioned inquiry on his lips he fronts the great problem of Immortality. Then he thinks that if he could only see the faintest indication of such a release he would be content to suffer whatever the Divine Hand should inflict. And now the thoughts, having received their direction, are busy with the wonder, until at last there is the fuller expression of the hope which dares, as yet, only to express itself as a delicious dream.

“ Oh that Thou wouldst hide me in Sheól,
 That Thou wouldst conceal me till Thine anger change,
 That Thou wouldst appoint me a time and then remember me !
 If man dieth, shall he live again ?
 All the days of my warfare would I wait,
 Until my change should come.
 Thou wouldst call and I would answer,
 Thou wouldst have a desire for the work of Thy hands.”
 (xiv. 13—15.)

Gladly would he take refuge in the unseen world from the anger that was beating so fiercely upon him. Could that anger endure for ever ? If God would only mark some line of pitifulness on which His wrath should die away, then Job will willingly endure not only the sufferings of time, but the thickest gloom of Sheól. On that line would he patiently stand, like a sentinel in the wild midnight, listening ever for the Divine voice that should announce that his watch was done. And as he thinks of the God whom he has served, he cannot but believe that such an announcement would be made. In His heart surely there would be created a desire for the work of His hands ! But the springtide of his dream is almost withered by the lingering winter breath—“ If man dieth, shall he live again ?” And under the chilling influence of this doubt the fair dream begins to fade. But a seed of immortal comfort has been cast into his heart, which seed grows until it becomes a tree of life.

Pursuing the lines of the controversy we find that gradually the possibility of God remembering the shades in

Sheôl becomes clearer. Sounding on his dim and perilous way we see that the dreams, intuitions, and suggestions of Job begin to assume the shape of hopes, and ere long solid ground appears. The truth comes to light that a relationship exists between God and the vast multitude of the departed. This is implied in Job's statement :

" The shades are put to pain
Deep under the waters and their inhabitants.
Sheôl is naked before Him,
And the abyss hath no covering " (xxvi. 5, 6).

" Bildad has extolled God's majestic, awe-inspiring rule in the heights* of heaven, His immediate surrounding; Job continues the strain, and celebrates the extension of this rule, even to the depths of the lower world. The operation of the Majesty of the Heavenly Ruler extends even to the realms of shades; the sea, with the multitude of its inhabitants, forms no barrier between God and the realm of shades; the marrowless, bloodless phantoms or shades below writhe like a woman in travail as often as His Majesty is felt by them, as, perhaps, by the raging of the sea, or the quaking of the earth " (Del., ii. 51). As soon as the majesty and active energy of God are thus connected with the thought of the Hadean Kingdom the darkness begins to lift. Job, strong in the consciousness of his own integrity, and perfectly sure that the thesis of his friends—"suffering everywhere necessarily presupposes sin, and sin is everywhere necessarily followed by suffering"—is wrong as far as it applies to his own case, begins to look forward with increasing hope to the gates of death. If God rules in Sheôl, then he rules there justly, and that which has appeared unjust in His distribution of rewards and punishments will be explained and rectified. He is conscious that his life should not have been concluded after such a miserable fashion if God is righteous, and this world is all. As surely as God lives, as surely as He rules in Hades as upon earth, his life shall have another ending. Not here on earth! For him there is now no hope. His body is being slowly destroyed and must soon crumble into dust. But at the appointed time the darkness of Hades shall be illumined by the advent of the Redeemer. The weary watch will cease. A voice that shall ring through the deeps of the under world shall pronounce the sentence of vindication, and upon the wishful eyes of Job the vision of the

delivering God shall come. To this hope Job clings tenaciously. It is true that the clouds, again and again, roll over his mind, and the spirit which had nerved itself for its majestic flight sinks back to earth fainting and forlorn; yet the hope is held fast, and from the moment of its utterance we watch the advent of a calmer mood. The waves heave and toss, but the fiercest winds that tortured them have ceased to blow, and gradually they sway themselves to rest. And that sentence in which Job gave expression to his hope, although it has not been engraven "with an iron pen, and with lead, cut into the rock for ever," has found more enduring record; it is written in letters of ever brightening light upon the solemn heights that close in the valley of the deep shadows, through which the sons of men journey ever to their doom.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth;
And He shall stand, at last, over this dust:
And after my body has thus been destroyed,
Yet from my flesh shall I see God;
Whom I shall see on my side,
And mine own eyes shall behold, not those of another."

ART. IV.—*History of the Church of England from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction.* By RICHARD WATSON DIXON, M.A., Vicar of Hayton; Honorary Canon of Carlisle. Vol. I., Henry VIII., A.D. 1529—1537. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1878.

No nobler subject awaits the pen of the historian than the one dealt with in the present volume. To write the history of the English Church as other histories have been written, to trace its growth and development, estimate its influence, tell the story of its saints and doctors—in a word, to analyse all the elements which have gone to make up its character and history,—this is surely a task as fascinating as it is vast and complex. Perhaps the intricacy of a subject which would tax the very highest powers explains why it has been scarcely attempted. The field, if not quite unbroken, has been little cultivated. We admire Canon Dixon's courage, and wish he may live long enough to complete the task he has begun. The first volume is of more than 500 pages, and deals only with nine years. The title-page states the terminus *a quo*, but judiciously abstains from giving the terminus *ad quem*. It is obvious that the limit is a very elastic one. The difficulty must be in selection. But even to do nothing more than bring into one view the principal facts and documents which have now to be sought over a wide surface will be no mean service. It seems strange that of the many sons whom so noble a mother has brought up none has thought of dedicating his powers to this task. Her Milmans, Merivales, Thirlwalls and Arnolds have found superior attractions in other fields. Many of the facts are contained incidentally in works like Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, but even this work remains unfinished. The world is left to spell the story of one of the greatest churches of Christendom, as best it may, from general historians like Freeman, Stubbs, Hume, Macintosh, Macaulay, Green, and Froude.

Froude! We pause a moment at that name, one not

to be mentioned in the schools of High Anglicanism without awaking a tempest of wrath, if tempests ever do rage in those serene spaces. Mr. Froude's work is really a history of the English Reformation, and of the rise of the English Church, written from a political standpoint. Far be it from us to endorse all Mr. Froude's judgments, or to vindicate the accuracy of every date and technical term. But for good or evil we have to reckon with the fact that his brilliant history is not likely soon to be superseded. Englishmen will continue for long to go to his pages for their ideas of the period in question. His point of view throughout is the exact antipodes of that adopted by the High Anglican school. We are glad to be spared the necessity of choosing between the two extremes. Otherwise we should have no difficulty in choosing. Canon Dixon's standpoint is the antipodes of Mr. Froude's, and neither one nor the other is ours. The present work is evidently intended as another antidote to the heresy of the popular historian. In the notes a running fire is kept up at Mr. Froude's mistakes, but we confess, as far as we can see, with little effect. For example, on p. 86, Mr. Froude is corrected for implying that an ordinary must needs be a bishop, a venial mistake surely in a lay writer. But is not an ordinary usually a bishop? A better reply would have been to state the proportion of cases in which he is not.

The hypothesis then upon which the present volume is written, and which it is meant to establish, is the High Anglican one of the unbroken continuity of the English Church before and after the Reformation. This not merely colours but determines the character of the work. Every opinion and judgment proceeds upon it. What the theory is every reader of Dr. Hook's volumes knows. As we are compelled, we hope with all courtesy but in the interest of truth, firmly and explicitly to dissent from this theory, we are anxious in the first place to do full justice to the motives of those who hold it, motives which would probably influence us in their circumstances. We can easily see that to Churchmen the thought of a break between their position and that of the pre-Reformation Church must be distasteful, and we do not wonder at their accepting a theory which obviates the necessity. Still more, the High Anglican belief in Apostolic succession raises this dislike into a passion. The notion of a break cannot be endured for a moment. It is only through the earlier English Church

that a churchman links on to the Apostolic age. To interrupt this line is to cut the channel of Divine authority and grace. Those to whom a spiritual succession of faith and holiness is unsubstantial and shadowy, and who crave for sensible bonds of union cannot admit the thought of a fault in the visible historical continuity. We thus see that the Anglican's theory is a necessity of his position. But it is at once evident how this must determine his view of the Reformation. That event was not, could not, be a new beginning. The interruption must be reduced to a minimum. Everything beyond this, everything which would imperil the transmission of the sacred character, must be condemned and renounced. To writers of this school the Reformation is not a pleasant subject. This is the view present in every line of the volume before us. The author speaks very plainly, and we honour him in the highest degree for his frankness and candour. "The study of the English Reformation has led me to the conclusion that at the time of the abolition of the Papal jurisdiction a reformation was needed in many things; but that it was carried out on the whole by bad instruments, and attended by great calamities," and much more of the same tenor. We shall best show our respect for Canon Dixon's plain speaking by imitating it. We trust that in doing so we shall not be supposed to forget what is due to the conscientious research and labour which the author has evidently bestowed on his work. For many reasons we should have rejoiced if his view of the Reformers and Reformation had been nearer our own.

Early and significant intimation is given of the line to be followed throughout the work, in the designation given to the English Reformers, and the reasons by which it is justified. They are to be called "heretics," with all the opprobrium attaching to the name. Luther is "the heresiarch" (p. 308). The "early Gospellers or Reformers" are distinguished from "the Lutherans or heretics proper" (p. 118). In fact at page 40 we have a statement of the reasons why "heretic" is "the proper historical designation of those who set themselves against the doctrinal system of the Church." Neither "Lollards" nor "Lutherans" would be in place. "Protestant" is inadmissible, because it is a term which Anglican formularies have never acknowledged. And finally the Reformers were called heretics "by their contemporaries." It should have been

said "by some of their contemporaries," *i.e.*, by their enemies and judges, by those who condemned them to the stake. Are we then to judge men by hostile estimates ? By this rule how would it fare with the greatest names of history, with Apostles and Evangelists, to ascend no higher ? The reformers were not called heretics by their friends, and these were as much their "contemporaries" as their enemies were. It is curious that this exhaustive list omits "Reformers." Were they not reformers, or, at the very lowest, did they not claim to be ? Does not the courtesy of history generally accord to its characters the names by which they wish to be known ? We cannot but think the reasons assigned for withholding the title insufficient. It looks like an implicit denial that those whom we call reformers were such, and that the Reformation deserved its name. And this interpretation is borne out by the whole work. What to us is reformation to the author is revolution. Thus in the table of contents we read, "The Reformation a revolution in character but not in form." And again, "The word 'revolution' is the most appropriate designation that can be applied to much that was done" (p. 6). Still, curiously enough, we are told on the same page that it was a revolution which left the continuity of the Church unbroken. We submit that in this case the term is applied in an improper sense. Perhaps the term "heretic" is used in the same non-natural acceptance. The reformers were not heretics in the same sense as Arius, Montanus, Sabellius, Nestorius, *i.e.*, they were not heretics at all. Yet it is applied to them without explanation or reserve. We might even admit that the Reformation amounted to a revolution, and yet maintain that the blame, if any, rested with those who by resistance to timely reform made revolution necessary. However, if the English Reformation bore the latter character, kings, statesmen, Parliament, bishops, people were the revolutionists. Surely this is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory.

But the character of the Anglican theory is seen still more clearly in the view which it compels its adherents to take of the chief actors on both sides. The popular and, as we believe, the historically true conceptions are reversed. The Anglican heroes are More, Fisher, Gardiner, Tunstall, Stokesley, and all the leaders of the Old Learning, of the party of resistance,—not Cranmer, Latimer, Tyndale, Crumwel, and the rest. If we had space to hang in

parallel columns the portraits drawn of these leaders, this would be clearly seen, and the contrast would be suggestive. The only one of the reformers who comes in for high praise is Frith, and he, of course, played no leading part. As to the king, it is no concern of ours to defend his character. The Tudor notions of prerogative are not ours. But they were Charles I.'s, and we need not say who composed the party that fought and died for Charles I. In giving some illustrations, we need do little more than quote. As to the reformers generally, a reference to Crumwel is the occasion of the following:—"Like many of the leaders of the Reformation, he had been fond of rambling about foreign countries, instead of taking to some honest calling at home," p. 46. Sir John Russell was "the founder of one of the great sacrilegious families of England" (p. 49.) The Visitors whom Crumwel employed in the monastery business are characterised as "vagabond agents" (p. 368), apparently for no other reason than that in prosecuting their labours they itinerated from place to place, a reason which would apply equally to the Queen's judges, Episcopal visitors now, and Methodist preachers. We might think that the term bore an innocent sense, only that on page 307 they are called "wretches." Our own belief is that even on the showing of the present volume the vagabonds were to be found within the monastery walls. In reference to Frith, we have another sweeping accusation, which we are happy to believe has no ground save in imagination:—"The runaways of monasteries, clerical vagabonds, and renegades of every kind, broken merchants, and printers who drove a roaring contraband trade in heresy, at the peril of bolder men than themselves, were among the brethren with whom this learned and godly youth joined fellowship" (p. 165). It must be remembered that these portraits are drawn from the accounts of hostile witnesses. Such accounts should always be received with distrust, instead of being accepted as true *verbatim et literatim*.

Let us come to individual cases. Latimer, who is treated more indulgently than his brethren, cuts but a sorry figure. His straightforwardness and honesty are praised at the cost of his intelligence and dignity. The scenes of his recantations during his period of immature conviction, when he saw "trees as men walking," are painted full-length. When he persisted in preaching against purgatory, saint-worship, and pilgrimages, "in

spite of former submissions and promises," we are told "Latimer was at it again" (p. 163).

We should rejoice if, in subsequent volumes, Canon Dixon saw reason to modify the harsh judgment pronounced upon Cranmer. Cranmer's character is not one that impresses us with a sense of commanding power and greatness, but we confess that for us it is one that inspires affection. Allowance needs to be made for the difficult circumstances in which he was placed. But we fail to see on what ground he is charged with slavish subservience and time-serving. He is described as the "scribe, tool, voice," of Henry and Crumwel. He is a "poor optimist," "a memorable mixture of strength and weakness." He is compared to a log on the waters (p. 154.) Yet on the same page it is said that "he had a greater capacity than either Henry or Crumwel: he had much of the dispassionate quality of the statesman; but, withal, an indecision and want of readiness which laid him at the mercy of inferior men, and often produced duplicity in his own conduct." We have looked in vain for the grounds of this judgment in Cranmer's acts and words, as recorded in this volume. As to his acts, is the ground to be found in Cranmer's conduct about the divorce of Catherine? The archbishop was not more active and zealous on the king's side than Gardiner and Stokesley, and others of the old school. At home and abroad Gardiner is constantly acting as the king's advocate. If Cranmer passed sentence, Gardiner was one of the counsel on the king's side (p. 161). Indeed, the author frankly avows that in this matter Stokesley and Gardiner "played a part more suitable to courtiers than to Churchmen." But then it is plain that no reason exists for visiting Cranmer with special condemnation on this score. With respect to Cranmer's general policy in matters of Church and State, what tittle of evidence is there to show that he was not carrying out his own convictions? A general charge of craven subservience only applies when a minister carries out measures in obedience to a superior, which are opposed to all that he has previously professed and done. What we ask to be shown, is the contradiction between Cranmer's own opinions and the public policy he pursued. Let us turn from acts to words. It would almost seem as if one ground of the accusation were the language used by Cranmer in addressing Henry, and this impression is

confirmed by the fact that quotations are given (p. 160), in which Cranmer speaks of preferring requests "most humbly on his knees," and of lying "prostrate at the feet of His Majesty." We should like to see Gardiner's letters. Perhaps they would be found equally "humble." Such courtly phraseology, though not to our taste, was usual in those days. For example, we are told at p. 61, that the Convocation of Canterbury, in 1531, in making a grant to the king, "exhausted the language of flattery," and the contents of the document justify the description. This was in the days of Archbishop Warham, who was not deficient in dignity and ability. We do not know how many Convocations would include, but the number would be considerable. However, we may refer to a more recent and familiar document, in which an English sovereign is styled by grave bishops and divines, "most dread Sovereign," and compared to "the sun in his strength." These bishops and divines present their great work to his "most Sacred Majesty," "with all humility." We are not criticising or condemning these expressions, but only comparing them with Cranmer's. We read, also, the following reference to Cranmer: "If regular chapters always quarrelled with secular bishops, much more the Benedictines of Christchurch quarrelled with the reforming upstart whom Crumwel had set at their head, after a smuggled consecration held in Westminster, not in their own church, who adorned his office neither by birth or wealth, and who, instead of defending them like an Arundel, a Chicheley, or even a Warham, seemed sent among them for the very purpose of breaking down their privileges and letting in the spoiler on their goods" (p. 328).

We have no space to discuss Crumwel's motives and policy. He is painted in black colours indeed. He is said to have regarded vice and virtue as mere names, tools to be used indifferently in the service of selfish ambition; and this on the testimony of a bitter personal enemy and intriguing traitor, Cardinal Pole (pp. 47, 493.) His "unparalleled rise" is "the luck of a keen but low-minded political adventurer." He "never hesitated to employ the vilest means." The king himself was his "puppet," although this is scarcely in keeping with Henry's temperament. If Crumwel issues excellent injunctions to the clergy, we are told that "most of these regulations were, no doubt, mere paper, serving to show the zeal of the

official who issued them" (p. 446.) The condemnation passed upon him is grounded not only upon what he did, but upon what it was in his power to do. "The whole of the foreign and domestic correspondence of the government passed beneath his eye, and *might be manipulated by him*. He arranged what the king should see. Sometimes he erased parts of despatches which were received, and then caused fresh copies to be made for the king. A large part of the most important reports was addressed to him alone, and *might be communicated or not to the king, as he chose*."* The single point we wish to notice is that, in addition to being the monster of wickedness here described or implied, he must also, taking into account the professions he made consistently from first to last, have been a consummate hypocrite. Against the possibility of the first we have nothing to object. There have been such characters in history, although we are glad to say fewer on English soil than in the annals of the Popedom. But we know of no instance in which this has been coupled with a pretence of religion maintained consistently through life. This seems to us a reach of wickedness happily beyond the capacity of human nature, and we refuse to believe in its possibility except upon conclusive evidence. Foxe's† *Life of Cromwel* is dismissed as "a mere romance" (pp. 46, 104). As the credibility of Foxe's *Acts and Monuments* is not argued in the present volume, we shall not argue it, but simply refer to an article in the last number of this Review. The unanimity with which High Anglican writers denounce Foxe's *Martyrology* is remarkable, and is another note of the school. Dr. Maitland, whose mission it was to rehabilitate the Dark Ages, as Mr. Froude's mission was to rehabilitate Henry VIII., attacked Foxe with more zeal than success. That no errors and discrepancies should have crept into such vast compilation, as Foxe's would be miraculous; but we know of no ancient historian to whom the remark would not apply to the same extent. In 1571 Convocation endorsed Foxe's work by ordering a copy to be placed in every church. With respect to the king, we have only to suggest whether the frequent reference to him as "Supreme Head," apparently

* The italics are ours.

† It is curious that while Canon Dixon always spells "Cromwel," he always changes Foxe into Fox. Is there a hidden meaning here?

by way of satire, is quite in place. Thus, at p. 284, "the Supreme Head polled his hair and altered the fashion of his beard," one of many similar allusions.

But the Reformer with respect to whom we differ most seriously from the author of the present volume is William Tyndale, in our judgment one of the brightest names in the entire roll of English greatness. Never let it be forgotten that the New Testament, in the authorised version, to say nothing of the Old Testament, is substantially the work of Tyndale. No subsequent revisions changed anything in it but details. The very highest authorities unite to do homage to the nobility of his character and the greatness of the work he did for England. When princes and bishops one and all refused to give the people God's Word in their own tongue, Tyndale, all unaided and alone, struggling with difficulties on every side, carried through the work. His last prayer at the stake was, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes." This is what is said of him in the present volume (p. 37). He was "chief of the English heretics." "He was a runagate friar, living in foreign parts" (i.e., in enforced exile), "and seems to have been a man of severe temper and unfortunate life." Again, at p. 118, we read :—"A great difference must be set between these men (Barnes and others), whose method of diffusing their opinions was by preaching, lectures, and other acts for which they were personally responsible, and the infamous bookmakers of the time, such as Simon Fish, or even Tyndale, who anonymously, or at a safe distance beyond seas, discharged their rankling shafts upon the clergy." Let us listen to others. Dr. Scrivener in his *Introduction to Cambridge Paragraph Bible*, p. xxiv., speaks of Tyndale as "that truly great man." Canon Westcott, in his *History of the English Bible*, says ;—"In the originality of Tyndale is included, in a large measure, the originality of our English Version. For not only did Tyndale contribute to it directly the substantial basis of half of the Old Testament (in all probability), and of the whole of the New, but he established a standard of Biblical translation which others followed. It is even of less moment that by far the greatest part of his translation remains intact in our present Bibles than that his spirit animates the whole." Surely weighty testimony from a master of knowledge and of measured words like Canon Westcott. To the same effect Professor Plumptre

(*Bible Dictionary*, iii. 1669) says:—"To Tyndale belongs the honour of having given the first example of a translation based on true principles, and the excellence of later versions has been almost in exact proportion as they followed his. . . . All the exquisite grace and simplicity which have endeared the Authorised Version to men of the most opposite and contrasted opinions is due mainly to his clear-sighted truthfulness." His desire was "to make the Bible a people's book." Hence his avoidance of current phrases. "Throughout there is the pervading stamp, so often wanting in other like works, of the most thorough truthfulness. No word has been altered to court a king's favour, or please bishops, or make out a case for or against a particular opinion." We will not quote Mr. Froude's eloquent eulogium, endorsed though it is substantially by Drs. Westcott and Plumptre. The fact that Prophets and Apostles, and One greater still, have spoken to generations of English men and women in the words of William Tyndale, should be in itself more than atonement for errors far more considerable than have ever been even alleged against one of the noblest of England's sons.

In the same connection we must notice the account given of the progress of Bible translation (pp. 446—455), the whole drift of which is to depreciate the labours of the Reformers to whom we owe the translation of the whole Bible, and to palliate, if not justify, the restrictions and prohibitions on the opposite side. Our author candidly acknowledges that Archbishop Arundel's prohibitory edict stopped all translation of the Bible for a century, and that "it was Tyndale and his fellow-labourers who awoke the question" again. What we wish to point out is that it was private individuals who led the way, and that in the teeth of ecclesiastical, and, as Canon Dixon rightly reminds us, secular authorities as well. We are told, indeed (p. 41) of a Royal Commission in 1530, which, in a gentle way, mooted the question of translation and of a Convocation of Canterbury (p. 240) in 1534, which, under Cranmer's rule, dealt with the same question; but, of course, these were late in the day. Tyndale's New Testament was published in 1525. The energetic measures taken to prevent its circulation prove the extraordinary impression it made. The hand of authority was forced by the men who, at the peril of life, gave England the vernacular Scriptures. We gather from what Canon Dixon says, on page 449, that he

believes in the existence of complete English versions of the Bible before Wycliffe's days. But neither Westcott, nor Anderson, nor Plumptre, nor Eadie, nor any one who has made a study of this subject, knows of any evidence on which this opinion can be based. The only works of the kind known are a translation of the Decalogue and perhaps something more under Alfred, of St. John's Gospel by Bede, Aldhelm's version of the Psalms in the seventh century, and a version of the Gospels and some Old Testament books in the tenth century. The only ground which Canon Dixon gives for the contrary view is an assertion of Sir Thomas More's, that "the whole Bible was, long before Wycliffe's days, by virtuous and well learned men, translated into the English tongue, and by good and godly people, with devotion and soberness, well and reverently read." This occurs in a work written by More for the express purpose of disparaging Tyndale's translation, which is accused of heresy, ignorance, and dishonesty; of "corrupting Scripture after Luther's counsel." How true the last is we know. The sole ground of the charge is the various rendering of some six words, such as priest, church, &c. Now, with all his noble qualities in many respects, in religion More was hopelessly bigoted and intolerant. His reply to Luther might vie with any "heretical books of the age" in "scurrility, ribaldry, and ferocity" (pp. 35, 36). In his work against Tyndale, More flings such epithets as "beast, hellhound," &c. (Eadie, i. 195). A few definite facts would have been far more conclusive than vague assertion.

Professor Plumptre comments thus: "It was asserted by Sir Thomas More, in his anxiety to establish a point against Tyndale, that he had seen English translations of the Bible, which had been made before Wycliffe, and that these were approved by the bishops, and were allowed by them to be read by laymen, and even by devout women. There seem good grounds, however, for doubting the accuracy of this statement. No such translations—versions, *i.e.*, of the entire Scriptures—are now extant. No traces of them appear in any contemporary writer. Wycliffe's great complaint is that there is no translation. The Constitutions of Archbishop Arundel (A.D. 1408) mention two only, and these are Wycliffe's own, and the one based on his and completed after his death. More's statement must, therefore, be regarded either as a rhetorical exaggeration of

the fact that parts of the Bible had been previously translated, or as rising out of a mistake as to the date of MSS., of the Wycliffe version" (*Biblical Dictionary*, iv. 1665).

"An inferior and patched performance" (p. 455), "does not accurately describe the version of Miles Coverdale, the gentle-souled Bishop of Exeter, but a Reformer. Coverdale's was the first English version of the whole Bible after Wickliffe's. It may be 'inferior' now, but it was not inferior at the time of publication. Although Coverdale did not, like Tyndale, translate from the original, but from German and Latin versions, such as the Vulgate, Pagninus, Luther, the Zürich Bible, his work had excellencies of its own which have been freely acknowledged by scholars. It powerfully influenced the Authorised Version. Dr. Scrivener reminds us that the Prayer Book version of the Psalms, so justly dear to Churchmen, "is in substance the work of that consummate master of rhythmical prose, Bishop Miles Coverdale" (*ibid.* p. lxiv). Dr. Eadie, whose work is the most recent as it is the most exhaustive on the English Bible, says:—"No little of that indefinite charm that gives charm to our English Bible, and has endeared it to so many generations, is owing to Coverdale. The semitones in the music of the style are his gift. . . . Tyndale gave us the first great outline distinctly and wondrously sketched, but Coverdale added those minuter touches which soften and harmonise. The characteristic features are Tyndale's in all their boldness of form and expression, the more delicate lines and shadings are the contribution of his successor" (i. 304).

Let us now proceed from men to measures. We hope to find here more common ground. A very valuable feature of the volume is the clearness with which the great acts of reformation are detailed. Apart from all questions of method and motive, the greatest care is taken to fix the date, occasions, and contents of the different measures. The author may of course be right in his contention that the work of reformation would have been equally thorough and more in harmony with old traditions, if it had been left in the hands of the Church, *i.e.*, of the clergy. This belongs to the region of speculative history, where all opinions are equally probable. The matter of fact is that until the State took the work in hand, it actually was left with the clergy, who did nothing. The various resolutions of Convo-

cation detailed in this volume in favour of reforms prove nothing to the contrary, because these only occurred after the State had interfered, and were proposed merely as substitutes for more radical measures. One of the common-places of history is the failure of all attempts at reformation of the Church from within. One of these failures is noted in this volume (p. 23): "The defeat of this attempted reformation by Councils, which was effected by the intrigues of Rome, and above all by the skill of the last great Pope, Martin V., is the most mournful event of modern history. It caused despair: it gave weight to the clamour that no reformation was to be expected from the Church herself: and thus it opened the way for the invasion of the temporal power, and for the doctrinal revolution which presently overswept Northern Europe." We agree with all this save the word "clamour." When it is remembered that this was only one of many failures, we ask, what else could be said or thought? If the calls for reforms, which had been heard for generations, had not been voices crying in the desert, no Lutheran Reformation would have been necessary. The same applies to England. The most considerable internal reform before the State took action consisted in Warham reducing the number of proctors in one of his courts (p. 81)! We scarcely wonder at this resistance to change. When was it ever found that extensive corporations, accustomed to power and privilege, reformed themselves? Did the most corrupt borough ever vote for its own purification? We know of no exception to the rule that when an old institution has become thoroughly effete and corrupt, the breath of revival or doom of extinction must come from without.

Canon Dixon finds, as a rule, that "while the management of the Church in discipline, and the temporalities may be said to have been taken from the clergy, the reformation of doctrine was left to them in great measure" (p. 7). This appears to us on the whole not an unfair division of labour. Surely the clergy retained the more precious trust. If they only lost in money and goods, they only lost what was of least value. And after all the spoliation of the Reformation, the English Church remained, and is to-day the most richly endowed Church in Christendom. It is said that the wealth of the Church before the spoiler laid hands on it has been greatly exaggerated. The Valor Ecclesiasticus, drawn up by Cromwell's Commission in 1535, fixes the

gross revenue at £320,000 (p. 249). But according to a calculation given at page 61, where the fine imposed on the clergy is stated, this must be multiplied nearly six times to obtain its value at present. This would bring it up to, say, a million and three quarters! England was then a poor country in comparison with its present condition. Yet we have seen the present revenue of the English Church estimated at not more than five or six millions. Indeed Canon Dixon tells us that not above a third of the revenue was alienated. It is at least evident that the revenue of the Church in Henry's days bore a far larger proportion to the wealth and revenue of the nation than at present.

Another remark suggested by much in the present work is, that we cannot afford too closely to inspect the motives on which large public measures are adopted. These at best are usually of a very mixed kind. If providence were to wait for the accomplishment of its designs until the instruments were all perfect, the government of the world would come to a deadlock. It very often happens that a great political party proposes good measures from a desire to cut away the ground from under its opponents, or some like purpose. Does any one think of putting the party-motive in the foreground? Even granting to the full that Henry's motive in asserting the ecclesiastical independence of England was the selfish one of getting a divorce, what then? This affects Henry's character, but how does it affect the measure itself? The measure may be good notwithstanding. Nay, it does not even follow that this was Henry's only motive, and still less that it was the motive of English statesmen, of the English Parliament and people, in supporting the policy. We may concede the truth of much that is said on this score, and yet hold that it is irrelevant to the purposes of history. We go farther. No admirer of the Reformation is committed to everything said or done in its name, any more than every member of a great party is pledged to every word and deed of the party. Those who like us believe that the Reformation was a return to primitive Christianity may yet hold that in its agents and methods there was a large mixture of good and evil. We know nothing human of which this is not true. Why should the Reformers be judged by a special standard of perfection which no one thinks of applying to the wisest Fathers and holiest saints? Large allowance must be made on all sides for great crises of difficulty, when the

rankling evils of generations come to a head and call for radical treatment.

A foretaste of coming changes was experienced in the Bills passed in 1529 to reduce the exactions of the Church on the probate of wills and at burials, and to put a check on plurality and non-residence. The conduct of the clerical representatives on this occasion throws considerable light on the prospects of reformation by the Church itself. The evils are admitted, the remedy proposed was moderate. But the Bills were hotly contested by the spiritual peers. Canon Dixon candidly says that "they seem to have been levelled against real abuses." Yet they were "keenly contested by the spiritual peers" (pp. 12, 15). Bishop Fisher, "the martyr of the Roman primacy, inflexible from the first," stood upon "prescription and usage," and in this he spoke for his order. It is the familiar *non possumus*. What hope was there of comprehensive reform from the same quarter, when such trivial measures were met by a direct negative, and had to be carried in the teeth of stubborn resistance? What stronger justification can we desire of the interference of the State?

Against the charge of injustice in the method by which the clergy in 1531 were brought under the penalties of *præmunire*, and mulcted in a good round sum, we have nothing to except. Wolsey had exercised his legatine authority by royal permission, and yet the clergy were fined for having acknowledged it. We do not say with Mr. Froude that if they did not deserve it on the ground alleged, they did so for their general iniquities, for we do not believe in the necessity of even formal injustice. If the king simply needed money, he could have obtained it by other means, and it seems strange why he did not. As our author reminds us, the fine was equivalent to about two millions of our money, no mean proof that the enormous wealth of the Church was scarcely exaggerated. Whether we ought to take into account many of the ways in which this wealth was obtained, we need not here inquire. One curious method is instanced at page 130. The fines to the State upon the tenure and conveyance of land fell heavily upon the large holders. To avoid these the lands were conveyed to some church or religious house, and received back on a lighter tenure. The loss to the State and gain to the Church are evident. "If there was craft and engine in these fictitious grants, it was employed on the part of

the tenants or lessees, not less than on the part of the clergy, and the heads of the religious houses" (p. 131). Device upon device was resorted to for the purpose of evading the laws in restraint of these practices. Each device called forth a new law, and each law a new trick of evasion. This was the origin of the laws of mortmain, which date from Edward I. and Richard II., and were only added to by Henry VIII. The volume reminds us of the change which has come over the word alienation. It is applied now to the diversion of land from sacred to secular uses. Formerly it meant the reverse process.

But the same Convocation which submitted to the payment of the fine did a more momentous act in acknowledging the king as supreme head of the Church of England. This is the famous Submission of the clergy, by which the dependence of the spiritual on the secular authority was fully confirmed. No new canons were to be made without the king's assent; all the old ones were subject to his revision. Even if, as we are assured, Convocation succeeded in modifying the articles as first submitted to them, the concessions were ample enough. Some bishops, like Tunstall, protested against the title and all that it implied. Canon Dixon has discovered that when this entire Act of Convocation was ratified by Act of Parliament in 1534, the form of submission adopted was the original unmodified draft, the terms of which were far wider than the second one (p. 111). It seems strange that the ecclesiastical authorities should be caught sleeping.

Our author adopts a novel and, if correct, important reading of the change effected by this celebrated Act. He says that the general view is that papal was superseded by royal supremacy over the Church. But this is entirely wrong. The Pope never was supreme over the English Church, and therefore his supremacy was never abolished. Hence the term "jurisdiction" in the title of the work. "It has been asserted that before this time the king's supremacy was temporal only, and that it was the object of Henry to acquire to the crown the spiritual supremacy also, which had hitherto belonged to the Pope. But this notion, though now universal, is wholly modern and contrary to the truth. We must not be misled by the term 'supremacy,' which first began to be applied to the papal power in England after that power had been taken away. It was not applied to the papal power so long as the papal

power existed; while on the other hand it was always applied to the kingly power, and properly expressed the nature of the same. What the pope possessed in England was spiritual jurisdiction; he was the head of the spiritual jurisdiction of the realm, by the king's consent, because he was the spiritual father of Christendom. But this jurisdiction was neither in word nor in deed rivalling that of the sovereign" (p. 58). If Mr. Froude and others have erred in holding the view controverted, they have erred in good company, for Dean Hook holds the same view (p. 435). Mr. Thomas Hughes agrees with Canon Dixon. In his recent book, *The Old Church*, he says: "Papal supremacy was always illegal in England, and denied and resisted by Norman and Plantagenet kings and their Parliaments as firmly as by the Tudor princes, under whom the final separation was effected" (p. 146). We suppose that when the erroneous theory is characterised as "wholly modern," the Reformation period is reckoned as modern. For on page 252 we are told that Cranmer "may almost be called the author of the theory. The Pope never was taken for supreme head in England until Cranmer took him, and never held the supremacy. Cranmer, with great general capacity, had a characteristic inaccuracy of mind."

On this corrected theory we ought rather to speak of the abolition of papal jurisdiction and primacy than of papal supremacy. Instead of saying that supremacy was possessed by the Popes, we should say that supremacy was what they aimed at but could never attain. This was what French and English kings and parliaments alike resisted with the utmost energy. To take an example, the Church often claimed that the clergy should be exempt from secular and subject only to spiritual tribunals. It is evident that to concede such a stipulation would be the concession of supremacy, but it never was conceded in England. The demand was emphatically rejected among others in the Constitutions of Clarendon under Henry II. These Constitutions were the great bone of contention between Henry and Becket. This in Becket is called by Cardinal Manning defending the rights and liberties of the Church. Even Canon Dixon seems to adopt the same language, when he says (p. 59), that what Henry was attacking was "not the papal jurisdiction, but the liberties of the Church of England." And then in a note. "Perhaps it would be more correct to say that to acknowledge the Pope was one

—and only one—of the liberties of the Church.” We confess that this seems to us to be using language in a singularly perverted sense. But this is one of the many peculiarities of the theory. However, what follows from the new interpretation proposed to us? Surely the effect is to diminish the magnitude of the changes made in Henry’s reign. These are seen to be not opposed to, but in the line of, the ancient policy of England. What was taken away from the papacy was far less than has been represented. It was the abolition merely of jurisdiction, not of supremacy, the abolition of a jurisdiction which bore little but evil fruit for the country. There is less reason than ever to brand such changes as revolutionary.

There is another point of importance to be noted. Canon Dixon says truly enough that what was abolished was “*spiritual jurisdiction*.” But we must not forget that the range of the “*spiritual*” was far wider than at present. It included great provinces which are now included under the civil power. The volume mentions this, p. 58 (“the appeal in purely spiritual things, as matrimony, divorce, presentment, and right of tithes”), but does not emphasise it sufficiently. Much more than this, as we have seen, was claimed by the Church as belonging to the spirituality, but refused by English law. An examination of the provisions of Clarendon as given in Stubbs’s *Mosheim*, ii. 114, from Harduin’s *Concilia*, will supply ample proof. Jurisdiction over all contracts, over the clergy—in fine, over everything which stands in more or less intimate relation with religion or the Church, was claimed. A great portion, therefore, of the jurisdiction withdrawn by Henry from the Papacy, was jurisdiction over what is now admitted to be of a civil nature. Further, we are told in popular periodicals, by Ultramontane writers, that Becket died in defence of the liberties of England and the Church. Let us remember what is meant by such language. It means that he died in defence of the authority, nay, the supremacy claimed by the Papal Church over these wide departments of human life which in those days were classified as spiritual, but are now regarded as secular. The jurisdiction in matrimonial questions alone—dispensations and divorce—brought immense revenues to Rome. We presume that no one will wonder that, in order to preserve these and countless similar sources of gain to England, the King and Commons abolished the “*spiritual jurisdiction*” of the

Papacy. As to anything beyond this, Henry always declared that he never intended to interfere with what we understand as spiritual functions.

In the same spirit as the measures just now mentioned the Act for abolishing the payment of annates to Rome was passed—first in 1532, and still more completely in 1534. The annates were the first year's revenues of every bishopric and benefice, which were sent to Rome. This of course was a mine of wealth, and one which was rendered more productive by rapid promotions. In less than fifty years £150,000 had been paid from England—*i.e.*, nearly a million of our money. This was only one of endless modes of exaction. There were "pensions, censures, Peter-pence, procurations, fruits, suits for provisions, and expeditions of bulls for archbishoprics and bishoprics, and for delegacies and rescripts in causes of contentions and appeals, jurisdictions legatine; and also for dispensations, licenses, faculties, grants, relaxations, writs called *perinde valere*, rehabilitations, abolitions, and other infinite sorts of bulls, breves, and instruments of sundry natures, names and kinds in great numbers" (p. 185). For generations England had been protesting against the fraud and extortion practised, but nothing was done till Henry took the matter in hand. "The remonstrances of the English nation against the intolerable and incessant exactions of the Pope had been heard even in the highest day of papal domination. All orders of men in the kingdom had joined in these representations, and by the heads of the religious houses especially the High Pontiff had been warned that his conduct would eventually cause a schism. This ancient prediction was fulfilled at length, and, from the venerable contribution known as Peter-pence down to the latest paper figment of the apostolic chamber, all payments to the see of Rome were swept away for ever" (p. 185). The first-fruits were all transferred to the Crown, which was at all events better than that they should go to Italy.

Of similar import was the Act forbidding appeals to Rome, and commanding all causes to be decided by the proper tribunals within the realm, 1533. By one measure after another the last strands which bound England to the bark of St. Peter were severed, the primacy of Rome being renounced last of all in the Convocation of 1536. But the greatest measure of all was the dissolution of the monasteries, the policy and means of which are discussed with

the fulness they deserve. The method in which the thing was done our author condemns altogether, and we cannot gather that he approves the thing itself. The monastic life, indeed, is described as "unnatural" (p. 372), a position which carries much with it. We ask what we may expect to be the fruits of an "unnatural" system under which large communities are living, and one perpetuated through long ages? What the results of monasticism were in early ages Church history and the works of the Fathers testify. Let it suffice to say that it led to the coining of new words of infamy, which are never applied but to monastic life, and which are therefore silent but unanswerable witnesses to the facts they embody. Analogy and common sense alike would lead us to expect speedy and flagrant corruption. The presumption is all in favour of the evidence on which the monasteries were condemned. We are compelled to regard the arguments on the other side (pp. 341-383) as pleading directly in the teeth of evidence; and we should think the author is conscious of it. Dead witnesses are cross-examined, doubts and suspicions are suggested, to little effect. The best case possible is made out for the morality of the monasteries, and the best is utterly and irredeemably bad. The author is "inclined to believe that in the reign of Henry VIII. the monasteries were not worse but better than they had been previously, and that they were doing fairly the work for which they had been founded" (p. 382). Their fall is attributed to weakness rather than vice. Yes, it was the weakness of moral decay and rottenness. The opinion just expressed runs counter to evidence more than sufficient after every deduction has been made. If such an opinion were correct, it would require us to believe that a few men were the greatest liars this world ever saw, and that all the rest of the nation were their dupes. That is what it amounts to. And we deliberately avow that to us the assumption is incredible. We decline to believe that any nation at any period of the world's history ever became so universally demented. To accept the proposition would imply in us credulity equal to that which it ascribes to others.

Let it not be supposed that this requires us to deny all merit and utility to monasticism. In its earliest and best days it rendered great services in many ways. No institution absolutely bad could exist for ages. But the peculiar nature of the monastic life renders it liable to early and

rapid corruption. Monasticism pure and monasticism corrupt are two things as different as an honest man and the same man fallen into evil ways.

The way in which the monasteries first came under royal authority was this. Great numbers of the religious houses were dependent directly on the Pope, not on the English bishops, and when the papal authority was abolished, these were transferred to the royal jurisdiction. A general visitation was resolved on, and this was carried out by commissions under the hand of the King's Vicar-General, Crumwel. The visitors are denounced as strongly as their master. They are "wretches, creatures, obscure;" but even from the accounts given in the present volume they seem to have been neither better nor worse than other commissioners. Theirs was a disagreeable task, all sorts of difficulties were placed in their way, and they could not expect to secure the good word of those who formed the subject of their reports. Their report was presented to both Houses of Parliament. An Act was passed (1536) giving to the King all the houses up to £200 a year. We are at a loss to know what other course, more open or regular, could have been pursued. It is not a question of the lying of a few obscure creatures such as Drs. Layton and Legh, but of the whole Parliament, Lords and Commons. If the reports were a tissue of falsehood and exaggeration, could this have been unknown to the Lords and Commons of England? The monasteries were scattered over the whole land, and their doings must have been known to their neighbours. Parliament may have been slavish or not, but can we believe that they put their hands to wholesale perjury? How is it that there was not one to break through the conspiracy of falsehood? Did the English Parliament ever fall so low as this? It seems to us, in the first place, that the slavishness is exaggerated to prop up a theory, and, in the second place, that slavishness is too little to explain the facts. Something far worse is implied. A great deal is said about the disappearance of a Black Book which is supposed to have contained the most damning evidence. But enough still remains, and we have the solemn Act of Parliament embodying their judgment on the evidence laid before them. Three hundred and seventy of the smaller monasteries were dissolved under the first Act, and then came the turn of the larger establishments.

There is abundance of other matter in the volume inviting remark: the trials of More and Fisher, the Lincolnshire Rising and Pilgrimage of Grace, the Divorce question, Heresy and Treason Laws, Negotiations with German Reformers, and many other points. But we can only notice the two doctrinal manifestoes which fall within this period, precursors of many others. The first is the document known as the Ten Articles, adopted by Convocation in 1536. This was the first germ of the Thirty-nine Articles. Crumwel, speaking as the king's vicegerent, said: "The king, right reverend fathers, gives you thanks that you have obeyed his writ without excuse. It is the study of his Majesty to set a quietness in the Church; nor will he rest till this be done by the full determination of you and of the Parliament. Conclude all things by the Word of God. This is indeed your bounden duty; and yet his Majesty will give you thanks for doing it." The two parties were about equally divided, and the Confession, which was the fruit of their labours, bears throughout the marks of compromise. One part treats of things necessary to salvation, and the other of ceremonies, "which division, in itself, signified the return of reason into the domain of faith." Quite so. But what is all systematic theology but the result of the application of reason to the matter of revelation? How were the creeds of Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus, and Chalcedon formulated but by the employment of man's powers of reason? Under the head of the Rule of Faith, the three creeds were united with Scripture. The number of sacraments was not stated. As to their nature, the doctrine laid down respecting Baptism and the Eucharist was not widely different from the old one. Penance was declared to be necessary. The definition of Justification was Melancthon's. Ceremonies were more freely dealt with. While the forms were for the most part allowed to remain, superstitious interpretations of their nature and effects were guarded against. The same assembly made great reduction in the number of saints' and holy days. "From being too many, holidays became too few at the Reformation; and the authority which ordained them at first having been shaken, not more than the fourth part of those that are left are now observed by the people."

The second informal confession was the book entitled *The Institution of a Christian Man*, but popularly known as

the Bishops' Book, published in the following year. This was the work, not of Convocation, but of an episcopal commission, which sat at Lambeth; Gardiner was not present. Stokesley and Tunstall on one side balanced the primate, Latimer, Shaxton, and Fox of Hereford, on the other. The subjects treated of are the Creed, Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments, Sacraments, Ave Maria, Justification, and Purgatory. All the seven Sacraments were included. The work was intended to be a popular manual of teaching. Like the first Confession, it illustrates the gradual nature of the English Reformation, and the tenacity with which it held to the past. The distinctive character of the English Church—its weakness according to some, its glory according to others—is its reverent adherence to antiquity.

Referring to the execution of the Carthusian prior of Axholme, Lincolnshire, the volume says (p. 271): "So completely has the monastic institute been eradicated in England, and the memory of it obscured, that of the thousands who know and venerate the isle of Axholme as the birthplace of John Wesley, it is probable that there is not one who is aware that it was once the scene of the daily life of one of the last and most constant martyrs of that religious system, the loss of which John Wesley sought to repair by instituting his order of lay preachers." We can quite understand the legitimacy of arguing in favour of a resemblance between the old Carthusian monks and Wesley's "lay preachers;" but the resemblance, if any, is certainly accidental. We are not aware of any authority for the assertion that it was "sought" by Wesley. In another passage, at p. 317, an attempt is made "to compare things so unlike as the ancient religious orders and the modern sectarians," Independents and Baptists being likened to the regular monks with their fixed establishments, Methodists to the wandering friars. The point of resemblance is so minute that it was scarcely worth while to make the comparison. Local independence and centralised authority are widely spread principles. However, we refer to the passage for the sake of deprecating the phrase "modern sectarians." Invidious epithets do more injury to those who use them than to those who are their objects. The use of such phrases is precisely the same as if Englishmen persisted in calling the Americans of the United States rebels. Such a course

would be impossible in political life. It is only possible, alas, among Christians.

We wish to repeat our sincere appreciation of the merits of the present work, and our hope that means will be forthcoming for its completion. Apart from principles and theories, a consecutive history of the English Church on this scale will be an invaluable boon to literature. The learning and laborious accuracy of the author leave nothing to be desired. If we have differed from him on points of importance, it has been under the compulsion of conviction, and, we hope, with all respect for the convictions we oppose. It must be evident that our polemic is not against but on behalf of the English Church, for the fair fame of its leaders and founders. As far as we can judge, the English Church, as an establishment, and a distinctive member of the Church catholic, rests on the lines drawn for it by Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, not to mention others. It is *their* church, not the church of Gardiner, Tunstall, Lee, Stokesley, Bonner. Every charge established against the substance, the essential points of their work is a blow at the position of the Church, and in defending them we are defending the Church. We say nothing here of "the insolent and aggressive faction" who heap foul abuse on the Reformation, and boast of their desire and ability to undo it. With them Canon Dixon has nothing whatever in common. But we are not quite sure whether that extreme party may not quote the present volume as often bearing out their views. However this may be, the only English Church we know is the church of Taylor, and Barrow, and Hooker, and Stillingfleet, and Jackson, and Hall, and Wilson, and Paley, and Butler, and Wesley. A mediæval, Romanist, semi-papal English Church would be illogical, anomalous, self-contradictory. Every step nearer Rome is a step farther from the Reformation, from Scriptural Christianity, from the ideal English Church, to which we all owe so much. Is it conceivable that the splendid services which the Church has rendered to sacred truth and learning would ever have been rendered, or that great writers such as those whom we have just mentioned would have laid the whole Christian Church under obligation without the independence which the Henrician legislation established? In France, in Spain, in Italy, we see what the Church would most probably have become in the old house of bondage. Our heart's

desire and prayer for her is that she may disappoint none but her enemies; may continue in accord with Scripture and the spirit of the Reformation, and, safe from all crafts and assaults, continue to render priceless service to the common weal. Of all this, fidelity to the principles of her own reformers and martyrs is an essential condition.

ART. V. — *Sermons.* By THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D. Six Volumes. New Edition. Revised by his Daughter, Mrs. W. E. Forster. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1878.

It is now six-and-thirty years since this country had to mourn the removal, in the prime of his days, of one of the most remarkable men she ever produced. Many of her sons have occupied more prominent positions in Church or State, have attained higher dignities and earned a larger share of popular applause. Many have by dazzling talents or sheer force of will more conspicuously swayed the political destiny of the nation, whether as preserving it from disgrace and disaster or as conducting it to new enterprises and extended empire. Many names on the roll of its men of letters are more indelibly associated with writings that will be read as long as the English tongue is spoken. But none of its historians, politicians, theologians, reformers, ever strove more strenuously, or, may we not say, more successfully to give an upward direction to the nation's energies and aspirations, or in doing so ever impressed more deeply upon the nation the power and value of a manly and unselfish character, purified from sordid ambitions, sustained by high religious principle, and backing by vast personal influence the aims and efforts of a noble public life.

The sphere of Dr. Arnold's activities is not one that commends itself to the competitor for worldly fame. The real dignity of the vocation of the schoolmaster has been too often lost sight of, and the drudgery inseparably connected even with its highest departments has rendered it proverbially distasteful to the only class capable of discharging its duties. Continual contact with immature minds has been supposed to be unfriendly alike to the mental and moral nature. The intellect habituated to the treadmill routine of oft-repeated tasks becomes incapable of striking out new paths of speculation. The judgment, accustomed to prompt decisions called forth by unforeseen emergencies becomes impatient of the slow

processes of minute inquiry and cautious generalisation by which alone new truth may be evolved. The will that imperiously demands unquestioning obedience does not readily submit to self-imposed restraints, and the temper fretted by perpetual strife with incurable dulness and headstrong perversity cannot readily attune itself to sympathy with the beautiful and good. The sublimest compositions in literature and the loftiest conceptions of science must lose their charm when conned in the company of restless scapegraces or driven by main force into the dense brains of hopeless blockheads. At best the schoolmaster sinks his individuality in his scholars. To them, indeed, he may ever remain a formidable personage: well will it be for him if an exaggerated idea of his foibles and generally a caricature of his character be not permanently fixed in the minds of those who have enjoyed the benefits of his instruction. To the world outside he can never be known save as the humble instrument by which this or that brilliant genius was prepared to shed its illumination on society: the file that brought the gem to light—that is his praise and nothing more. His pupils pass away from his care, and take their places in the world according to their merit: he remains shut up within the walls of the seminary whose labours consume his time and exhaust his strength.

Such is the traditional notion of the life of the pedagogue, and there are instances enough in which the real has but too closely corresponded to the ideal. One great reason is no doubt to be found in imperfect views of the nature and objects of education. Instead of being regarded as a science whose principles demand careful investigation and an art whose methods are only to be acquired by intelligent practice, it has been looked upon as the forlorn hope of every broken-down adventurer and as the legitimate field of the charlatan and the empiric. An employment fitted more than any other to call forth high-souled enthusiasm and to develop varied talents, has been converted into a mercantile pursuit in which the first thought has been the pecuniary profit per head to the teacher, and the last the moral and intellectual profit of the taught. If a different estimate is now formed of the position and responsibilities of the schoolmaster, it is largely due to Joseph Lancaster at one end of the social scale and to Thomas Arnold at the other.

Of the work he was destined to perform in raising the tone of education throughout the country Dr. Arnold could have had no presentiment when at the age of twenty-four he settled as a private tutor at Laleham. To a man of his irrepressible energy it must have been no easy thing deliberately to abandon the exciting struggles of political life and to sacrifice his by no means contemptible chances of success in them for the quiet shades of scholastic retirement. "I believe," he said many years after, "that naturally I am one of the most ambitious men alive," and in his opinion "the three great objects of human ambition" were, "to be the prime minister of a great kingdom, the governor of a great empire, or the writer of works which should live in every age and in every country." His motives for the seclusion he actually chose are honourable alike to his head and to his heart. They were connected with a sense of the superior advantages that would be afforded him for the discharge of his duties to the family of which by his father's death he had early become the natural protector, and with a supreme regard to his own religious interests. So early had a consciousness of "that unknown world in which our thoughts become instantly lost" begun to influence the most practical and decisive determinations of his life. At what particular juncture or under what circumstances his mind became imbued with those religious principles which ever after governed his whole life his biographer does not inform us. Much is no doubt to be attributed to the influence of his earliest instructors; and at Oxford the companionship of S. T. Coleridge, with whom he maintained a life-long friendship and correspondence, appears to have been beneficially felt. But however formed, his religious convictions soon became the most effective forces of his being. Indeed, he was a man who could do nothing by halves, and, after a short period of distressing doubt on the doctrine of the Trinity, he curbed with a strong hand every impulse of a worldly ambition, and settled down to teaching as a life-work of the highest importance and dignity. The following passage, written to a friend about to enter on the same vocation, sufficiently explains his views respecting it. "The misery of private tuition seems to me to consist in this, that men enter upon it as a means to some further end; are always impatient for the time when they may lay it

aside; whereas if you enter upon it heartily as your life's business, as a man enters upon any other profession, you are not then in danger of grudging every hour you give to it, and thinking of how much privacy and how much society it is robbing you; but you take to it as a matter of course, making it your material occupation, and devote your time to it, and then you find that it is in itself full of interest, and keeps life's current fresh and wholesome by bringing you in such perpetual contact with all the springs of youthful liveliness."

Though put under a bushel, his light was not to be hid. The marvellous earnestness with which he prosecuted his self-denying mission soon caused the establishment at Laleham to be talked about as one in which educational activity had taken on a new type. Truly it was a department of human industry which at that time afforded great scope to invention, and in which competition for such success as Arnold aspired to was by no means boundless in its range or within that range very keenly contested. It was no wonder therefore that when in 1827 the headmastership of Rugby fell vacant, and he was induced to come forward as a candidate, it was predicted of him by one of those who supported his claims, "that if Mr. Arnold were elected, he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England." In the following year he commenced the career which was destined to verify the prediction.

It is no business of ours to follow him through the struggles which had to be commenced and carried out before a thorough reform could be accomplished of abuses which had accumulated with generations of neglect, nor through those other struggles outside the limits of school life in which it appeared to him to be his bounden duty to take part. His biography has been before the world for a generation; and it is no dispraise to the learned Dean whose literary skill first became known by means of it, to say that in none of the later and more elaborate productions of his pen has he laid the public under greater obligations than in this masterly delineation of the career and character of his early preceptor and friend.

We must direct our minds to the consideration of Dr. Arnold in his character as a preacher and theologian, rather than to the general course of his public life, although the former can hardly be understood without

reference to the latter, and, *vice versa*, the latter requires the clue which the former alone can supply in order to a clear unfolding of its true meaning and purpose. By the superficial observer Dr. Arnold might easily have been mistaken for one of those restless innovators who seek change for change's sake, or for one of those purblind agitators whose aims do not extend beyond the reconstruction of the social or political fabric with a view to the greater convenience of its inmates, by broadening its base, restoring its decayed parts, multiplying its accommodations, and improving its general appearance. But to Dr. Arnold's mind society had no destiny separate from that of the Church of Christ. His aim was, while not leaving out of sight the lesser end, to make it only the means to a greater. Not content with a mere rearrangement of parts, he would have asked to what or to whom men meant to dedicate the whole, and whether any greater destiny could be found for society than to identify its objects with those of the kingdom of God upon earth, whether the distinction between secular and sacred might not be abolished without detriment to the integrity of either, whether in fact the same building might not like the Kremlin at Moscow constitute at once both cathedral for worship and citadel for defence, and contain within its walls both the treasury of the nation's resources and the temple in which they were to be poured out before God. As far removed from the mysticism which ignores the life that now is as from the secularism that spurns the thought of that which is to come, Arnold would have united all religious parties in the bonds of a truly catholic Christianity, whose interests are wider than those of any of its sects, and cemented all political parties by the common confession of a faith which brings to light stronger grounds for union among men than any that can legitimately keep them apart. A dream no doubt, and one that the present age can hardly expect to see converted into a reality. Yet a dream which cannot be relegated with most of its class to the limbo of abortive monstrosities, but which is worthy for its beauty and desirableness to be pondered and kept in view as picturing a golden age more nearly akin to paradise lost or paradise regained than the commercial millennium to which political economists despairingly point us.

It is necessary to remember that Arnold had these views of society in his mind when he preached these sermons,

and that they formed the complement of the views he entertained concerning the responsibilities of individual men. With him Christian politics was the outgrowth and consummation of Christian dogmatics, and every Christian teacher was bound in his view to investigate and establish the one as well as the other, though the pulpit might not be the place to do so. He could not content himself with prospects which terminated in the happiness of the individual. Plato and Aristotle, Thucydides and Tacitus, had taught him that even heathens could look farther than that, and he did not deem himself dispensed from the obligation to provide the best possible foundation and framework for society in this world, because revelation solaced him under every conceivable weight of evil with the vision of a more perfect society in the next. There is therefore an underlying unity in his life that is sometimes wanting in the Christian who is also a man of the world, or in the minister who is also a man of letters. Literature and politics were not with him a relief and recreation from the pursuits of an arduous profession, but branches of the same all-absorbing activity, which embraced with equal earnestness all that could minister to the elevation of mankind.

Of the six volumes here republished, the first made its first appearance in 1828, immediately after his removal to Rugby. It had a wide circulation. It contains the substance of what he had preached in the parish church at Laleham, and the germs of his later teaching. As might be expected, the sermons are rather practical than doctrinal, and though composed with more than a side reference to his private pupils have not that specific and detailed application which marks his Rugby utterances. The second volume was published in 1831. Of the thirty-four sermons which it contains twenty-nine were preached in the chapel at Rugby. The volume closes with an essay on the interpretation of the Scriptures. The third volume followed in 1834, and the fourth in 1841. The remaining two were published after his death by his widow.

There can be no doubt to which of the three schools that divide the Church of England Dr. Arnold rightfully belonged. It is true that he stood aloof from all parties: his earnest desire to unite all did not blind him to the faults of each, but rather prompted him to point them out with a plainness of speech more likely to offend than to conciliate. For

all this, there is but one of these parties with whose views his own can by any means be made to accord, and that is the Evangelical. His differences with this section of the Church were formal and accidental: his differences with the others were vital and fundamental. Toward Tractarianism, on its first appearance, he took up an attitude of uncompromising hostility. The controversies of the common room at Oxford were continued in maturer life: his personal friendship for some of the leaders of that unhappy schism did not hinder him from exposing their errors. In a lengthened preface of fifty-four pages to his fourth volume of sermons he analyses pretty minutely the system of which Mr. Newman was the champion, and shows that his description of the movement, as being directed towards "something better and deeper than satisfied the last century," although in some sense true, was yet in practice delusive. He saw clearly that the dogma of apostolical succession was the keystone of that system, and declared that for the clergy to enforce it was to do the very thing which St. Paul was commissioned not to do, that is, was to preach themselves and not Christ Jesus the Lord. He admitted that Mr. Newman and his friends preached many doctrines which were entirely of God, but he asserted with equal candour that "the peculiar doctrines of Mr. Newman and his friends, those which they make it their professed business to inculcate, are not of God."

His views are in equally marked antagonism to those of the Broad Church. These last were not indeed so pronounced in his lifetime as they afterwards became, and therefore could not call forth the strong denunciations which were bestowed on those which ran into the opposite extreme. Indeed, the catholicity of his views on church organisation might seem at first sight to indicate a leaning toward latitudinarianism. And there can be no doubt that some who in these latter days have ranked among the most advanced advocates of free thought took their departure from a standpoint not very far removed from his. But the two standpoints never could have been identical. There was ever a gulf, narrow it might be but deep, between him and all who renounce the authority of Scripture, whether in the interests of rationalistic license or superstitious suppression of inquiry. The criticism that he applied only to human institutions and arrangements those who came after him carried on to the *sacra origines* themselves. The

philosophy that he saw interpenetrating the movements of the spiritual life they thought sufficient to account for all its varied phenomena. His virtues they exaggerated into vices. What with him was generous candour, with them became flippant irreverence: where his intelligence bowed to mystery, theirs ridiculed impossibility or suspected imposture. Lacking the inward verification which in him counted for an argument on the side of revelation, they demanded evidence which the nature of the case did not admit, and hence their feet stumbled where his stood firm. Sympathise as he might with the Hares, and Bunsen, and with S. T. Coleridge, the parent of the whole Platonising school, he would never have joined hands with the authors of the *Essays and Reviews*; and his son Matthew's defection from the truth, had he survived to see it, would have brought down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Yet he was not responsible for this defection. As well might the early Methodists be held accountable for the excesses of the Ritualism which imitates their zeal in order to destroy the results of it, as the comprehension scheme of Arnold be identified with the latitudinarism which denudes Christianity of all that distinguishes it as a religion and a creed, and offers the right hand of fellowship to Roman Catholic, Evangelical, and Unitarian, Jew, Turk, and Infidel, with equal sincerity and with equal impossibility of success.

With the Evangelical school he had much more in common. The two chief features of the men of that school also distinguished him, viz., an acceptance of the authority and sufficiency of Scripture, and an intense practical realisation of its fundamental truths. In them, and in them alone, at the time of which we speak, were orthodoxy and spirituality combined: the union of earnestness with superstition or scepticism was a phenomenon of later growth. At least it had not then manifested itself in those portentous forms which have since given orthodoxy so much trouble, while at the same time putting it to the blush. He shared both characteristics with them. His orthodoxy was unquestionable. The most timid of parents and guardians need have had little scruple in placing their sons or wards under his care. The very sermons to which his youthful charge listened Sunday by Sunday, from the Rugby pulpit, came into the hands of their elders at home, and gave evidence year by year of the fidelity of the

preacher, both to the trust they had committed to him, and to the commission he had received from on high. Many indeed must have been the lessons which parents would read for themselves in appeals professedly addressed to their children, as when the contrast is drawn between home and school life; the former presumably so pure, so gentle, so truth-loving, the latter so much the reverse of all this. The titles of his discourses, though not very many of them were chosen by himself, sufficiently indicate the prominence he gave to what the Puritans called "the doctrines of grace." Thus, to take a few samples from the first volume, we have sermons headed, "What must I do to be saved?" "The corruption of human nature," "Under the law, or under grace," "Christ the Saviour," "Christ the Judge," "The work of the Comforter," "The dispensation of the Spirit." And the tone of the sermons is as evangelical as their titles.

Why then, it may be asked, did he not more definitely ally himself with the school to which he belonged? The following statement of his biographer throws some light upon the subject:—"It was now, also, that as he came more into contact, he began to feel the want of sympathy and the opposition which he subsequently experienced on a larger scale. 'I have no man like-minded with me,' he writes to Archbishop Whately—'none with whom I can cordially sympathise; there are many good men to be found, and many clever men, some, too, who are both good and clever; but yet there is a want of some greatness of mind, or singleness of purpose, or delicacy of feeling, which makes them grate against the edge of one's inner man.' This was the period when he felt most keenly his differences with the so-called Evangelical party, to which, on the one hand, he naturally looked for co-operation, as the body which at that time was placed at the head of the religious convictions of the country, but from which, on the other hand, he was constantly repelled by his strong sense of the obstacles which (as he thought) their narrow views and technical phraseology were for ever opposing to the real and practical application of the Old and New Testament, as the remedy of the great wants of the age, social, moral, and intellectual."

In a footnote the biographer quotes from an unpublished preface to one of his volumes of sermons, which emphasises more distinctly the faults of the Evangelical

school. "Their peculiarities as a party seem to me to arise simply from these causes—a good Christian, with a low understanding, a bad education, and ignorance of the world, becomes an Evangelical,—whilst on the other hand, if you were to enlarge the understanding of an Evangelical, if you could remedy the defects of his education, and supply him with abundant knowledge of men and things, he would then become a most complete specimen of a true Christian."

We cannot wholly accept the verdict of either the biographer or his subject respecting the Evangelical party in the first quarter of the present century. We strongly suspect the competency of the judges, and the extent of their acquaintance with the men they criticise. They probably had in their eye the comparatively small section of the party to be found within the pale of the Establishment, of which Charles Simeon was a leader. But outside its pale there were such men as Robert Hall, John Foster, William Jay, Dr. Adam Clarke, and beyond the Tweed Dr. Chalmers, and many others, on whom the charge of narrowness and lowness of understanding should not be lightly cast. And if we descend from the pastors to their flocks, we think the defects alluded to were not confined to any particular branch of the Church of Christ. The state of scholarship at Oxford itself was at that time by no means a credit to the University, as this very biography testifies. Dr. Arnold was one of a band of men who were infusing new energy into the intellectual life of the nation: he was an acknowledged leader in the religious world, and should rather have sympathised with men who under great disadvantages were anxious to share and spread the benefits of culture, than, on account of their lack of them, have drawn off from those with whom he was one in heart. Had he lived in the present day, he would have been among the foremost to acknowledge the general and in the main healthful advance which, without any sacrifice of principle, has been attained in mental breadth and culture, and would have hailed every endeavour to promote evangelical union, and to bring about a more perfect harmony between the intellectual and religious life of the nation.

In forming a critical estimate of the sermons themselves, we are first struck with the unadorned simplicity, the almost negligent freedom, of their style. This was a

natural fruit of the earnestness of the preacher. Singleness of aim and intensity of conviction beget perspicuity and terseness of expression. Elegance may be added, but it is instinctive and natural, not formal and forced. The attention of the hearer is not distracted by its scintillations, for the reason that the attention of the preacher is not so distracted. The light does not shine to display its own splendour, but to reveal the beauty of the landscape upon which its beams fall. This was felt by none more deeply than the leaders of the eighteenth century revival. The style of their writing and speaking was a continual protest against the conventionalism of their day. Unfortunately, the example thus set was not universally copied by their successors. Other and more pretentious models presented themselves. The cumbrous latinity of Johnson and the turgid rhetoric of Blair carried it over the nervous conciseness of Wesley and Whitefield, the bald simplicity of Doddridge and Cecil. In Dr. Arnold's sermons we find tokens that the reaction which in poetry had already set in under Wordsworth and Coleridge was extending to the literature of the pulpit. With what diligence this lead has been followed, and how great a change has thus been wrought both in the popular taste and in the literature that forms and is formed by it, every one may see who will take the trouble to compare almost any of the numerous volumes of sermons that now teem from the press with those which were most admired half a century ago. One of the best samples of the class we are referring to may be found in Dr. Chalmers's discourses. Placed side by side with the pages of Robertson or Allon, of Maclaren or Ker, how laboured and artificial do they appear. But Dr. Arnold's sermons read like the latest productions of the press. Many causes have contributed to bring about this revolution. Among these may be mentioned the political, social, and educational changes of the period, which have brought the various classes of society nearer together and enlarged the area of the reading public. The literary world is not now a close borough but a wide constituency, not a private club but an extensive commonwealth, whose interests, discussed in its presence by its leading intellects, demand to be set forth in "a language understood of the people." The same influence pervades the daily and periodical press, judicial pleadings and parliamentary debates, and is for the most part beneficial.

Yet there are dangers attending it that have to be guarded against, the chief of which is a tendency to coarseness and sensationalism. This tendency is to be found principally in those whose minds have not been disciplined by study to the severe self-renunciation required by the canons of the best modern criticism. Its corrective is culture. No greater mistake could be made by a candidate for literary distinction than to suppose that ease, naturalness and simplicity of style, are the spontaneous outgrowth of the untutored mind. Ease to the reader can only be purchased at the cost of pains, often prolonged and wearisome, on the part of the writer. His naturalness is the second nature of habit,—habit patiently formed and sedulously observed, the habit of looking out for and avoiding all possible ambiguities and misconceptions, of spacing out thoughts as compositors space out letter-press so as not to crowd inconveniently the printed page, of preserving the equable flow and succession of ideas lest too abrupt transitions should perplex and annoy the mind. His simplicity is the simplicity of wisdom, which seeks to secure the profit of the reader rather than to display the art of the writer; not the simplicity of folly, which pours forth its first crude thoughts in the first form of words that presents itself, and then marvels that any should mistake its meaning. Of the necessity of mental cultivation to a true simplicity Dr. Arnold's style is a proof.

The customary signs of elaboration we do not find—the pomp of rounded periods, filled out with numerous and well-balanced clauses, of sparkling and clear-cut antithesis, of simile and metaphor and illustration duly introduced and graded so as to prepare the way for the effective climax—the choice of high-flown and sonorous diction wherewith to hide the barrenness of thought and to tickle the ears of those who postpone the substance of things to the expression—all this is wholly wanting. And indeed it might seem as if the pains that we have spoken of as necessary could hardly have been bestowed upon these discourses in the brief spaces of time allotted to their composition, most of them having been written in the interval between the morning and afternoon services. But it must be remembered that Arnold's whole life had been a discipline in style, as every life must be that is spent in communion with those great masters of Greek literature in whom rare profundity of thought is a characteristic

that scarcely rivals transparency of representation. By a diligent study of our homeborn literature a man may attain a creditable power of expression, but he can scarcely fail to attain it who accustoms himself to render into his own the great thoughts of another language, especially when that other is the delicate and flexible yet vigorous and forcible one that was developed and perfected by the disciples of the Academy and the Porch.

The earnestness which gave birth to this simplicity pervades every line of these sermons. They are evidently the utterances of a man who was conscious of the irreconcilable antagonism of the two forces which were ever contending for the mastery within the breast of each of his hearers,—of the utter impossibility of everything like compromise or truce between them or of any adjournment of the conflict,—of the deep degradation under whatever specious exterior to which the character must sink that yielded to the one set of impulses, and of the noble altitude and elevation, no matter what might be its surroundings, which would be gained by the character that obeyed the other set,—of the fatal ease also with which the downward tendency might become the law of life, and of the fearful odds against the permanent establishment of the contrary determination. He saw that the true proportions of the strife and the real qualities of the opposed principles were not to be gathered from a consideration of the consequences to which they might conduct men in this life, or even of their influence on the well-being of society over a space of many generations. He believed that the sanctions of a future and endless existence could alone measure the magnitude of the interests involved, and that the importance of every crisis in men's history, and especially of the prolonged crisis of the years of youthful education, was to be estimated by reference not to some petty temporal advantage which it might ensure in the fierce struggle for earthly distinction, but to those moral victories or failures which decide men's destinies for both worlds. His warnings and admonitions are those of a man whose insight into the springs of human action, naturally keen, was supernaturally sharpened by habitual but not morbid self-analysis under the searching lights of a revelation from heaven, reverently received and heartily obeyed. He spoke as one having authority to denounce the rebellion of evil and to command the obedience of love, but as one

who at the same time that he swayed the twofold authority of the teacher and preacher, acknowledged his participation with those whom he addressed in the corruption of human nature and the perils consequent thereon, and who, being engaged in the same conflict and exposed to the same temptations, could place himself without sacrifice of dignity, and with increase rather than loss of pleading power and efficiency, on a level with the youngest member of his unique congregation. What authority the words of the preacher borrowed from his position as a teacher, sustained as it was with such thorough efficiency and whole-souled devotion,—how he himself valued the secular relations of the week principally as a means of strengthening the sacred relations of the Sabbath,—how the most exciting contests of school-life as well as its most prosaic routine were made to yield lessons of deep and abiding significance,—all this must be learned from the volumes before us. We cannot forbear to quote in this connection a passage in which one of his pupils, the author of *Tom Brown's School-days*, describes Arnold in the Rugby pulpit :

"More worthy pens than mine have described that scene. The oak pulpit standing out by itself above the school seats; the tall gallant form, the kindling eye, the voice now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the infantry bugle, of him who stood there Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord, the King of righteousness, and love, and glory, with whose spirit he was filled, and in whose power he spoke. The long line of young faces rising tier above tier down the whole length of the chapel, from the little boy who had just left his mother to the young man who was going out next week into the great world rejoicing in his strength. It was a great and solemn sight, and never more so than at this time of year, when the only lights in the chapel were in the pulpit, and at the seat of the prepositors of the week, and the soft twilight stole over the rest of the chapel, deepening into darkness in the high gallery behind the organ.

"But what was it after all which seized and held these three hundred boys, dragged out of themselves, willing or unwilling, for twenty minutes on Sunday afternoons? . . . We listened to a man whom we felt to be with all his heart and soul and strength striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world. It was not the clear cold voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights, to those who were struggling and sinning below, but the warm living voice of one who was fighting for us by our sides, calling on us to help him and ourselves and one another."

A few quotations from the sermons will illustrate better than any words of ours the characteristics of this great preacher. Take the following plea for serious attention to the great business of life. It is from the very first sermon, on Acts xvi. 30 :

"Now we know, probably, even the most ignorant of us, much more than the Philippian gaoler, when he asked trembling, 'What must I do to be saved?' We know, I say, more than he did, but we have not the earthquake before our eyes, to fill us with his earnest desire to escape from danger. And *there* is, and ever will be, the difficulty; it is still the same language which tempted Eve to her ruin that the Devil whispers every day to the hearts of thousands to tempt them to their ruin also. The serpent said unto the woman, 'Ye shall not surely die.' And so the Devil teaches our hearts to say to us now, 'We shall not die soon,' or 'We shall not die eternally,' or 'We need not think about death now.' Those who have read the story of the Great Plague of London in 1666, or that of Florence in 1348, or of any other seasons of great pestilence which have visited countries possessing a knowledge of the Gospel, may remember the striking effect produced upon men's minds by these sweeping calamities. It seemed as if all were awakened from a dream, had turned away from acting an unreal part, and were at once suddenly sobered and made in earnest. There was a separation broadly and strongly marked between the good and the wicked, like that which will take place in another world. Those who knew what would become of them after death, but had been playing away their lives in the usual follies of mankind, all began now to crowd the churches, to pray with most hearty sincerity, and to look upon sin in its true light, as their worst and most deadly enemy. The unbelievers, on the contrary, those who had hardened their hearts effectually by a course of godless living, they too threw aside the covering which they had merely worn for the sake of the world's opinion, and began to serve *their* Master, the Devil, without disguise. Thus the churches were thronged in one place, whilst every sort of abominable wickedness, open blasphemy, lewdness, rioting, robbery, and murder, were practised without restraint, in another. In short, the servants of God and of Satan took each their part openly, and few, if any, held a middle course between them. But as the Plague grew less fatal, this middle course began again to be followed by far the largest portion of those who had lately quitted it. The churches were less crowded on the one side, the voice of riot and blasphemy was heard less loudly on the other; those who had been good became cold and unfruitful; those who had been scandalously wicked became decent. So both met each other half way, and mixed in that mass of general society, which cheats so many of its members by its smooth outside, and by the

numbers which belong to it—as if that could not be so evil which pretends to love good, nor so dangerous, in which so large a proportion of mankind are contentedly walking.

“What we see on a large scale in seasons of great public calamity, often takes place on a small scale with private individuals. The sickness or death of a friend, the loss of their own health, some wonderful escape from danger, or some bitter disappointment in worldly matters, often turns men in haste to God, by simply opening their eyes to the real state of things around them. These act like the earthquake, and drive men to cry aloud, ‘What must I do to be saved?’ But will they never turn to God willingly? Will they never give Him the sacrifice of a free and happy spirit, not bowed down by sickness, not made sorrowful and sober by misfortune, but brought to God by the sunshine of His earthly blessings, and led to ask of Him for some greater blessings still than those which they now enjoy? When we talk of the sorrows and cares of life, they who have tasted little of either will think that what they hear does not concern them. When we talk of the uncertainty of death, we but tempt what I may call the gambling spirit in human nature, which delights in running a hazard, even though the chances be against them. They know that death sometimes visits the young, but they know also that such visitations are rendered more striking because they are somewhat uncommon, and they think it not unreasonable to calculate that they themselves shall not be subject to them. I would rather say, ‘You have tasted as yet only the sweetness of the world; and although you will certainly taste of its bitterness, too, yet very likely the sweet may be still more, perhaps much more, than the bitter. You are young, and although death is ever uncertain, yet I grant that in the common course of nature many years will probably pass before it visits you. But will you wait to be driven to the altar of God? Will you not turn to Him in your season of youth and happiness and love Him as He has loved you? Or will you do that to Him which, if practised towards a parent or friend, you would confess to be the extreme of baseness—neglect and grieve Him so long as you are prosperous, and only run to Him in your hour of need, to beg Him to relieve you?’”

How finely does this denunciation of the intrinsic baseness of a selfish and carnal life clench the withering exposure of its hollowness and falsity which had been previously proved by the appeal to times of widespread calamity! How great must have been the advantage to a mass of youths, engrossed with sports and studies, overflowing with animal spirits, and never anticipating a more distant future than the stirring manhood they were soon to enter, to have their Sabbath rest turned to the account

of such meditations, to feel the very hand which all the week was urging on their busy enterprises now put forth to arrest the current of worldly thought and feeling, and to hold up to view the great realities which alone could redeem those enterprises themselves from insignificance and contempt.

Take again the following pungent passage from the sermon on Gen. viii. 21 :

"One of the main uses which I would make of the fact, that our nature is evil from our youth, is in correcting a most common and mischievous practice of using the word 'natural' as if it were the same with 'excusable' or 'pardonable.' It is commonly said, 'Such and such faults are so natural at such an age, or under such circumstances, that we cannot pass a severe judgment upon them.' Now to a certain degree this is said with justice. *We* cannot pass a severe judgment upon them, because he who judgeth another condemneth himself; for he who judgeth, doeth the same things. *We* must not blame harshly natural faults, because we are ourselves often so guilty of them. So far, then, as an argument to make us charitable, the word 'natural' may usefully be employed; but with regard to our own conduct, or that of those for whom we are at all answerable, we must remember that to call a fault 'natural,' is merely to enforce the language of the Scripture, that they who are in the flesh cannot please God; that the flesh and the spirit are striving against one another; and that if we live after the flesh, that is, according to our natural inclinations, we shall die. What we call natural may be called, not more truly, but more profitably, in the language of Scripture, 'The sin that doth so easily beset us.' In youth, thoughtless selfishness is natural; in manhood and old age it is no less natural that our selfishness should be of another kind, cold and calculating, and preferring to everything else the advantages, or comforts, or honours which the world can offer. But because these things are natural, are they therefore excusable? or do not they show the need which we have of the fulfilment of God's promise, that He will give us a new heart and a new spirit that we may live and not die? So far from being excusable, when we feel that a fault or bad disposition is natural to us, it is only a reason why we should look upon it as a kindly warning rather to avoid them than to yield to them, as a hint to tell us where we are wandering, and to remind us of the great danger in which we are living so long and so heedlessly."

The following passage from a sermon in the second volume, entitled "Public Schools," and founded on Gal. iii. 24, is a striking instance—only one out of many that might have been chosen—of his fidelity in the exhibition of

the faults which were continually coming under his notice. After boldly quoting one who had affirmed that "public schools are the very seats and nurseries of vice," and showing that the statement was not without very considerable justification, he proceeds to ask to what this is owing, and to point out one of the most fruitful sources of mischief in the erection and maintenance of a false standard :

"The question which boys seem to ask, is not, What ought we to be, and what may the school become, if we do our duty?—but, What have we been used to? . . . This cause extends a great way, and produces more evil than we are apt to think of. Old habits, old practices, are handed down from generation to generation, and, above all, old feelings. Now, it is certain that education, like everything else, was not brought to perfection when our great schools were first founded. The system required a great deal to make it what it ought to be. I am afraid that Christian principles were not enough brought forward, that lower motives were encouraged, and a lower standing altogether suffered to prevail. The system also was too much one of fear and outward obedience; the obedience of the heart and the understanding were little thought of. And the consequence has been the same in every old school in England—that boys have learnt to regard themselves and their masters as opposites to one another, as having two distinct interests; it being the master's object to lay on restrictions, and abridge their liberty, while it was their business, by all sorts of means, combination amongst themselves, concealment, trick, open falsehood, or open disobedience, to baffle his watchfulness, and escape his severity. It cannot be too strong to say, that this is at least the case, so far as regards the general business of schools; the boys' interest and pleasure are supposed to consist in contriving to have as little work as they can, the master's in putting on as much as he can; a strange and sad state of feeling, which must have arisen, I fear, from the habit of keeping out of sight the relation in which we both stand, masters and boys alike, to our common Master in heaven, and that it is His service which we all have, after our several stations, to labour in. A due sense of our common service to our heavenly Master is inculcated by St. Paul as softening even the hardships of slavery, although it is the peculiar curse of that wretched system, that the power is there exercised, not for the good of the governed, but for that of the governor. It is not for his own good, but for the interest of his master, that any man is a slave. But our relation to one another, like that of children and parents, is a relation chiefly for your good; it is for your benefit that the restraints of education are intended, that you may be good, and wise, and happy, in after years, and may bring forth fruit from the

seed here sown, which may endure unto life eternal. And this you would all at once acknowledge, if it were not for the old school feeling handed down from one generation to another, and growing out of a system too neglectful of Christian principles, or too fearful of openly professing them. This veil over the heart and understanding, this fatal prejudice, this evil error, like everything else false, ignorant, and wicked, can only be done away in Christ. When you shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away; and you will be enabled to see clearly your true condition here, what we are endeavouring to make it, and how entirely our objects and interests are the same as your own."

Nothing is more noteworthy in Arnold's sermons than the unsparing vigour with which he chastised the common vices of school-life—selfishness, meanness, dishonesty, deceit, and what he above describes as the parent of them all, the moral cowardice that dares not avow a serious purpose to observe at all hazards the dictates of conscience and the regulations essential to order. It is not in school or college life only that such strictures are needed. There perhaps they apply with peculiar force. The closeness of the intimacy subsisting between its members, the publicity of their movements, the scrutiny to which each is subjected by all the rest, render it easy to discover any variations from the ordinary level. The apparently arbitrary character of some of the restrictions on personal liberty makes their violation seem a venial fault. And the ease with which sincere endeavours after right-doing may be discouraged by the imputation of unworthy motives, and be visited by that most terrible of all punishments in the eyes of youth, the bitter odium and cool contempt of its associates, has too frequently formed an effectual hindrance to those who wished for nothing so much as to profit to the utmost by the advantages afforded them. Moral discipline and intellectual advancement are mutually helpful; and where the former fails, the latter cannot be expected long to flourish. Colleges, like nations, are governed more by public opinion than legal enactments, and woe to that institution or community in which insolence and self-will, rash in speech and reckless in action, get the mastery over that weak kind of goodness which is dependent on sympathy and example, and which prefers false honour to true, and a shameful expediency to the honest acting out of conviction. To break down such artificial and superfluous barriers to the growth of healthy character was

Arnold's steadfast purpose, and we all know what success crowned his efforts.

The tone of moderation observable in these discourses must have enhanced their effectiveness at the time of their delivery, as it does still to those who peruse them in their privacy and at their leisure. Indignation at moral obliquities is nowhere suffered to effervesce in frothy rant: admiration of ideal excellence does not break out in fervid rhapsody. However impassioned the preacher may have been in his dealings with the consciences of his auditory—and there is abundant testimony of his having been so—he never took advantage of the excitement thus created to press a weak or unsound argument. He would not open the floodgates of emotion to overwhelm the hostile forces of the intelligence: he was aware that if the arid soil of the human heart is to be effectually fertilised, it must be by moderate streams led along well-constructed water-courses, not by mighty inundations that drain away the elements of life. He did not mistake the weakness of passion for the strength of conviction: apart from what was due to his own position, he knew that, whatever expression he may give to his feelings, the orator who would be master of his audiences must always remain master of himself. It is perhaps in their lofty and dignified ethical teaching that we are to find the chief value of Dr. Arnold's sermons. To those who are wearied with the customary patrol on the flats of commonplace morality, and who feel that their mental fibre is in danger of becoming quite unstrung in the oppressive atmosphere of lowland life with its obscured sky, its limited perspectives, and its fenced paths, ever returning into themselves, prescribing to the traveller his every step, and forbidding all free movement as a trespass—for such it is a refreshing stimulant to climb the mountain heights of this man's moral elevation, to breathe the pure air of heaven which braced him for his toil, and to take those far-reaching views of human life and destiny which can only be enjoyed from the high stand-point he had gained. The change is as exhilarating as that which he himself was wont to experience in his annual migration from the dead level of Warwickshire, "with nothing fine between us and the Ural mountains," to his Westmoreland eyrie, where every sense and every faculty was feasted to the full. This diagnosis of human nature was as discriminating

in its character as it was comprehensive in its range ; and his treatment of the common and fatal distemper as practically useful as it was ideally sound. Witness in proof of the former, the multitude of striking aphorisms that drop so naturally from his pen. Witness again in proof of the latter, his insistence, over and above the ordinary means of grace, on the cultivation of domestic piety and the visitation of the sick and the poor. Of both these directions of the spiritual energies he knew and exemplified the value. In fact, this was the charm of his ministrations, as it is still of the record of them, that he daily strove by painstaking attention and inquiry to make himself and all about him what he officially recommended others to become. And as in his daily life there was continual light received from and reflected back again upon his teachings, so in the printed pages of the biography illustration is continually lent to and repaid by the sentiments of these discourses. In the one are to be seen the exterior forms of noble action like the verdure that clothes the valleys in the spring time ; in the other are laid bare the secret springs that feed it, like the fountains hidden among the hills. So it is and ever must be with the divine who is himself a sincere worshipper at the shrine at which he ministers, with the pastor who is " first partaker of the fruits " which he distributes : his words and his works will always blend, mutually receiving and imparting strength.

While we estimate thus highly the spirit as well as the substance of these sermons, we do not wish to give the impression that they are finished masterpieces of theology. Any one resorting to them in the hope of finding exhaustive treatises on Christian doctrines, or even regular discussions of Christian duty, is sure to come away disappointed. A doctrinal basis is everywhere assumed, but nowhere formally investigated. The great cardinal facts of our religion are, even on the festivals that commemorate them, rather surveyed with a distant and timid reverence than approached and embraced with fulness of knowledge and depth of affection. It is the same with the application of these facts to the diversities of human need. A certain indefiniteness seems here to hang about the processes of spiritual life. The most powerful exhortations to the use of the means of grace are accompanied by dissuasions from the expectation of well-marked and sensible

results. The human element in salvation is made to preponderate over the Divine. Redemption is never set forth under the aspect of a covenant in which privileges and responsibilities are commensurate, and as ascertainable the one as the other. It is not that the language in which the ideas are expressed is not the conventional language of theology: the ideas themselves are less firmly grasped, or at least less clearly presented, than, as we think, the teaching of Scripture and the experience of the Church both warrant and require. There is in all Scripture, and in some theology, a precision of statement both as to the characteristic differences of spiritual life and spiritual death, and the way to traverse the great gulf between them, which is utterly wanting here; and we cannot think the defect a slight one. Nor is it in these sermons only that it is to be found. The same charge might be brought against many of the utterances of the Anglican pulpit. In some of them indeed this is easily accounted for. The dogma of baptismal regeneration is one that strikes at the root of "the ministry of reconciliation." It is of no use to tell a man that he must be "born of the Spirit," if you have already told him that many years ago he was all unconsciously to himself "born of water." That was his second birth, and you will not persuade him to a third. The case is different with those who reject with abhorrence, as Arnold did, the doctrines of the sacramentarian school. With such we should expect a clear enunciation of the grand remedy for man's disease and of its effectual working toward his cure. In this however we are frequently disappointed. That we may not be thought too lightly to have brought forward such a weighty accusation, we will quote a paragraph or two which in this case at least will make it good. The thirty-first sermon in the third volume is founded on Matthew xxii. 12: "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?" Here surely, if anywhere, we should naturally look for some information as to what constituted the grounds of the reproach implied in the question put by the giver of the feast to His unprepared guest, some exposition of the parable which would lead us to see not only what we must not be if we would not be rejected at the last day, but what we must be if we would be accepted, how we may become certified beforehand of our having fulfilled the conditions, and how blameworthy we are if we fail to fulfil them.

Instead of this, we are treated to a loose and rambling disquisition on the necessity of self-examination and the almost impossibility of performing aright, the effect of which is to cast everything pertaining to salvation into doubt and uncertainty. The preacher says :

"Now, we will consider the case of those whom we call good men; what their need of self-examination is, and how they should conduct it. Let us take, therefore, any person who is certainly in earnest in his profession of the Gospel; it matters not whether he be old or young; a person who is what is commonly called serious, who is regular in the public worship of God, and at the communion; whose language and whose practice seem generally to be according to the Spirit of God. Let such a person suppose that he has got on the wedding garment; let him imagine that he is treading his course heavenward; let him look forward to the blessedness of being for ever with Christ and all Christ's servants; let his habitual state of mind, therefore, be cheerful and happy. What shall we say to this? Shall we say, that here are the fruits of Christ's Spirit; that the man is enjoying the peace of God; that in him is visibly fulfilled the assurance that godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come? I think we should suppose so in the case of another; I think that it would be a breach of charity to think otherwise. But turn to the man himself, and let him consider whether he should think so also. Surely there is many a passage in God's Word, not meant to frighten or confound, far less to turn God's promises into nothing; but, yet, which he may not pass by unheeded. What is it, 'Happy is the man that feareth always?' What is it that 'That which is highly esteemed among men, is an abomination in the sight of God?' What is it, that 'To be raised again with Christ, it is necessary first to have died with Him?' What is it, that 'We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God?' What is it, that we 'must take up our cross daily?' These and many other such Scriptures have their meaning and their use for all of us; for the good and happy servant of his Lord, not less than for the careless and disobedient. And let him not neglect to use them; let him see how he stands; let him consider whether his life is but a sure and gradual advance in the way of eternal glory. He may say that it is; not, indeed, for his own merits, but for Christ's; that he has the true wedding garment of righteousness; not his own imperfect works, which never could deserve the name, but Christ's perfect righteousness imputed to him as one of Christ's members. And therefore he may say here is the peace of the Spirit of Christ, dwelling in the hearts of those who, having cast off the righteousness which is of the law, have put their trust in the righteousness of God only.

"Now, this language, which I think I have not in any degree

misrepresented, shows what wary handling the Scripture calls for; how certainly any single or partial view of it leads into serious error. I think that any good and sober Christian would feel that this application of what is certainly a Scriptural truth, when properly applied, cannot be according to the mind of the Spirit; that it cannot be right or agreeable to God's will to make Christ the minister of carelessness. But yet he may be puzzled to know how a Scriptural truth can be otherwise than according to the mind of the Spirit. O that we could all thoroughly and practically understand this seeming puzzle! O that we would know and remember to search the Scriptures, not for truths, but for lessons; nor for doctrines to be used always, and by all persons as eternally and universally true; but for medicines fitted to our own particular want, be it what it may! That we would feel that there are many of God's words, containing the divinest truth for those who need them, and at the same time when they do not need them, become a savour of death unto death! If we were so to read the Scriptures, how it would quicken our knowledge of our own hearts on the one hand, and from how much superstition, and fanaticism, and uncharitableness of every kind, would it save us on the other!"

The diagnosis of the case supposed is very imperfect. We are at a loss to identify it, the description is so vague. The first few lines depict the outward and visible form that is common to all religious professors, and it is asked whether the inward and spiritual grace is found beneath the comely exterior? The answer given is that in the judgment of charity it may be so, but in the judgment of truth it is not. The array of passages called in to sustain the unfavourable judgment seems singularly unsuited to the purpose. If they mean anything in relation to the character in question, it is simply that one set of actions is a safer ground of hope for acceptableness to God than another—that mere religious observances and happy feelings springing out of them are not enough without a disposition to do the will of God however contrary to flesh and blood. This is good as far as it goes, although we think the instances must be very few in which any amount of earnestness in the mere profession of religion will produce the contented state of self-delusion alluded to. But before the paragraph is finished we find another class of persons has been intended all the while, viz., those who are trusting in the imputation of Christ's righteousness to them instead of working out their own. It is not now the formalist but the antinomian who is before us: the false

reliance is not in the means but the source of salvation. The language put into the mouth of the person whose case is being considered is ambiguous. He is said to have the peace of the Spirit of Christ dwelling in his heart, and yet to have "cast off the righteousness which is of the law," and to have "put his trust in the righteousness of God only." Now this is language that might be used not by antinomians only but by every true believer. The question is in what sense he has cast off the righteousness of the law, as a ground of present justification before God or as a rule of practice for his future life? It is only the latter meaning that makes his language dangerous; in the former, it is itself the language of the Apostle Paul. The trust in Christ's righteousness does not make Him "the minister of carelessness." The danger here detected is one that ought not to be connected with Christ's mediation, as if inseparable from it, or as if there were seasons when that mediation should be left out of view for fear it should tend to relax instead of bracing the fibre of our minds. The recommendation to search the Scriptures for lessons, not for truths, seems to us altogether beside the mark. The antithesis between doctrines and medicines is one that does not exist. What words of God are those, "containing divinest truth for those that need them, which if applied universally by those who do not need them, and at the time when they do not need them, become a savour of death unto death"? The truth is said by the Apostle Paul to become a savour of death unto death not to those who receive but to those who reject it.

The directions given to those who abuse the doctrines of grace are somewhat strange. The "good man" who interprets the wedding garment as meaning only Christ's imputed righteousness, and who is therefore "cheerful and confident enough already," is to ask, "For whom is Christ's warning intended, if not for me? Surely those who are cast down and fearful already, cannot need to be made more so; if this one of God's medicines be laid up for the use of any living soul, it must be for me, and for such as I am. Therefore I may not reject it, because in the same ample storehouse I find medicines of another kind strengthening, exhilarating, manifestly intended for the benefit of those whose constitution or state of mind is just the opposite to mine. I have no need to shelter myself

under the plea of Christ's imputed righteousness, till by self-examination, by seeing whether I have the robe of any righteousness of my own, I may be shaken from my state of easy confidence, and, learning my danger, may then need and prize my deliverance." We need hardly observe that "constitution" and "state of mind" are not one and the same thing. But it does seem a strange argument that because the promises are manifestly intended for the benefit of those who are cast down, therefore the warnings should shake the confidence of those who have been brought—we suppose by those very promises—to rest in the righteousness of Christ. There are, it would seem, two kinds of medicines—the threatenings and the promises, the latter to be taken by those who are distressed, the former by those who are comforted. But if both comfort and distress are diseases needing remedies, is there any such thing as spiritual health?

The supposition that there is such a thing is set down as the head of "some of the great religious errors and disputes which so distract God's people." "It seems to be taken for granted that the various states of a Christian's course, and the particular Scriptural remedies which he needs under them, occur in a man's life once for all; that first there comes the careless or unregenerate period, during which he needs God's warnings and threatenings; that then comes the period of repentance, of faith, of conversion; after which follows, for the rest of his days, the period of sanctification, of peace with God, of thankful assurance of salvation." Undoubtedly that has been taken for granted, because it has been supposed to be the one business of the Gospel to declare men's actual misery and possible happiness, to offer them righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost in the place of the bondage of sin and death. But it does not follow that those who have received the promises will immediately cast away the threatenings as being no longer applicable to their case. We cannot accept the following as a description of the necessary or even the ordinary conditions of the spiritual life: "To-day penitent, justified, and full of assurance; to-morrow, it may be, sinful, cast down, and full of humiliation and godly fear. So it will be, and so it must be, till having finished our course, and the work of the tempter being ended, and his power stopped for ever, we may find that there is a peace to be no more disturbed, a rest to be

no more broken, an assurance to be no more troubled with fear." If these be the features of the spiritual life, then we can at least understand the pertinency of the counsel that follows :—"Let us beware of a morbid and unwholesome scrutiny of the exact nature of our feelings." If this had been given at the beginning of the sermon instead of at the end of it, much time and trouble would have been saved. The duty of self-examination would then have been seen to be no duty at all. "The object of all this is to gain, what no sound mind can ever gain, an assurance of its own perpetual acceptance with God." So far is the preacher from urging the sharp admonition of the Apostle, "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith or not. What? know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobate?"

It would be easy to multiply criticisms of this sort, but we must forbear. To delineate, however imperfectly, the excellencies of Dr. Arnold's character and writings has been a labour of love; to point out faults would be an ungrateful task. The chief of them all, so far as we can see, is one that leans to virtue's side springing as it does from that stern and unbending integrity which could not brook in others more than in himself the least deflection from the standard of right. This sternness appears to have influenced his theological views, and to have hindered him from realising to the full the exceeding riches of the grace of God, not in tolerating evil in His people, but in raising them above its influence and power.

It was a noble heart that broke on that 12th of June, 1842, when Thomas Arnold's spirit was suddenly set free from its earthly tabernacle. His hand is still felt on every part of our educational institutions, and his name will ever be had in remembrance as one of our greatest reformers, and as one whose spiritual heroism even surpassed the loftiness and range of his social achievements.

- ART. VI.—1. *China ; a History of the Laws, Manners, and Customs of the People.* By JOHN HENRY GRAY, Archdeacon of Hong Kong. Edited by WILLIAM GOW GREGOR. Two Vols. London : Macmillan. 1878.
2. *The Middle Kingdom ; a Survey of the Geography, Government, Education, Social Life, Arts, Religion, &c., of the Chinese Empire.* With a New Map. By S. WELLS WILLIAMS, Author of "Easy Lessons in Chinese," "Tonic Dictionary of the Chinese Language," &c. Two Vols. New York : Wiley, 1871.
3. *China ; Ergebnisse Eigener Reisen und darauf Gegründeten Studien.* VON FERDINAND FREIHERR VON RICHTHOFEN. Berlin : Reimer. 1878. (See *Academy*, April 13th and 20th, 1878.)
4. *The Folklore of China and its Affinities with that of the Aryan and Semitic Races.* By N. B. DENNY, author of "A Handbook of Canton Vernacular." Hong Kong : "China Mail" Office. 1876. London : Trübner.
5. *The Friend of China.* Published by the Anglo-Oriental Society for Suppressing the Opium Trade, 8, Buckingham Street, Strand.

CHINA, the vast empire which for many centuries has held together under decent government between three and four hundred millions of human creatures ; China, where everything—even the telephone—has been invented and nothing perfected, except an elaborate system of competitive examination, the result of which has been an almost complete substitution of literary proficiency for every other standard of rank ; China, now passing through the throes of one of the severest famines the world has ever felt ; China, on whose earnest, if wrong-headed, officials we inflicted so deep a wrong in forcing them to accept our opium at the bayonet's point—is a country of which, despite opium wars, and visits of ambassadors, and much angry abuse in newspapers, most of us still know far too little.

The works to which we have called attention make this ignorance henceforth inexcusable, for each in its way is full and complete. Mr. Williams is more literary and political, tracing in his second volume the history of our opium wars, showing the patriotism which they called out among Chinese officials, and the sad destruction of non-combatants—whole families of Chinese ladies killing themselves for fear of the "white devils." He also goes deeply into the mysteries of the Chinese language, showing that in one great point it resembles English. With us *light* is at once noun, adjective, and verb; *like* is verb, adjective, and adverb; *sheep* is singular and plural, the emphasis and position in the sentence determining the exact meaning. He also gives a summary of Chinese literature, with numerous extracts; and he is specially full on the working of "the principle of responsibility" (i., p. 382) This works for good and evil. The evil is seen in the callousness with which bystanders suffer a man to die in the street for fear of being accused, if they render assistance, of having caused his death. Something of the same kind goes on in a less degree in France; but in China the rule is carried out with far more than French *logique*.

Mr. Williams went to China as a printer to the American Board of Missions; and, on his return, "after twelve years' daily and familiar contact with the people, speaking their language and studying their books," he lectured on the Chinese, and found the subject awakened so much interest that he was led to expand his lectures into two volumes of some six hundred pages each. Apologising for the size of these (which have reached their fifth edition), he remarks on the vastness of the empire, "much larger than our own republic in its widest bounds." It is clear that books like his and Archdeacon Gray's are of an entirely different class from the accounts of travellers, ambassadors, and such like. They tell us what they have come to know through patient search, not merely what, during a flying visit, they have skimmed off with eye and ear. Mr. Williams addresses himself to the question whether or not China will fall to pieces, or whether there is (as he rather hopes) enough "vitality and self-support in the democratic institutions and peaceful industry of the mass of the Chinese people to furnish grounds of hope that they will adapt themselves to the new influences

coming upon them." China has certainly been sorely tried. The Tai-ping rebellion, with its bastard Christianity, was the direct result of European interference. The opium struggles had shown the executive to be weak, and the patriotism still dormant in many provinces was awakened by the rumour that the Manchoo dynasty was to be overthrown even as the Canaanites were by Joshua. The fearful bloodshed connected with this Tai-ping rebellion has been well-nigh forgotten. Mr. Williams calculates that in 1853 "the flame of rebellion was quenched in the vicinity of Canton in the blood of fully half a million of human beings, *over eighty thousand of whom perished by the hand of the executioner in the city itself.*" In 1857 began that second most unjust war, the excuse of which was the boarding by Chinese Custom-house officers of a pirate craft called the *Arrow*, which, seeing itself in danger, ran up British colours. The capture of Canton was followed by the negotiations at Tientsin, and then by the repulse of the English and French at the Peiho forts. To avenge this defeat the allies marched on Peking, after an ineffectual attempt on the part of one of the Commissioners (the other had in the interval committed suicide) to resume the Tientsin negotiations. Then came the pillage of the Summer Palace, a sort of imperial museum of curiosities, which was afterwards burnt in revenge for the ill-treatment of some Europeans taken during its capture. "This hard act," as Mr. Williams well calls it, certainly reflects no credit on Lord Elgin or on Baron Gros; but, as Lord Strangford says, we have different rules according to whether we are dealing with Orientals (who, we know, will submit to bullying, and who, we assume, can only be managed by bullying) or with Europeans. The result of the war, however, was the opening up of China. "The ever-victorious army," under Gordon and other English and Americans, helped the Chinese government to put down the Tai-pings; and, until this terrible famine, China seemed in a fair way of recovery. What will happen now; whether the empire will survive this last disaster, or is destined to speedy disintegration, it is impossible to tell. Much will depend on the course which European nations adopt. If, as our traders too frequently wish, they push China hard, ruin may follow; for, though the empire has already, during its wonderfully long life, recovered from great disasters, these have never till now been aggravated

by foreign influence, acting not like a transitory Tartar invasion, but persistently undermining institutions, throwing ridicule on customs, and so terribly weakening a government which depends less on force than on *prestige*. Two years ago, in the prospect of another war on account of the ill-advised Mr. Margary, the newspapers talked largely of our having at last to do in China what we have done in India—take it under our protectorate. To this there are two answers. First, with Asia Minor our hands are full for many years; next, it behoves us to reflect whether an European protectorate will necessarily be, for the Chinese millions, a change for the better. Miss Nightingale's paper in the *Nineteenth Century* for August sets forth with sad eloquence the point to which in this Review we called attention last January—the miserable indebtedness and practical slavery of the ryots. The Chinese system has many faults; but, if securing the greatest happiness to the greatest number is to be the test, it must certainly rank far above our way of managing matters in India. Nor is Russian rule so perfect that the Chinese would hail it as an improvement on their own. It is even more corrupt; and it is hypocritical: while pretending to have abolished the lash, it uses it in such a way that a young enthusiast like Vera Zassoulitch thinks the only way of redressing so gross a wrong is to fire a pistol at the chief of the police. In religion, again, the Russians, whose debased Greek Church it is an abuse of language to call Christianity, are far below Confucians and educated Buddhists, as low, indeed as the worshippers of the Red Dragon and the king of heaven; while Russian family life is not to be mentioned beside the pure and strong affection of which every book on China gives so many instances. Our earnest prayer is that China may be left to itself to acquire strength for another of its periodical battles with the forces which are always sapping human institutions. Much as we desire to see it Christian, we even deprecate any attempt to push Christianity, as the missionaries of some sects would desire to see it pushed. We cannot forget that the Tai-pings claimed to be Christians, and Christianity, ill-understood and forced on by ill-judged efforts, may again become a disintegrating instead of a consolidating force.

With the books named at the head of this paper before him, the reader will be able to learn all that is known about this most interesting people, about whom so

many of us have been hitherto content to know next to nothing. We are sure that his estimate of the people will rise as he comes to understand them better, and, probably, he will think that if Mr. Williams' view is somewhat too favourable, that of Baron Richthofen errs in the other direction. The childlike simplicity of much of the Chinese system, combined (as children know so well how to do) with elaborate punctiliousness, must not blind us to the sterling merit of many of their ways. Respect for age is, we suppose, an undoubted virtue. On this and on parental affection the whole system is based. Open a Chinese toy-book, the stories are almost all about dutiful children. One son of a decayed family sells himself as a slave to get enough to bury his father according to his position. This done he journeys off to the master to whom he is bound, but on his way he is met by a lady who insists on marrying and accompanying him. He is set to silk weaving, at which she proves to be such an adept that in two months they weave three hundred pieces, and therewith purchase his freedom. As soon as they reach the shade of the tree where she first met him, she bows and ascends out of his sight (*Middle Kingdom*, vol. i., p. 515). Again, Koh Ku was so poor that his mother had to share the food allotted to his little child. One day he said to his wife: "We are so poor that there is not enough for both. Why not bury this child? Another may be born to us; but a mother once gone will never return." His wife did not venture to object; so he dug a hole three cubits deep, when he suddenly lighted on a pot of gold, on which was inscribed: "Heaven bestows this treasure on Koh Ku, the dutiful son; the magistrate may not seize it, nor shall the neighbours take it from him" (*Ibid.*) This telling anecdote shows at once the strength and the weakness, the good and the evil, of Chinese morality; but the general result is a vast amount of dutifulness from young to old. This dutifulness sometimes takes very strange practical forms, actually prompting children to maim themselves to provide a sovereign remedy for a sick parent.

Most of us, however, know how strongly duty to parents has taken root in the Chinese character; but it will be a fact new to many that not only do children and grandchildren constantly go to prison for their elders; not only does Government find the surest way of catching an absconding criminal is to imprison his parents, but when parents are sick unto

death children often cut off a piece of their flesh to be prepared with other ingredients as a restorative. The *Pekin Gazette* of July 5, 1870, tells how a young girl of Kiang Ning Fu cut off two joints of one of her fingers, and put the flesh into the medicine which her mother-in-law was taking for a disease which the physicians pronounced incurable. The traditional custom is to cut a piece out of the thigh; and this the girl, only fifteen, first tried to do; but her strength or her courage failed. The mother recovered, and the Governor-General memorialised the Emperor, praying that the laudable act might be exemplarily rewarded by the creation of a triumphal arch in the neighbourhood, "so that filial piety all over the world might receive encouragement."

Archdeacon Gray is convinced that this doctrine, the foundation of order in the state, has enabled China to outlive "Eternal Babylon," and Nineveh and Thebes. "In the keeping of the Fifth Commandment the Chinese have found the promised blessing."

We must not suppose that Confucius was the first originator of this filial regard; the worship of ancestors, which he embodied in his system, is a survival from very early times, and is common to the Chinese with most races at a certain stage of development. King Latinus going to consult his ancestor Picus; the Ulster Chief visiting for the same purpose the burgh of Ængus (the great barrow near Drogheda), are cases in point.

Besides the worship of ancestors, Confucianism recognises a sort of Comtist worship of canonised sages, heroes, and benefactors of mankind, and a great regard for the *Shin* or spirits, who remind us of the genii of Western Asiatics: "the whole world, said Confucius, "is full of them."

Yet, as the Emperor Kang-he, in 1760 officially informed Pope Alexander VI., the Chinese are monotheists, though their monotheism has (in our author's words) "suffered from a perpetual eclipse; and, as if the one pure element in it were not already sufficiently obscured by creature worship, the people have been virtually driven into idolatry by the jealousy with which the worship of Wang-Teen has been confined to the Emperor and his Court. Nowadays there is no very sharp line between the national gods of the Chinese and those of Buddhism and Taouism," and as in India, it is popular repute rather than anything else which draws worshippers to this or that idol.

Having offered, as it were, a sort of prefiguring of our civilisation in almost everything, the Chinese had from 600 to 700 years ago a school of materialist philosophers who seem like faint foreshadowings of the Tyndals and Cliffords of to-day. Confucius had simply said "the Great Extreme" was at the beginning of all things; these reasoners resolved his personal god into this or an ultimate principle, thus opening the door for a denial of any personal god.

Archdeacon Gray's description of the grand function which takes place twice a year in honour of Confucius (in addition to the services held twice every month) is very interesting. At Peking it is conducted by the Emperor as Shing-si-Koon or chief pontiff; everybody is in court dress; there is abundance of incense, standards, plumes of Argus-pheasant tails, troops of boys in uniform, a full choir, and a number of musicians who pretend to play the ancient instruments, the use of which is wholly unknown to the modern Chinese. Altogether the ceremony must be a most imposing one.

Every city, provincial prefectural or district, has its temple of Confucius. Facing the gates usually stands the altar with a tablet above it bearing the sage's name. Sometimes this tablet is replaced by an idol. In 1856 the *litterati* of the Nanhwi district of Canton set up an idol of Confucius in their temple. There was strong opposition; and it was predicted that, Confucius having hated idols, great calamities would come on the city. This prediction was fulfilled by the quarrel between the British consular authorities and the Viceroy Yeh, which led to the bombardment of Canton a few months after the statue was set up. As it happened, a shot struck and greatly damaged the pedestal on which the statue had been placed.

Each Confucian temple contains several shrines, one surmounted by the name-tablets of officials conspicuous for integrity and zeal. Of these officials Mr. Williams (i., p. 364) testifies: "Hundreds of them desire to rule equitably, to clear the innocent and punish the guilty, and such officers generally rise, while the misgovernment of others is visited with degradation." The unjust and rapacious official gets just the very opposite of the name-tablets in the temple; pasquinades about him are stuck up in the streets, and are much more noticed than they would be in any other country. On the other hand, the public respect for worthy officials shows itself in quaint and

yet touching ways, of which both Mr. Williams and Mr. Gray give instances, *e.g.*, when a state officer who has endeared himself to the people resigns and takes his journey home, his boots are kept and a new pair presented to him at every city through which he passes.

But we must say a little more about religion in general; for, next in importance to filial duty and reverence for age comes the matter of religion. We place it second instead of first, because the very divided feelings of the Chinese on the subject lessen its value, and also because the regard for parents which we have spoken of as the pivot of the State is also the chief positive precept of the official religion.

We need say less on this subject, because many who know little else about China know at least the names of Buddha, and Confucius, and Mencius and Laotze.

The three recognised chief religions of China are Confucianism, if a philosophic system can be called a religion; the worship known as Taoism, which has degenerated into mere superstition; and Buddhism, of which there are all degrees from pure theism down to a system of mummeries much on the same level as Taoism. Of these Confucianism, notably resembling the system of M. Comte, is the official worship. All through the empire the temples of the great sage are in honour, and a niche in one of them is a great object of ambition—though, at the same time, the masses of worshippers are not found in them, but in the temples of the Taoist or Buddhist priests who have cleverly pandered to their superstitions.

The scorn with which the rationalists of the literary class regard these superstitions is strongly brought in in Mr. Williams's notice of Wang Yupi (*i.*, p. 559). "All these nonsensical tales about keeping fasts, collecting assemblies, building temples, fashioning images, are figured by these sauntering worthless priests and monks to deceive you." It is the language of a Chinese Luther, and is worthy of being studied by all who are interested in the religious future of the country.

There has been, however, one notable exception to the respect paid to Confucius. Towards the end of the third century Che Hwangte, a man of vast ambition, having established the supremacy of the Tsin dynasty, destroyed Confucius's books, that they might not suggest an unfavourable comparison between his own and other reigns. Fortunately the custom had been (as it is now) for the scholar class to

learn their favourite subjects by heart. Hence, though Che Hwangte put to death more than four hundred of the most learned, the contents of the books were gradually recovered. No doubt the system of Confucius does tend to disregard for mere rites; his saint is not the absorbed ascetic of the Buddhist nor the contemplative recluse of the Taouist. He is the dignified head of the well-ordered family, the dutiful and patriotic citizen who seeks after righteousness and propriety in his doings. "There is government when the prince is prince, and the minister is minister; when the father is father, and the son is son," was the sage's favourite maxim. At the same time he held that a sovereign's claim on his subjects' allegiance became void through his wickedness. Yet, though mainly practical, he was far from degrading religious observance; he made a great point of the worship of Shang-Te by the emperor and great state officers. But he looked at religion from a political point of view, falling sadly short of realising man's position here as a spiritual being whose relations are directly with a personal God; in fact, his system is marked by an absence of religious sentiment. At the same time he believed in a Providence. Thus, when the people of K'wang, mistaking him for a hated tax-gatherer, fell upon him to kill him, he calmly said, "The course of truth is lodged in me; and so long as heaven does not let the course of truth perish, what can the people of K'wang do to me?" Filial duty and submission to superiors are the very pivot of his system; but "the superior man" must be worthy of respect. Thus, when he was appointed Minister of Crime, about 500 B.C., a father against whom his son had committed some offence asked for the latter to be punished by law. Confucius threw both into prison; for "when superiors fail in their duty, justice is not done by punishing the inferiors. This father has not taught his son to be filial."

Besides these systematic religions, two of which have so sadly degenerated, the Chinese have a large number of popular deities, mostly deified mortals, mixed up with elemental worship in a way which deserves the investigation of the comparative mythologist. Apotheosis is indeed so common that it must have needed all the efforts of the sceptical *literati* to prevent Confucius from being made a god of. Thus Manchang, god of scholars, is a glorified schoolmaster, who bears in his hand a book of remem-

brance containing the names and characters of all his votaries. Like several other sages, he was born of very aged parents, and while a mere boy mastered all learning. One of his grandfathers was the emperor who invented the bow and arrow. Bundles of onions are offered at his shrines. Our author one day ventured to ask a man who with his wife was praying to Manchang what they were praying for. "That our children may become good scholars, fit to hold high political positions," was the reply. Kwan-te, god of war, whose figure on a red horse is seen in so many Chinese paintings, was a great general in the third century of our era, and was not canonised till 800 years after his death. He is believed to have appeared in 1855, and, as Santiago used to help the Spaniards, to have helped the Chinese to victory over the rebels. Lung Wong, the Dragon king, is worshipped in drought. If a fast of three days fails to move him, the Governor-general, dressed in sackcloth, with chains round his neck and fetters on his ankles, goes to the temple with a train of sorrowing citizens. Four yellow silk banners, inscribed with Wind, Rain, Thunder, Lightning, are burned, and then a written prayer is flung into the sacred fire. If all this is of no avail, the god is supposed to be asleep, and his image is brought out and exposed to the rays of the sun. Then the arch-abbot of the Taou sect is ordered to pray, and if his prayers are unavailing his salary is stopped. In long droughts large rewards are offered to any one who will bring rain. One priest brought on a fatal fever by praying for four days at an altar built outside the temple. Another had four tubs filled with frogs, which were then teased by boys to make them croak; "in a few days rain is said to have followed this extraordinary exhibition of human folly." Another priest vowed that he would be burnt alive if rain did not come within so many hours; a pile was erected, and all was ready, when a few drops saved his credit and his life. The carrying round of the rain-god, to shew him the parched state of the land (figured, vol. i., p. 148) reminds us of the Greek and Roman custom, as well as of the modern Romanist usage.

Shin-wong, in whose temples are always represented the ten Buddhist hells, has only lately got full divine rank. Till the reign of Kien-lung he was actually inferior to a living governor-general, and his temples were closed whenever

the governor's procession passed. Pak-tai, the spirit of the Sun, is an exception to the ordinary rule of deification. His mother, a queen, "was overshadowed by the spirit of the Sun," and after fourteen months gave birth to a marvellously precocious and pure-minded boy, who after a long life on earth ascended up in a variegated chariot, attended by a company of angels and nymphs. He is the god of Traders, and in 1862 our author saw one of the most intelligent of the merchants gravely consulting him before opening a large business transaction with an English firm. Partners draw up at the year's end a declaration that they have been faithful to one another. This is written in vermilion on yellow paper, and is solemnly burnt on the god's altar, that he may receive and register it. The god is often arbiter in disputes. "Two men," says the archdeacon, "I saw praying and burning incense before Pak-tai. 'Dare you affirm,' said one, 'before this god that you did not steal my clothes?' 'I did not steal them,' was the reply, and the other appeared perfectly satisfied."

There are several deified women, among them Kum-fa, who lived in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and who when a young girl was a constant visitor at temples, and had the power of communing with spirits—was a "medium," we should say. Weary of the world, she at last drowned herself; but when her body rose to the surface, the air was found to be full of sweet odours. There also rose with it her image in sandal-wood, for which a temple was straightway built, and she became the guardian of mothers and children.

The whole subject of Chinese hero-worship, a practice which has grown up alongside the regular creeds, and has been adopted at any rate by the Taouists, demands careful investigation at the hands of those who are given to trace the origin of religions. It has been fostered, no doubt, by the posthumous honours paid, in Comtist fashion, to illustrious men and women; but the feeling must be deeply rooted in the national mind; but for it, indeed, we cannot conceive how the aspirations of nearly four hundred millions of our race could have been so guided as to ensure the comparative peace and order which the Celestial Empire has usually enjoyed.

It is no use reminding us, as Archdeacon Gray too often does, that the system has partially failed, that mandarins

take bribes, and that money will enable you to evade almost any law. Unhappily, no human system is perfect, and the case of the United States, where the outcome of western civilization is at present a political society so rotten that decent people keep aloof from it, and where even the judges' bench is tainted with bribery, might suffice to close our mouths against the shortcomings of the yellow race. We praise, and we cannot praise too highly, the noble thoughts of Greek sages; but thoughts as noble, expressed in terser language, are found in the Chinese books; and there is this grand difference—whereas the Greek culture ended in ruin, remaining, indeed, to inspire choice souls as long as the world lasts, but producing no direct change in the mass, leaving the German destroyers of the Roman Empire, for instance, as untouched as if it had never been, the Chinese culture has pervaded all ranks, is a practical power over every one, from the emperor to the lowest coolie. In the palmiest days of Greece, selfishness was cynically set forth as the law of the able man. To be a tyrant, absolute ruler of his community, was the aim of nearly everyone who felt himself cleverer than their fellows. In China, that class of minds seek to gain high political office by passing brilliant examinations; and when they have compassed their end, they often act so as to be held worthy of lasting posthumous honour.

One fact is enough to show that China is not a country of shams, viz., the universal diffusion of education (among both sexes, except among the women of the northern provinces). Contrast this with the state of the slaves (the bulk of the people) in the civilised nations of antiquity, of almost the whole population of Europe during the Middle ages, and of the poor in most European countries to the present day; and the working of Chinese institutions cannot surely be found fault with. They have done, for many centuries, what our School Board system is only beginning to do for England; and, if our author often finds occasion to point to decay and want of vitality in China, may not this be due to the terrible strain of the English wars combined with the Tai-ping rebellion fostered by those wars? Germany still suffers, we are told, from Napoleon I.'s invasions, nay, from the ravages of the Thirty Years' War; why should not China have its periods of quiescence without being pronounced effete by a set of greedy foreigners, anxious to make money rapidly out of

what their own wishes lead them to believe is a falling empire.

Now that the value of competitive examinations is being so much questioned, Mr. Gray's chapter on education has a special interest. A Chinaman is supposed to be as insensible to noise as he is to bad smells, and we read that "the din in a Chinese schoolroom appears to a foreigner more characteristic of Bedlam than of a place of study;" yet, "at the upper schools and colleges, the silence which reigns when a lecturer is expounding the doctrines of the sages is so great, that I might have fancied myself in a Christian church. Even the servants seemed to suspend their labours for a time, lest they should disturb the lecturer." The youth who is preparing for his B.A. has (after the old scholastic fashion) to support a thesis *viva-voce* against his tutor. The successful B.A. becomes the hero of his district. As soon as the class-lists are out, light boats put off in all directions to carry the tidings, men also go through the streets shouting out that they have correct copies for sale. On reaching home, the B.A. has to worship, in the ancestral hall of his clan, the tablets of his forefathers, and to pay a visit to his schoolmaster. He is carried in a sedan, followed by friends and relations in chairs of state. Then come offerings of various kinds carried under gilded canopies. The procession is opened by musicians and banner-men. The M.A. examination is much more severe, and those who pass it successfully have their names hung up in their clan's hall of ancestors. There are yet two higher degrees, the second of which (Han-lin) Mr. Gray identifies with our LL.D. The examination for this is conducted at Peking by the emperor himself; and the successful candidates dine with his majesty, and become such distinguished people, that, on their way back to their provinces, inn-keepers contend for the honour of lodging them.

Of the Chinese newspapers (one of them, the *Pekin Gazette*, existed ages before printing was known in Europe), and the lies, even more audacious than the first Napoleon's bulletins, which they published about the taking of Peking, our author gives amusing details:—"Prince Tseng advised the emperor to let the turbulent barbarians enter the city, when they could all be hemmed in and taken alive. Accordingly, the four gates of Peking were opened wide; neither the dogs nor the chickens were alarmed." This

is an extract from a news-letter sold in Canton at the time.

Of the *literati*, about whom we have heard a good deal in reference to their opposition to missionaries, an opposition natural enough when we come to think of the conduct of European governments and individuals in China, our author speaks very highly, and quotes Mr. Low, of the United States' Legation, to the effect that "they create the public opinion of the country, which exercises a controlling influence over the officials, and is usually powerful enough to nullify the action of the officers, from the emperor down, whenever popular rights are in danger of being invaded or the people unduly oppressed. They act as advisers to the lower classes; and their good offices are sought by the Government in managing local affairs. In this view, the Chinese Government is essentially democratic in practice."

To marriage ceremonies Archdeacon Gray devotes a long space, finding many analogies between the views of the Chinese and those of the old Jews on this subject. Marriage in China is imperative on all, that all may have numerous descendants to do homage to their departed spirits. "An old Chinese refused to let his granddaughter engage to stay seven years in an American missionary's school. Long before that term would be expired, she ought," he said, "to present him with greatgrandsons."

Monogamists in theory, the richer Chinese have sadly declined to polygamy in practice. Hence, marriages among the higher classes are often unhappy. Our author knew many families in which the ladies refused to marry, preferring to become Buddhist or Taouist nuns; some commit suicide to avoid marriage; in 1873, eight young *fiancées* dressed themselves in their best, tied themselves together, and in the dead of the night walked into a branch of the Canton river. The courting is all managed by professional match-makers; and sometimes a young man is married on his deathbed, in order that his parents may have the comfort of a daughter-in-law. Cruel custom bids such a bride live all her days in virgin widowhood in the house of her parents-in-law. The honours (including a monumental arch, sometimes of white marble, or even of porcelain) which such an one receives when she has reached her sixty-first year, show that the custom is sometimes infringed. When an affianced girl dies before marriage, her betrothed is married at night to her spirit,

represented by a tablet bearing her name. At ordinary weddings, the bridal procession is very striking—chair carved and gilt, or covered with enamel, of kingfishers' feathers for the bride; men in red tunics carrying boxes and packages, gilded canopies covering trays of sweetmeats, a wild goose and gander, emblems of conjugal fidelity, a figure of a dolphin, emblem of rank and wealth, and a fabulous quadruped, the keelun, which, say the Chinese, never fails to appear when a sage is born into the world. The double marriage, in preparation for which the sexagenarian wife goes to her old home and is again courted by her husband, has some analogy with our golden wedding; and the marriage of the dead—a dead boy's spirit being married to some girl who died about the same time and at the same age—may remind us of the baptism for the dead in the Corinthian Church. At this ceremony there is a vast amount of paper-burning, including figures of the bride and bridegroom in full wedding dress. The idea is, to appease the angry spirits of sons who, if not married, would bring mischief on their families.

Divorce, on the man's side, is almost as easy as amongst the old Jews; but a woman who leaves her husband and marries again is liable to be strangled. If, however, she has been deserted for three years, she is free.

Infanticide does not seem, from Archdeacon Gray's account, so common as we often imagine it; the practice is in direct violation of the edicts of Governors-general; but, as our juries so often acquit women guilty of child-murder, Chinese councils of elders are likewise disposed to look leniently on the crime.

Why the feet of female children are compressed, Mr. Gray cannot tell; he can only suggest that the cause may have been a wish to distinguish the Chinese, *ascripti glebæ*, from the nomadic Tartars and Hakkas (aboriginal tribes). Of the extent of parental authority, and the startling way in which it is exercised on grown up children, our author gives many instances. In Hang-chow he saw a mother beating her son, a man of thirty. She owned a large silk-weaving factory; and he, a sad drunkard, was in the habit of pilfering her money. "The erring son received his castigation with meek submission; a crowd thronged the entrance-door, but no one interfered." Those who have gone over Mettray or the Rauhe Haus at Hamburg may have seen a private room in which the re-

fractory son of wealthy parents is by their wish confined. In China the thing is managed at home; so that you may, when calling on a native gentleman, happen to find his son walking about in fetters. One lad, an orphan, was imprisoned for threatening, in a fit of intoxication, to stab his uncle, in whose house he was being brought up. He was only let out on condition of going as a coolie to the West Indies. Parricide is punished not only on the murderer, but also on his schoolmaster. The bones, too, of his grandfather are scattered to the wind, and the ancestral hall of the clan closed. Parricide, however, is very rare; so is striking a parent, which is also punished on the clan, on the neighbours, and on the graduate who stood at the head of the list in which the offender ranked.

A great mistake made by hasty observers is to say that slavery is unknown in the great empires of the far East. It is not universal, as it was in the old Western world, and as it still is in Mahomedan countries; but yet there exists a considerable amount of slavery in China. Children are, as the records of this present terrible famine have reminded us, constantly sold by their parents in time of dearth. Gamblers, too, frequently sell their children. Masters have the same uncontrolled power over their slaves that parents have over their children; and slavery is hereditary, though the greatgrandsons of slaves may, if they have the means, purchase their freedom. The condition of slaves is far better than it was amongst the old Greeks and Romans; "in all respectable families they are treated with great consideration." Of course, there are occasional instances of gross cruelty, as must always be the case when one class has no legal rights. The episode of Sarah and Hagar is often reproduced in China; a barren wife, if she has an amiable slave, suggests that her husband should take her as a second wife. Servants, too (*i.e.* slaves), talk to their masters and mistresses with the freedom which Davus and Syrus in Terence use, and take a part in the affairs of the household which would astonish a stand-off European.

The New-year's festivals, class dinners, and dragon-boat processions, &c., all show us that the Chinese are very much given to enjoy life. Their boat festivities remind us of those which Herodotus describes as practised by the old Egyptians. Besides the well-known feast of lanterns, during which Canton, seen from an eminence, seems like

a fairy city, there is the feast of All-souls, at which masses are said continuously by Taouist and Buddhist priests, who, on this occasion, pray to one another's gods indiscriminately. Kite-flying, as in Japan, is practised by old as well as young, and forms a part of some religious ceremonies. Chinese kites are fitted in the centre with a few metallic strings, on the Æolian-harp principle. It is recorded that a general named Hon, closely hemmed in by a superior force, escaped by means of a number of kites. As the wind carried these, in the dead of the night, over the enemy's lines, the sounds, "*Foo-Hon!*" (Beware of Hon!) came wailing down from the sky. "It is our guardian angels," thought the besiegers; "they are warning us of impending danger." So they fled, and Hon escaped.

Mourning ceremonies, the elaborate mode of selecting a lucky spot for the grave, worshipping at the tombs of ancestors, visits of ceremony, theatricals, games (shuttlecock played with the feet being the most common) all find a place in Mr. Gray's exhaustive volumes. A proper site for a tomb is deemed of such importance that grave-diggers are often bribed to remove a body which is "in a propitious situation," and place another in its room. If people think any of their ancestors lies in an unlucky grave, they dig up the body and put the bones in an urn. The grave-diggers are wonderful adepts at the practical anatomy needed for arranging the various bones.

Suicides are as common in China as among the Chinese abroad. Of coolies, indeed, in the Chincha isles and in Cuba, it is not to be wondered that they should wish to escape out of this world. Wives who have given way to the national weakness for gambling and have lost their jewels often kill themselves, rather than incur their husbands' displeasure. People who are wrongly accused of theft not unfrequently commit suicide; so do girls who have gone wrong, and who, driven from their homes by the harshness of Chinese opinion, have nothing before them but a life of prostitution. Both Archdeacon Gray and Mr. Denny mention many strange superstitions as to the power which the spirits of suicides possess of inducing others to commit the same crime; these notions, of course, lead to a vast amount of exorcism. Suicide, by strangulation, on the part of childless widows, is considered honourable; tablets bearing the names of such are set up in

the temples erected in honour of virtuous women, which are found in every city, and monumental arches are also erected to their honour. Men and officers often commit suicide after being defeated in battle; their wives sometimes imitate their example. "The wife of the Pun-yu magistrate killed herself rather than submit to the insult offered to the emperor by the attack of the British on Canton. She dressed herself in her best robes, gave each of her servants a gift of money, and went and strangled herself. The Cantonese erected a temple to her." Mr. Williams gives several instances of these honourable suicides.

The orders of nobility seem as numerous as with ourselves; at any rate, Mr. Gray finds the counterpart of duke (*koong*), marquis (*hou*), and so on, down to baronet (*nan*). The elaborate etiquette used on all visits between officials would naturally make the Chinese stigmatize as barbarians those who dispense with it. The carrying of umbrellas is the subject of minute regulation; the number of flounces, the ornament on the top, the colour and material, all depend on the rank of the bearer. Walking-sticks, too, are dealt with by law; men between fifty and sixty may use them on their own premises, between sixty and seventy in their villages and neighbourhoods; after eighty, everywhere.

The minuteness of Chinese law finds its parallel in Mr. Gray's book, which is a perfect mine of facts, describing everything, from quail and cricket-fighting (he even tells us what the crickets and the various kinds of small fighting-birds are fed upon), to questions of slavery. Everything, indeed, is treated of, except the opium traffic, the evils of which our readers will find strongly deprecated by Mr. Williams, and, of course, set forth in a variety of aspects in the various numbers of the *Friend of China*.

If Mr. Williams gives more attention to history and philology, Archdeacon Gray does not disdain the minutest details respecting the life of the people. Soothsaying, tight-rope dancing, fortune-telling, fiddling, all come under his notice. To judge from the following extract from Archdeacon Cobbold's *Pictures of Chinese*, the fortune-teller must be something of an etymologist. "When the consulter has drawn one from a box full of slips of cardboard, on each of which an important word is written, the fortune-teller writes the word on a white board, begins to point out its root and derivation, shows its component parts, ex-

plains where its emphasis lies, and what is its particular force in composition, and then deduces from its meaning and structure some particulars which he applies to the special case of the consulter. No language, perhaps, possesses such facilities for diviners and their art as the Chinese, and the words selected are easily made to evolve, under the manipulation of a skilful artist, some mystical meaning of oracular indefiniteness."

Instead of the learned pig the Chinese have the learned bullfinch, or tortoise, warranted to select the very card which the consulter has drawn and looked out previously to its being replaced in the pack. Geomancy enters largely into the lives of Chinamen. The irregularity of their towns, greater even than that of Old London, is due to the paramount necessity of building on lucky sites. Above all (as we remarked above), a lucky site is requisite for a tomb. It is strange that, with such a teeming population, the best land is chosen for burying places, damp or stony soil being invariably eschewed.

Dreams play their part in Chinese life, and historically this has been a very important one. Foo Yat, a common bricklayer's-labourer, was made prime minister by the Emperor Mootung, A.D. 1324, because of his striking resemblance to a face that had appeared to him in a dream as that of a faithful minister presented to him by the King of Heaven.

The Pekin boards of astrologers and almanack makers are very important bodies, and a sum is advanced by the treasurer of each province to republish the state almanack in each provincial capital. The strange state of half-belief in which the Chinese are content to remain as to many things is shown by the proclamations about eclipses. Thus in May, 1872, the governor of the district round Shanghai gave the date of an eclipse for the following month, fixing the time of its beginning, its greatest intensity, its close. Yet after this thoroughly scientific statement he called on the people to beat gongs and tom-toms loudly during the time, lest the Tien How [heavenly dogs] should devour the sun.

A Chinaman is all his life in bondage, not to fear of death, but to the dread of evil spirits. Combined with the deep regard for ancestors which grows out of that filial feeling which is the key-stone of Chinese life, is a rooted belief in the malignity of restless or dissatisfied ancestral

spirits, especially of ancestors who have been Buddhist priests. Moreover, the ghosts of the unburied, of beggars who have died uncared for at street corners, of babes, and of aged people, and above all of suicides, are ever on the watch to bring evil on a household. The portable altar set up by Taouist exorcisers is singularly like that of an Anglican ritualist (ii., p. 16), though the ladder which forms part of the Taouist paraphernalia has not yet been introduced on the ritualistic stage.

Spirit-writing and spirit-rapping are both well known and practised in China. A strange mode of cure, resorted to when a son or daughter is sick, is for the father to humble himself in the sight of the gods by asking alms from house to house. He begs that only one cash may be given him, and when he has collected a hundred he spends them in rice, which it is supposed will infallibly cure the patient. When a child is very sick it is rubbed with cash, which are then thrown into the street to tempt the evil spirit to leave the body which he is afflicting.

Archdeacon Gray's seventeenth chapter is a perfect store-house for those who are fond of tracing and comparing survivals and primitive customs. Just as in the legends, &c., in Mr. Dennys' collection, the resemblance to old European practice strikes us at every turn. Thus on house-walls, at street-corners, and on chairs, is inscribed the word "Shou" (longevity); and over most doors are written, "Five beatitudes enter by this door," the characters being sometimes replaced by five bats, for in China the bat is a bird of good omen. Epidemics are thought to be caused by hungry ghosts, to satisfy whom the thrifty Chinese have substituted for the slaughter of beasts beside a trench, as recorded in the *Odyssey*, and the outpouring of wine and milk, the economical process of burning large quantities of paper money and paper clothes.

Water-devils, however, who drown the unwary, cannot be appeased without more solid offerings. Archdeacon Gray saw two instances of white horses sacrificed to the "water-wraith:" "The horse is first felled, and then beheaded by a person set apart for this very singular duty. Its head is placed in a large earthenware jar, and buried on the bank, or in the bed of the river at low water-mark. Near this spot a stone pillar is erected, bearing the name of the future Buddha, and sometimes the figure of a horse's head. The headless

carcase is not thrown away, but becomes the perquisite of the slaughterer, and is sold for food in the adjacent markets." The following scene is not at all what we should expect five miles from the sober matter-of-fact city of Canton:—"The white horse, with its head crowned with garlands, was led in triumph through the streets of the village. Over its back was slung a wallet, in the pockets of which were placed charms bearing the name and seal of a great goddess. The charms, folded into triangles, were bought very readily by the crowd, to be placed on their houses with the view of preventing the entrance of evil spirits. When the horse was brought to the river-bank, an exorcist, dressed so as to look as ferocious as possible, performed a wild dance and uttered all kinds of violent threats against water-devils. The horse was then thrown, and its throat cut, the blood being caught in a large jar. Part was carried to the temple of the goddess, whither hundreds rushed to sprinkle with it the charms they had bought. The rest, mixed with sand, was put in the bows of a boat along with the horse's head and legs. A youth, who with hands feet and face painted black was supposed to represent the whole family of water-devils, was now seized, bound hand and foot, and placed near the horse's head. A procession of boats, some carrying 'braves,' who kept firing their matchlocks, was formed, and, as it moved along, handfuls of the blood and sand were thrown into the water to appease the demons. When the procession reached the boundary of the village-land the young man with blackened face, having been unbound, leaped into the river, and amid the rattle of musketry swam ashore."

When a house is to be built, the site having been duly chosen by geomancy, great pains are taken to select a ridge-beam with neither cracks nor knots. It is painted red, and smeared with blood taken from the comb of a young cock, the Taouist priest meanwhile chanting prayers to Loo-Pan, god of Carpenters. To bring wealth to the family, some gold leaf is put into a hole bored in the beam. A Chinese friend of the author found as much as sixteen taels in the beam of a house which he had bought.

As the cook at Westminster School, during the Shrove-tide, deftly throws a pancake over the big beam in the dormitory, catching it again in the dish as it falls on the other side; and as Glamorganshire maidens, in quest of good luck in wedlock, fling a cake over the natural beam which

spans the Tresilyan cave near the Nash point, so the Chinese exorcist takes ten dumplings of fried dough, exclaiming, as he throws each over the ridge, "May the sons and grandsons of him for whom this house is being built buy a hundred acres of land every year." So great is the faith in lucky and unlucky days that when a temple in a chief street of Canton was to be repaired the householders all round went out to visit their friends—getting up at 3 a.m. for the purpose, and staying away all day—for fear the day should prove unlucky despite the well-known wisdom of the astrologer who chose it, and so the spirits of the place would visit the neighbours with plagues as soon as the workmen began.

On the housetop is placed either the earthenware figure of a cock, or an iron trident, or three earthenware cannons. The trident, in which Mr. Gladstone (*Juventus Mundi*) finds some reference to the Trinity, is also fixed to the taffrails of junks. If a house is overlooked by another, not built according to the strict rules of geomancy, its inmates are sure to suffer unless protected by mystic representations of Yin and Yan (the male and female principle). Portraits of Chat-Chae, "the seventh sister, who dwelt in the seventh of the seven stars," and her husband, are also placed over house-doors to ensure happy wedded life and fair male offspring, not quite on the same principle on which Greek dames placed in their chambers statues representing :

Νῆρτα καὶ Νάρκισσον ἰὺμμελιν ὅ' Ὑάκινθον.

More worthy of imitation is the custom of hanging about the walls sentences from Confucius or Mencius, e.g. "Cleanse your hearts," "Do to others as you would be done by," "Turn from impurity," &c. These our author appositely compares with the Jewish Mezuzoth (Exod xiii. 9; Deut. vi. 8, &c.).

Charms, of course, work for the bad as well as for the good. The perjurer escapes punishment if he writes on each corner of a tile certain characters, and places the tile on an altar in honour of the gods of the earth and rice fields. After some days he returns, breaks the tile with a hammer, and believes himself free from the bond of his sin. Such people naturally look on sudden death as a sign of heaven's anger; of the practical working of this belief our author gives a sad instance. A Canton boatman

was struck by lightning, and his boat so broken that wife and children had to cling to a large tea-junk for support. The crew at once drove them off, positively refusing help to a family whose head had deserved condign punishment from the gods. The wife and children would have been drowned but for the timely aid of three Americans. Again, when Archdeacon Gray wished to put a monk who had long been ill of a loathsome disease under the care of Dr. Kerr of the Medical Missionary Hospital, the abbot urged him not to show kindness to one who had doubtless in a former state been guilty of some heinous sin of which he was now working out the penalty.

In spite of this fatalism, the Chinese have their hospitals, and rich men sometimes spend very large sums in benevolent schemes "in the hope of receiving titles and honours from the emperor." We hope there is some mistake in imputing this motive. Anyhow Archdeacon Gray must have left England at a very early age if he really thinks that our benevolence will contrast favourably with that of the Chinese in point of morality. Asylums for the aged and infirm, for the blind, for foundlings, for lepers, exist in every city; but their management seemed to our author in all respects vastly inferior to that of similar places in Europe. They are supported partly from lands, partly by a tax on the salt merchants. The blind are so badly fed that they are obliged to beg from door to door. When a string of them enters a shop it is a trial of patience between them and the shopkeepers. They make with gongs and shrill songs a din that no European shopkeeper could endure; he, knowing that only one company can occupy the shop at a time, and that if these go another set will quickly follow, lets them go on as long as possible before giving his dole—a single copper cash or a handful of unboiled rice. Lepers haunt burying-grounds, exacting from mourners alms which are never refused, lest the souls of their departed friends should be plagued by the souls of dead lepers. Their demands rise in proportion to the wealth and rank of the deceased, and if their demands are so exorbitant as to be resisted they even leap into the grave and prevent the coffin from being lowered. A rich Canton merchant, at whose funeral our author was present, was carried to the grave with gilded canopies covering rich offerings. Two or three bands of music were playing, and a splendidly-embroidered pall was placed over the coffin. When, however, the procession got into the open country,

and neared the cemetery gates, all these trappings were removed, and it was borne to the grave accompanied only by the mourners; the lepers, hoodwinked for once, were reasonable in their demands. Lepers are forbidden to associate with those free from the disease. In the asylums they are employed in making cocoa-nut fibre ropes. Leprosy seems worst in the silk districts of Kwang-tung. Here there are no asylums; but almost every creek has its leper-boat, the occupier of which has a long bamboo with a bag at the end, which is presented to every passing vessel, and never presented in vain. These lepers reminded the archdeacon of hermits, holding no intercourse with their fellows nor with one another. Rich men often try to evade the law by shutting themselves up in a remote part of their houses; neighbours, however, are pretty sure to give information, and there is a statute that if a leper is killed in the attempt to forcibly remove him to an asylum the killer is exempt not only from punishment but also from blame. Our author found leprosy gradually diminish as he went northward; he met with no cases at all in the very northern provinces. Lunacy in China seems very rare, happily for the sufferers, whose treatment is as bad as it was among us a century ago.

There are no workhouses, but in every city refuges are open during winter at which beggars can get food and lodging. That at Pekin can take in a thousand; but, though supported by the Emperor, "like all such institutions, it shows signs of mismanagement and decay." Mendicancy is kept down by the help which the rich families of a clan are accustomed to give to their poor; but from our authors' hints we gather that a Chinaman's benevolence is not overflowing. In all cities, and even in many towns and villages are public granaries where rice is supposed to be stored, and, in time of war or famine, sold at a reduced rate to the soldiers and the poor. Our author's remark is: "These institutions owe their origin not so much to benevolent feelings as to those of self-preservation." The apathy of the mandarins, however, suffers them to remain empty and to grow ruinous. Despite the Archdeacon's too general reference of Chinese benevolence to selfish motives, he finds nothing to say against the very commendable practice of placing vases of cold tea at the doors during summer for the refreshment of poor wayfarers. "Ginger soup is provided in winter with the same intention. During the hot months

rich men distribute vast numbers of fans among the poor. . . . Others purchase coffins for paupers, often making a gift of them to the temples where they worship." At weddings, birthdays, and other festivals, the beggars ask alms as matter of course; if the family is a leading one, eight beggars are dined in the porch; a secondary family dines six, a third-rate family four. Money, according to a regular tariff, is sometimes given instead of food. The beggars are divided into guilds, and paying to one guild is a protection against all further annoyance; the head of the guild gives a stamped red card which is placed above the entrance door. Twice a year all the beggars of Canton are feasted by the wealthy shop-keepers. Our author, who was present at one of these feasts, was strikingly reminded of the words of the Gospel about calling the maimed, the lame, and the blind; and also about the "uppermost rooms," for he was led into a hall in which sat only the heads of the guilds. These men have great power over their ragged subordinates. They often let out marriage-chairs and biers because they can hire cheaply the able-bodied men of their guild to act as bearers. They are also liked as city watchmen, for tradesmen find that they are able to quell any outbreak among the beggars far more readily than the officials can. Unhappily, besides the guilds, there are hordes of unenrolled beggars of both sexes whose misery is extreme. These are often found dead at the street corners, and are then buried by the rich men near whose houses they have died; at the grave head is placed a board inscribed with the name not of the dead but of him at whose cost he was buried. Such beggars resort to all kinds of expedients to extort alms; they cut themselves with razors, they beat their heads against shop-walls, they belabour themselves with sticks, they lie down on the thresholds, they even (in the northern provinces) pocket their pride so much as to kneel in the street for alms, with the avowed intention of dying there if not relieved. Others try gentler means; some carry long copper pipes and offer passers-by a whiff or two, the regulation price for which is three cash.

The chapter on hotels and restaurants is exceedingly amusing. As at home, the public room is below, the private dining rooms above. On all the walls hang notices that the proprietor will not be responsible for the loss of fans, umbrellas, &c. Instead of napkins squares of coarse brown paper are used. It is a mark of friendship to transfer with

your chopsticks a little of your food to your neighbour's mouth. During the last course the guests constantly play the time-honoured game of "How many fingers do I hold up?" which Egyptians of the earliest period, and Greeks, and Romans alike played in their time. The forfeit for guessing wrong is, as in classical times, to drink a cup of wine.

Guild clubs, "at which it is astonishing what an amount of information may be gained by chatting with the many respectable and intelligent persons who board and lodge there;" "Travellers' rests," where families lodge, and where each party must have its own cook and servant; tea saloons enlivened by vocalists and reciters of poems, but not at all like the Japanese "tea-houses;" soup-stalls; dog and cat-flesh restaurants; floating hotels beautifully illuminated at night—about all these our author has much to say; his minuteness in observing and his determination not to over-praise being shown by such phrases as "towels which I purposely refrain from calling clean." As among us, the guilds have their periodical dinners, and the guild-halls are among the most beautiful of Chinese buildings. Every hotel-keeper has to keep the names and addresses of all visitors; and one, with an enterprise altogether European, wanted to charge our author extra because a prince of the blood royal had occupied the same apartments a few weeks before. The bill of fare at a dog and cat shop is as follows:

"Cat's flesh, one basin...	10 cents.
Black cat's flesh, one small ditto	...	5	"
Wine, one bottle	...	3	"
Wine, one small bottle	...	1½	"
Congee, one basin	...	2	cash."

The flesh of black dogs and cats is supposed to be more nutritious than that of dogs and cats of any other colour; it is cut into small pieces and fried with water-chestnuts and garlic. "At the commencement of summer a ceremony called A-chee, which consists in eating dog's flesh, is observed by people of all ranks. Dog's flesh so eaten is supposed to give strength, and to be an antidote against summer epidemics." Yet "in Canton no man who is in the habit of eating dog's flesh can enter a temple to worship till he has abstained from such food for three days at least."

Rats are eaten; you see them hanging in the poulterers'

shops along with ducks, geese, and fowls; they are also salted and dried, and eaten as a hair restorative.*

Pawnbroking is more extensively carried on in China than perhaps in any other part of the world. It is strictly under Government control, the higher-class pawnshops being owned by companies of wealthy tradesmen, and being bound to receive on interest at 12 per cent. a certain amount of Government funds. They charge 3 per cent. per month on all pledges, except during the three winter months, when the rate is lowered that the poor may be able to redeem their warm clothes and that everybody may appear in good attire on New Year's Day. Unredeemed pledges are not, under most circumstances, sold before three years have expired. Pawnshops to some extent take the place of banks; respectable people often pawn their winter clothes at the beginning of summer to ensure their safe keeping against fires and against the insects which swarm in the damp weather. Pawnshops are built of brick and faced with granite, with iron blinds and doors. They are fireproof. Our author saw a whole street in Canton burnt down, except the pawnshop, which towered above the ruins "like a peel or border fortress." His picture of a pawnshop shows the four stories, and the fortified roof, with its heaps of stones and vitriol jars for flinging at the heads and squirting into the faces of robbers who sometimes in large bands make a raid on the pawnshops. Why there should be pawnshops of a lower class, kept by wealthy convicts or by policemen and magistrates' runners, we are not told. In these the rate of interest is very high, and is paid three times a month, and pledges are only kept three months instead of three years.

Chinese loan societies differ pleasingly from those which often figure in our newspapers. Of one kind which receives no interest our author gives unfortunately no account; the interest-receiving societies are formed among relatives and friends, each contributing an equal sum. Pong Koong says: "I want to marry my son," or "to bury my father," or "to pay my creditors," and straightway the society is formed,

* The Chinese also eat horse; but our author was unable to overcome his prejudice both to horse flesh and mare's milk; ii. 174. Archdeacon Gray here speaks of *kumis*, the spirit from mare's milk, as though it was something peculiar to Mongolia. It is one of the places in his book which the editor should have looked to.

Pong Koong agreeing to pay off so much quarterly and to give interest at a rate agreed upon.

From pawnshops Archdeacon Gray passes to pagodas, of which the most famous, the porcelain tower of Nankin, was destroyed by the Tai-ping rebels. Some of them are of great antiquity. Thus the Flowery pagoda in Canton dates from the sixth century A.D.; the man who restored it 600 years ago is canonised as the patron of carpenters. Pagodas, our author thinks, are a modified form of the Gopuras or tower temples of the Hindoos, and were not built in China till the coming in of Buddhism very early in the Christian era. Many of them are memorial towers; the porcelain tower was built in 1413 by the then emperor out of gratitude to his mother, and its roof was adorned with five large pearls, each of which was to exert a good influence over Nankin and the neighbourhood.

If the Chinese, as compared with some nations, have neglected their roads, it is because their rivers and canals have always been their chief highways; we must remember, too, the state of our own roads not two centuries ago. Their roads are narrow for fear of encroaching on the food-producing land. Bridges in northern China are very noble structures; in the south they are so inferior that had our author only travelled there he would have "returned home under the impression that the art of bridge-building was all but unknown to the people of the Celestial Empire."

To agriculture Archdeacon Gray devotes several very interesting chapters. In reclaiming waste land, in terracing the hill-sides so that the soil may not be washed away, the Chinese are adepts. In almost every village there is a board of elders to keep the farmers and landowners up to the proper level. If a landowner neglects to have his estate sufficiently cultivated, it is at last confiscated. In time of flood or famine government makes loans to farmers to buy seed. Nobody can sell house or land without giving notice to the district ruler, and first offering it to his kindred and then to the members of his clan. He then prints hand-bills which the middle-man distributes to likely purchasers. These bills are not posted on the walls, "that the reduced circumstances of the seller may not be made publicly known."

Farm-houses are often big enough to contain three generations; they are often beautifully embosomed in trees. On the village-gate and on its ancestral hall is

usually a notice like the following:—"The elders and gentry of Chang-few hereby give notice to all inhabitants and passers by that they are on no account to fell or injure the surrounding trees. Nor are they to shoot the birds in the branches. Let this command receive implicit obedience, as the trees and birds exert a good geomantic influence over the village and the adjoining rice-plain."

In some districts the farm-houses and mansions are strongly fortified; and then the gentry hold somewhat the position of feudal chieftains.

The plough is so light that the ploughman often carries it home on his shoulders; and "among the aborigines," about whom this otherwise exhaustive book tells us far too little, "a farmer may sometimes be seen guiding the plough, to which his wife is yoked." Of course in terrace-tillage only the hoe is used. Before farm work begins the spring festival must be kept. At Pekin the ceremonies are performed by the Emperor in person. In every district a paper buffalo as large as life is carried out, beaten with rods by the magistrates and officials, and then solemnly burnt, the crowd scrambling for the fragments, which are supposed to bring luck through the year. It is impossible to read these ceremonies without being reminded of those with which the Incas of Peru used to open the agricultural year. The Peruvian civilisation crumbled away when brought in contact with Spanish bigotry and savagery; a modern Peruvian is in all respects vastly below not merely a Chinese but a Peruvian of Pizarro's day. We devoutly hope that the Chinese civilisation is strong enough to do what that of the Incas could not, viz. to bear the brunt of European inroad; for we feel that what a nation teaches itself or picks up by itself is worth infinitely more than all that it is formally taught by another.

Of Chinese irrigation we have all heard; their water wheels, of bamboo and timber, without a particle of metal, are models of ingenuity. In their care of manure and management of sewage matter they are far before any Europeans; speaking of the women scavengers, Archdeacon Gray remarks:—"They were by far the prettiest women I have seen in China; their dresses were also remarkable for neatness and cleanliness, and each had her headdress ornamented with a small bouquet of beautiful flowers. It is as if the Chinese had read Fourier, who, in his *Phalanstère*, recommends that those engaging in chimney-

sweeping or any other disgusting operations should be rewarded for their public spirit and self-sacrifice with a laurel crown or other badge of honour."

Rice is not tilled like other grains; it is sown very thick in a banked up corner of the field, and then transplanted, the labourers being so expert that they can prick out more than twenty plants a minute. Weevils are kept out of the stored grain by the simple expedient of burning the husks, and mixing the white ash so produced with the rice. Clever as they are, it does not appear that the Chinese have got beyond the old quern; on the other hand, their scythe, with basket to catch the corn as it is cut, is on the level of our newest inventions. Beans form a very important crop, being grown chiefly for the sake of the oil; the bean-cake is given to cattle or used as manure. Beans are salted in jars for winter use, and bean-curd made by boiling well-strained bean flour is a common article of food. Sugar, indigo, cotton, tobacco, are all largely grown in China. Mr. Gray tells us much about them, and about tea and silk; but he says not a word about opium, which, if reports are true, is driving out all other crops in many parts of the empire. Our poultry-keepers might take many hints from the Chinese; and, above all, the way in which their pigs are kept is a pattern to the world. The picture of the pig-market at Canton quite prepares us for the following description: "The flagged floors, on which no straw is allowed to lie, are kept as clean as the floor of an English kitchen. You may visit a sty containing two hundred pigs without the most sensitive nose being affected" (ii., 169).

Stock is scarce, especially in the South, where the horses (used almost exclusively by Government officials) are no bigger than ponies. Small though they are, Chinese horses must be wonderfully good if they will travel five hundred miles at from twenty to twenty-five miles a day with apparent ease (ii., 175). When well fed up for a journey, they may be driven as many as thirty or forty miles a day. Chinese ladies ride man's fashion, and our author saw a lady near one of the northern towns "display judgment and dexterity in managing a restive chestnut which could not have been surpassed by the best English horsewoman." Wheel carriages were introduced by the founder of the Hia dynasty, B.C. 2205, and through several dynasties they were restricted to royal and noble families, and were drawn by men. Camels are much used in China, and so are drome-

daries, which often accomplish from sixty to one hundred miles a day. The account of the archdeacon buying a horse at the fair of Lama-mion, in Mongolia, "where dirty street boys, who were in great requisition, put the steeds through their paces with all the skill and cunning of Yorkshire dealers," is very amusing. "After some very business-like and amicable wrangling, the Mongolian proposed adjourning to some inn, where the matter might be discussed with greater deliberation, . . . and so, across a table on which the host placed some of the wine of the country, we fought our commercial battle fairly and in good faith on both sides. It was finally settled that the animal, one of the best horses I met with in China, should change owners on reasonable terms."

Every Australian knows what clever gardeners the Chinese are; they are equally successful in their own country. The landscape-gardens much resemble what we see on the willow-pattern plates, with zigzag bridge, rockeries of granite, garden houses, &c. Most gardens contain ponds for growing the lotus, for almost every part of which the Chinese find a use.

With bees they are very successful, making them so tame that they never sting any one who goes near the hive.

Of the different kinds of tea we will only note that for Congou the leaves are thoroughly dried, then heaped up and covered with cloths until they heat and change their colour to black or brown, becoming also much more fragrant. Labourers then twist them by rubbing them in the palms of their hands. They are once more dried, sorted from stalks, winnowed, and then put into boxes. Brick tea we are sometimes told is the best of all; our author does not think so. It is made, he tells us, of coarse leaves which have been gathered and stored for years, though Professor Johnson, he says, is quite wrong in saying that scum of sheep and ox blood is often mixed to make the bricks harder.

"The first Chinese who paid attention to silk-culture was the wife of the Emperor Hung-tai, B.C. 2,700." She, according to the quasi-Comtist usage, which deifies national benefactors, is worshipped at a yearly festival, at which the empress, with a train of princesses and great ladies, repairs to her altar, and, after sacrificing, proceeds to gather mulberry leaves with silver implements. Of course the people who are such adepts at artificially hatching fowls' and ducks' eggs,

do not leave their silkworms' eggs to nature; they wash them in warm water, that all may come to life at the same time. The following shows the economy which pervades every phase of Chinese life: "On a visit to a silk farm, I was respectfully invited by the proprietress to join her in eating a dish of boiled chrysalids—excellent food they are considered by the silkworkers" (ii., 224).

Archdeacon Gray gives a picture and a description of the very curious draw-loom, with draw-boy, to bring down the warp-threads before the shuttle is thrown. Despite its clumsiness, it suffices to make the famous Canton gauzes and satins.

In his account of Kin-tee-ching, the city of potters, our author notes the awful havoc wrought by the Tai-pings, when, owing to exhaustion and loss of *prestige* after the opium wars, the empire was unable to defend itself. He also tells how he at a time dressed up as a Chinaman, with a pair of spectacles and the usual winter hood to conceal his features, and after a lesson in Chinese walking, passed muster and was allowed to go over the works from which a party of French *savans*, though armed with an imperial permit, had been politely turned away the day before.

The account of the Chinese navy is very amusing. The mixture of modern ships—some wholly built by Chinese, engines and all—with old war-junks and "fast crabs," very long and narrow in the beam, is most strange; and not less so is the pride with which, in spite of their adopting modern fashions, the Chinese refer to the old glories of Tung-lo, who, A.D. 1406, built huge war junks 440 feet long and 180 beam, with which wonderful conquests were made in Ceylon, Sumatra, &c. The account of a naval review, in which a number of marines, wearing small life buoys and armed with swords and shields had a sham fight in the water, reads like a description of Astley's; and we are reminded that "the mandarin in charge of all this childish display has travelled all over Europe, and was in the siege of Paris. Yet he kept his countenance; and will pen a serious despatch to the Emperor, congratulating him on the efficiency of his nautical braves."

The religious ceremonies on board ship are innumerable; and it is dangerous to be on a junk in a storm, for the belief which led to Jonah being thrown overboard is universal among Chinese sailors. Among the many kinds of river craft, dragon-boats, very long and worked with

paddles, are much used by pirates. Our author's gig was once pursued by one of these between Whampoa and Canton; the pirates were frightened off by the boatmen, who cried out: "These are English, armed to the teeth, and fully prepared to take life." These pirates sometimes, like Greek and Sicilian brigands, carry off rich merchants who are crossing the river at night, or dining in a "flower boat," and hold them to ransom, often exacting as much as three thousand dollars. Deaths from drowning are common, for, as amongst the Shetlanders (see Sir W. Scott's *Pirate*), there is a superstitious dread of attempting a rescue. The restless ghost who is trying to drown the man will transfer his hatred to him who saves his victim. Typhoons, or "devil's-head winds," not seldom work fearful havoc among the "river cities," dashing the boats together, sometimes even piling them on one another. Forty thousand are said to have been drowned in the great storm of 1862; and such was the stench from the Canton river, that the governor-general, anxious to keep off pestilence, offered a dollar for each body that was recovered.

Of pisciculture, so successfully carried on in China, we have no time to speak; nor of the many quaint modes of fishing, such as that adopted at night, when the fish are enticed to jump at a white board; nor of the oyster and cockle-beds, the latter bivalve being held in nearly as much esteem as the former.

We could wish Mr. Gray had said more about the aboriginal tribes who exist not only in Hainan and Formosa, but in other parts of the empire. "They retained their independence when China was overrun by the Tartars, 240 years ago, and therefore they do not wear the tail, which was imposed on the Chinese as a mark of subjection." Does Mr. Gray know that it is worn by yellow men, defending Chinese-looking towers, in the famous Egyptian pictures representing the conquests of Rameses II.? Among these tribes, young men select their brides without the Chinese "go-between;" their wives, too, bring them dowries, a custom unknown to the Chinese. Some of these aborigines are given to human sacrifices, not having yet learnt the Chinese plan of substituting gold or silver paper for the reality. Others are ruled by female chieftains; whence the Chinese were led to look on the subjects of Queen Victoria as on a level with these despised barbarians. As in other parts of the world, the aborigines

of China have suffered much at the hands of their civilised neighbours.

We note here the usual want of depth in our author's book; he gives no hint as to whence the strange and ingenious people came who gradually dispossessed, but do seem to have succeeded in civilising these aborigines. More satisfactory, however, is his final chapter, on the physical features of the country. It would be interesting to compare his account with the grand work of Baron Richthofen, of which Colonel Yule, in the *Academy*, lately gave us such an enthusiastic account. Archdeacon Gray has traversed no inconsiderable part of China. He has been through the famous pass of Nan-kow, between granite hills in the centre of which stands the arch built by the Tartars, to commemorate, in five languages, the victory of Genghis Khan over the Chinese. He has crossed the vast plain, 650 miles long, which stretches from the great wall to the south of the province of Kiang-soo. He has crossed the great prairie of inner Mongolia, the monotony of which is broken by encampments of nomads, and by mirage, and by the troops of prairie-squirrels and Manchurian cranes.

Everywhere he found that the rivers are kept in by dykes, some of which are faced with stone; they are kept in repair with the interest of Government funds, which the pawnshops are, as we said above, compelled to take and pay high interest on. Sometimes rich merchants spend large sums in repairing them, with the view, thinks our author, not of benefitting their fellows, but of winning titles of honour and peacocks' feathers from the emperor. "After the great flood of the Hoang-ho, in 1872, the governor of Shang-tung was highly commended for his zeal and ability in restoring the embankments, and thirty other mandarins received additional rank; while the river-god was appeased by an offering of six incense-sticks sent by the emperor himself."

It is easy to smile at the peacocks' feathers; but when we look at America, so honeycombed with corruption that no gentleman will take part in politics,—when we hear of Australasian state-railways, not made where they are wanted, but where the making of them will win votes, we cannot afford to despise a system which, for at least four thousand years, has kept a vast nation together, and has so far conquered the natural selfishness of man as to make him exert himself for the sake of merely nominal rewards.

Some day, China will be visited by tourists for the sake of its scenery. Gorges four miles long, between mountains 1,800 feet high; rapids a mile wide, pouring a vast river over ledges of basalt; large lakes, studded with sacred islands; caves full of stalactites; rocks of quaint form, to which are attached still quainter legends; these are not what we expect in a country which is sometimes thought to be one vast rice-field with a fringe of tea-growing hills. Nature presents many divers features in China; but is always on a large scale; thus the Poyang lake, which receives the overflow of the Yang-tse river, is said to be three hundred miles long in the wet season.

Archdeacon Gray had several adventures while travelling in the interior. Sometimes mobs, in cities which had suffered during the opium wars, attacked the houses in which his party was staying, crying: "Kill the foreign devils!" The kindness of gentlemen and officials, however, was remarkable. Once a gentleman rescued our author and his comrades from a shower of brickbats, and lodged them for safety in the women's apartments. Once, when rashly refusing to hire an escort through the gorge called "Dragon's neck," the party, consisting of the Archdeacon, the Rev. J. Preston, Wesleyan, and the Rev. W. S. Bonney, American Presbyterian, were set upon and stripped by robbers, barely escaping with their lives. These they owed mainly to the intercessions of Awa, our author's servant, of whom he remarks: "If I could preach Christ with the self-forgetting earnestness with which Awa pleaded for me, I should surely turn many sinners from the broad road." The way in which this man forces, in "pigeon English," his stripped master to accept the pair of trousers—"Number one clean O!"—which he has managed to secrete amid the *melee*, is truly affecting. On their way back from this unfortunate trip, they met with the greatest kindness, the mandarins at each halting-place supplying them with all that was needful, and defraying all expenses.

Of the geology of the country, Mr. Gray tells us very little; he is content to inform his readers that he knows next to nothing of the subject, owing to not having attended Professor Sedgwick's lectures at Cambridge. Coal he believes to be widely distributed; he visited several of the mines. Iron-stone is common; but the mandarins seem to throw difficulties in the way of increasing the output. The temperature of China is strangely low for the latitude,

and is remarkable for the excess of heat and cold at opposite seasons. Pekin, a degree south of Naples, has a mean temperature of 54°, rising in summer to 90° or 100° in the shade; at Naples, the average is 68°.

We have thus left Archdeacon Gray to tell his own story at considerable length, both because his is the newest book about Chinese life and manners, and also because we are sure our readers would rather have his facts than our comments. His book is mainly a collection of facts, though, of course, he now and then gives his views. His estimate of the Chinese character, for instance, is singularly just:

"Their moral character, he says, is a book written in strange letters, which are more complex and difficult for one of another race, religion and language to decipher than their own singularly compounded word-symbols. In the same individual, virtues and vices, apparently incompatible, are placed side by side. Meekness, gentleness, docility, industry, contentment, cheerfulness, obedience to superiors, dutifulness to parents, and reverence for the aged, are in one and the same person the companions of insincerity, lying, flattery, treachery, cruelty, jealousy, ingratitude, avarice, and distrust of others. The Chinese are a weak and timid people, and, in consequence, like all similarly constituted races, they seek a natural refuge in deceit and fraud. But examples of moral inconsistency are by no means confined to the Chinese; and I fear that sometimes *too* much emphasis is laid on the dark side of their character—to which St. Paul's well-known description of the heathen in his own day is applicable, as if it had no parallel among more enlightened nations. Were a native of the empire, with a view of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the English people, to make himself familiar with the records of our police and other law courts, the transactions which take place in what we call 'the commercial world,' and the scandals of what we term 'society,' he would probably give his countrymen at home a very one-sided and depreciatory account of this nation. . . . Notwithstanding conditions so little favourable to the development of civil and social virtues as the indifference of atheism with the alternative of gross superstition, an irresponsible despotism for government, venal justice, barbarous punishments, strongly rooted prejudices against progress, and to a certain extent polygamy and slavery, the Chinese may fairly be characterised as a courteous, orderly, industrious, peace-loving, sober, and patriotic people."

This agrees in the main with Colonel Yule's remarks, in the appendix to his *Marco Polo*, and with the testimony of all who have had much to do with the Chinese; for they improve on acquaintance. As to the venality of their judges, we must not forget that, when England was in one of her

brightest phases, when statesmen, and writers, and warriors, and discoverers were all adding glory to her annals, our highest courts were almost as bad as the Chinese are now. Much later, no less a man than Lord Mansfield was accused of receiving bribes, while in 1809 the Duke of York was more than accused of gross malversation in his office of Commander-in-Chief. Nay, even in this present decade of exceptional progress, the law-courts of the most go-ahead nation in the world have been found to be accessible to the bribes of audacious financiers.

Chinese prisons, again, are dens of cruelty: our author minutely describes several horrible scenes which he witnessed in their precincts. But so were our prisons, till Oglethorpe and Howard took them in hand; and, for the same reason, viz. that the governor was accustomed to buy his office. He does so still in China; and, as a matter of course, he often seeks to recoup himself by extortion and cruel neglect. In one point, the Chinese prisons are better than ours were; there is a prison allowance, very small and insufficient indeed, but still punctually paid. We fear that, in England, debtors, and still more prisoners of war (whose treatment was simply atrocious) were in some cases left to the chance charity of passers-by and to the funds provided by private benevolence. This, too, works in China in mitigation of the hardships of imprisonment. "A provincial treasurer, named Ow, in the province of Kwang Tung, invested 10,000 dollars in the salt monopoly, the interest of which was to be spent yearly in providing the prisoners in the chief gaol of the city of Canton with a few creature comforts. Others imitated his example; and the money is employed in buying fans in summer, warm under-clothing in winter, and medicine for the prisoners in all the Canton gaols."

And, though the Chinese penal is extremely severe, and the punishments cruel, it has many very humane traits. A judge may grant a free pardon to an only son who has been sentenced to long transportation. Again, if three brothers, the only sons of their parents, are convicted of combining to commit the same crime, punishable by decapitation or transportation, the two youngest would be punished according to law; the eldest, though equally guilty, would be pardoned. Sons are allowed to accompany their fathers into exile. The wives of convicts are allowed to live with them in the penal settlements.

Cripples, and those maimed beyond the power of working, are also exempt from transportation; and no convicts are transported during the first month (a general holiday), nor yet during the sixth month, since travelling during the great heat is risky and uncomfortable.*

Archdeacon Gray remarks: "The barbarous punishments recall the darkest pages of European history;" and, as to jobbery and malversation, our own annals, public and parochial, are sufficiently full of that. It is even now whispered that vestries in large towns dine and lunch out of the rates; and up to the date of the new Poor Law country vestries used in many places to regale themselves with brandy and water and pipes, and to put down the cost as "a pair of shoes" to this pauper and flannel petticoat to that. The Archdeacon's details about prisons and punishments are exhaustive and vivid, and on the whole prove the justice of Baron von Richthofen's more sombre view of Chinese character, before alluded to.

On one point our authorities are disagreed; Archdeacon Gray sees in China signs of decrepitude, temples crumbling, roads out of repair, institutions yielding to foreign pressure, and, alas! replaced by nothing at all. Mr. Williams (we trust he is right) is much more hopeful; thus he speaks (i., p. 166) of "the whole of inner Mongolia gradually improving under the industry of Chinese settlers and exiles and the fostering care of the Imperial Government." The German *savant* is more reticent as to the present; but is emphatic as to the great value to the world of China's work in past times among barbarous and semi-barbarous peoples. Of the Baron's grandly planned work the English reader will probably be content to gain some knowledge from Colonel Yule's admirable notices in the *Academy*.

The Baron left Europe with Count Eulemberg's Prussian scientific mission in 1860, and for eight years travelled in India, the Malay isles, the Indo-Chinese countries, and North America. In California, in conversation with Professor Whitney, he was led to feel that, of all countries, China stood most in need of geological investigation. Accordingly he landed at Shanghai in Sept. 1868, and began the extensive and conscientious explorations embodied in a work which, if the

* There is a general release, too, on the accession or marriage of the Emperor, and at the completion of any decade of his age or reign. Before his execution, too, a prisoner is presented with fat pork and wine, or at any rate with the narcotic betel nut. Punishments are mitigated when prisoners are under sixteen or over eighty years of age.

whole of it is ever published, will be exhaustive. At first he meant to publish part of his work (the practical part, dealing with the distribution of metals and of coal) in England; but he met with slight encouragement, while on the other hand the German Emperor granted help which has enabled him to bring out a very handsome introductory volume with eleven maps and twenty-nine woodcuts. The geographical relation of China to the Asiatic Continent, embracing a view of the steppe lands of Asia and the rest of the world, and the influence of this physical relation on the national history, are the subjects which the baron has proposed to himself. He finds that the great part of North China is formed of that deposit which in the Rhine and Danube valleys is called *Löss*. This geological formation has influenced the character of the landscape, the spread of agriculture, the limits of civilisation, and the historical development of the people to a degree hardly paralleled in any other part of the world. About Singanfu, in the basin of the Wei, the *löss* not only colours the whole scenery but even (says Colonel Yule) *gives a tinge to the atmosphere*. Hence yellow is the royal colour; the early emperors are *Hwang-li* (lords not properly of the earth, but of the yellow *löss*). The deposition of this yellow *löss* is, we are told, still going on in the steppes; indeed China was a vast steppe till the land sank and the sea came in and drainage systems were established. The Baron makes great use of a curious book, the *Yu-Kung*, the earliest Chinese geographical work, as to the bearing of which he is wholly at variance with other sinologists. They find in the book (written in a cramped character) an account of vast and (the Baron says) impossible hydraulic works, damming up great rivers, &c.; he considers it merely a general description of the features of the country. The unprogressiveness of the Chinese is shown in the very rude surveying and astronomical instruments now in use. Instruments of high technical and artistic quality have been twice introduced, once under the Mongols, and again in comparatively modern times by the Jesuits. The use of these Jesuit instruments is as much beyond the power of the modern Chinese as that of the older apparatus. Indeed so primitive are the instruments which they employ, that they are only able to make maps thanks to "that wonderful power of orientation which is born with every Chinaman and which enables him to approximately determine his north and south even on a cloudy day or in a labyrinth of streets."

Baron Richthofen confirms the oft-made statement that the Chinese development went on quite apart from outward influences. "Hence," says he, "the same fundamental traits predominate at once in the character of the people, in their institutions, their political administration, their family life, in the rules of social intercourse, and as the consequence of all these, in the current of their history." He notes that Chinese civilisation took firm hold only of those nations who accepted it entirely with all its adjuncts. Such were the once independent tribes of the south-west, and the Mantchoos. On the Japanese, who only went half way towards adopting it, it had by no means such a hold. "Entirely, it would seem, without the power to develop a culture of their own, but endowed in an unusual degree with receptivity and intellectual quickness, they greedily took whatever China had to offer. But Chinese culture was a coat that did not fit them; and it was only for lack of a better that they clutched at it."

Unlike Gibbon and others, Baron Richthofen thinks the building of the Great Wall was a marvel of statecraft. Among other results, it turned the nomad tribes from their endeavours to overrun China, and gave them an impulse in the direction of Europe.

Strong testimony to the original unity of mankind he finds in the resemblance between the Chinese and Hindoo and Arabian system of astronomy. "Before one portion migrated eastward by the basin of the Tarim, and the other west and south by way of Turan, these nations may have partaken a common growth of culture as they dwelt on opposite banks of the Pamir." We may mention that the Baron thinks the word *Sinim* in Isaiah has nothing to do with China. "If there was any traffic with the Jews it must have been by sea, for the nomad barrier was still unbroken."

We cannot do better than conclude this article with the careful and well-weighed estimate of Chinese character given in what Colonel Yule does not hesitate to call "one of the greatest geographical works of this century." It is from chapter ten in Richthofen:—"The self-development of the Chinese accounts for the at least apparent contradictions in their character. They possess a refinement of social tone which penetrates the lower strata of the population in a lower degree than is commonly the case in Europe, and a highly elaborated code of politeness which

has become embodied in the formalities of daily life." Yet, side by side with these exist the inhuman grossness and barbarous destructiveness of the nomad tribes, absence of all sympathy with those not specially bound to the individual, delight in inflicting frightful cruelty on one's enemy, and actual pleasure in a vast massacre or in the wholesale destruction of man's work. In like manner strict love of truth in history is combined with the most abandoned lying and dissimulation, and strict uprightness where an engagement has been made or recognised with boundless love of cheating when there are no supposed trammels. Again, great talent for observation and capacity for thought are combined with an entire absence of the power of abstraction and of any effort after scientific method, or attempt to infer the causes or trace the laws of phenomena. All these psychological riddles the Baron accounts for by the fact that "no ennobling ideas have been introduced from without," the development has been wholly internal with nothing to check the innate element of barbarism.

Let us hope that, now new ideas are forcing their way in, they may be such as will ennoble. Unhappily, as the *Friend of China* reminds us, there has been only too much in our conduct in reference to which the Chinese may well say that with all our Christianity we are even at a lower level than they. We recommend our readers to study the letter addressed last autumn to the Society of Friends by Kuo Sung-tao, resident Chinese minister. His closing words, "to treat others as one would wish to be treated, to be loyal (i.e. true to one's engagement), and to exercise forbearance, are the guiding principles of all religion."

Of Mr. Dennys's book we wish we had space to say something. It shows us (what, indeed, comes out in innumerable customs recorded by Archdeacon Gray) that man is the same at bottom whether his skin be yellow or white. It is indeed startling to find our nursery tales, and those with which Grimm, and Dasent, and Campbell, and Kennedy have made us familiar, reproduced in substantially the same form, sometimes even in the very same dress, on the shores of the Yellow Sea. The fact that Chinese legends so strikingly resemble those of the western world is for us an argument, not for the transmission of the myth, but for the unity of the human race.

Finally, let us trust better times are in store for China.

Let us hope that in San Francisco and Australia her people may be treated with more Christian forbearance, and that at home her self-development may not be hindered by any more opium or other wars. Surely our wish ought to be that the earnest prayers of emperor and people for rain in this grievous famine may be heard, albeit addressed to unknown gods: "Oh, alas! imperial heaven, were not the world afflicted by extraordinary changes, I would not dare to present extraordinary services. But this year the drought is most unusual. We almost cease to live. I, the minister of heaven, placed over mankind, responsible for keeping the world in order and tranquillising the people, can neither eat nor sleep. I am scorched with grief and tremble with anxiety; and still no genial showers have been obtained. . . . Looking up, I consider that heaven's heart is benevolence and love. The cause why I am unable to move heaven's heart and bring down abundant blessings, is the daily deeper atrocity of my sins" (Williams, i., p. 370). Such language we know has been again used this year by Emperor and high officials, and such men mean what they say. The striking pictures by a native artist in a recent number of the *Graphic** show us the extent of the misery and the efforts which the native authorities, by active help as well as by prayer, have made to mitigate it. Let us trust that their prayers may be heard at last, and that the powerlessness of their efforts to carry food in any quantity to the starving districts may force them to see the value of railways and of those other European appliances, whereby, under God's blessing, their time-honoured civilisation may be strengthened and perfected instead of being destroyed.

Many points of interest we have necessarily omitted: the affinities, for instance, of the Chinese race; shall we say Chinese is to Mongol as Phœnician to Jew, the former a cultivated tiller of the soil, the latter a nomad, and never under any circumstances losing the characteristics of tent-life? But for this and other points we have no space. We have endeavoured rather to give our readers facts for their own use than to set before them theories, either our own or another's.

* The whole series has been published by Kegan Paul, price 6d.

ART. VII.—*Geschichte der Juden, von der ältesten Zeiten bis auf die Gegenwart. Dritter Band: Geschichte der Judäer von dem Tode Juda Makkabi's bis zum Untergange des jüdischen Staates.* Von Dr. H. GRAETZ, Professor an der Universität Breslau. Dritte verbesserte und stark vermehrte Ausgabe. ["History of the Jews from the death of Judas Maccabæus to the Downfall of the Jewish State."] Leipzig: Oskar Leiner. 1878.

Few chapters in the history of literature are so profoundly interesting as that in which a Jewish historian of his people deals with the phenomenon of Christianity. In this volume—the third of his great history of modern Judaism—Dr. Graetz has accomplished that task. Such was the eagerness with which the present volume was received when it first came out that the impression was soon exhausted. We have had to wait long for the reprint, which professes to come much enlarged and much improved. Our readers will be glad to have an account of the chapters dedicated to Christianity, especially of that long one which is occupied with the appearance of our Saviour. Dr. Graetz differs from most Jews whom we are acquainted with. His historical theory allows him to honour Jesus as a noble and pure-minded Essene teacher, who at first devoted himself to the salvation of the more degraded classes of his own people, but afterwards was induced to lay claim to the Messiahship. Tenderly treated by his Jewish compatriots, he was nevertheless condemned for the blasphemous assertion that he was the Son of God. The Romans barbarously and with needless mockery put him to death for sedition; and the cruelty of the Romans has been visited by Christians on the head of the comparatively innocent Jewish nation, who have for ages been expiating the death of Jesus by bitter sufferings of their own. In Dr. Graetz's judgment the new sect of Essenism would soon have been extinguished had not Saul, afterwards Paul, arisen to give it a new character and a new direction, contrary to Judaism, of which its Founder had never dreamed.

Our historian manifests a philosophical spirit, not to say a freethinking one. He is intimately familiar with the Christian documents, which, however, he deals with after the fashion of the Tübingen School. He thinks that there is a substratum of truth in the Gospels; and accepts them, so far, that is, as they confirm his hypothesis. Whatever offends against his hypothesis is accounted for on the principle of "tendency interpretation," that is, as added to the genuine original for the sake of establishing some doctrine. We shall in the following pages condense the pith of the chapter, with some running comments; not many of these, however, as we wish to give our English readers the substance of an essay which will not probably be translated with anything like fulness.

In the background of our picture we find the form and general relations of one whose name has a special prominence in the Christian Creed. "The successor of Gratus in office, Pontius Pilate, whose name has a world-wide celebrity on account of one event which took place in his ten years' administration, from 26 to 36, showed at the very outset that the Jewish nation had not yet been enough humiliated, and that it must be prepared to drink the cup of suffering to the dregs." It suffices for the characterisation of Pilate that he was the creature and tool of the cunning minister, Sejanus, who made both emperor and senate tremble. Pilate kept pace with his master. He attempted what no ruler had ventured before, to wound the keenest susceptibilities of the people by attacking their religion; he tried to accustom the Jews to pay divine honour to the images of the Emperors. Until now the Roman powers had so far spared their sensitiveness as to remove the images from the standards on entering Jerusalem; Herod also and his sons were prudent enough to abstain from impressing the likeness of Augustus or Tiberias on their coins, however much it would have suited their sycophancy to do so. The tetrarch Philip was the only exception; his coins showed both Cæsars, because in his province there were more heathen than Jews. Pilate had the images of the Emperor, which were on the standards of the legions, brought to Jerusalem, an act which roused the whole land to the utmost excitement. Deputations went to Cæsarea to beg the procurator to remove them, and these were joined by the members still surviving of the Herodian family. Five days did they

besiege his palace, imploring this grace. On the sixth day Pilate threatened to cut them to pieces by his legions if they did not desist. But when he found the Jews steadfastly bent on sacrificing their lives rather than give up their religious convictions, and probably fearing Tiberius, without whose consent he had committed the outrage, he gave orders for the removal of the offence. Again, under pretence of bringing a watercourse to Jerusalem, he seized the temple treasure. Being in Jerusalem at the time, the people clamoured around him with curses. He did not dare to let loose his legions, but sent soldiers, dressed as Jews, among the multitude for their destruction. Many Jews were wounded and many died, while the remainder were scattered.

After thus paying his tribute to the religious firmness of the Jewish people, and their devotion to the faith transmitted to them, the historian goes on to describe the sudden appearance of a new movement, "so small in its beginnings that it was hardly noticed even after it was fairly born; which, however, through something peculiar in its origin and the favour of circumstances, gradually assumed such mighty influence and attained so gigantic a power as to open a new career for the history of the world." According to him, the time had come when the fundamental truths of Judaism, hitherto confined and known in their true value only to the deeper thoughts of a few who understood them, burst their bonds and went forth to penetrate the nations of the world. The fulness of those higher thoughts of God and holy living—for individuals as for the State—which constitutes its kernel, was to be "poured into the emptiness of the peoples." Israel was now first to begin to realise its functions to be a teacher of the nations. But if the primitive doctrines of God and the religious relations of men to Him were to find entrance among the demoralised heathen, they must assume new forms and names, because Judaism in its original stamp and with its original name would find no favour anywhere.

"The new phenomenon, which arose under the governorship of Pontius Pilate, was to pave the way for a greater and deeper interior participation of the Gentiles in the doctrine of Judaism. But this new manifestation, in consequence of assuming into it strange elements, and alienating itself wilfully from its original, soon took up a position directly hostile. The Jewish religion,

which sent this new birth into the world, could have in it no mother's joy, because the daughter turned away from her parent, and went into such courses as forbade any following. Unless Judaism should forget its early peculiarity and become unfaithful to its primitive convictions, it must utterly oppose that which it had borne. Hence the birth, in itself easy and painless, of a progeny destined to great things brought afterwards to Judaism pains and horrors in abundance. This new phenomenon, this old doctrine in a new garment, or rather this Essenism arranged and disguised in strange elements, is Christianity, whose origin and first course fall within the Jewish history of this period."

This quotation will make it plain how much embarrassed the historian of Judaism is with the apparition of the Founder of Christianity and the world-wide acceptance of His doctrine. That He was an Essene, or His system a form of Essenism, is a pure hypothesis of desperation, for which there is scarcely any ground, as our historian will himself hereafter be made to show. But if it were true that our Lord had had affinity with the Essenes, that would only add a new honour to an honourable sect. What is of more importance is, that Christianity is recognised as an effort to carry Judaism to the nations; and that the importation of Jewish truths among the nations is recognised as in the plan and order of God. Then why is Christianity rejected? Has there been any other attempt of Judaism to carry its light to the heathen world? Assuredly not. That the new Faith brought additions to the old is what a Jewish philosopher ought to have expected. The ancient Scriptures abound—and no man knows it better than Dr. Graetz—with intimations of great changes in doctrine and practice when "the coming age" of the Messiah should have fully come. But this will appear in what follows.

Christianity, according to our author, owes its origin to a profound and overmastering feeling which at this time ruled the upper classes of the Jewish nation, and became stronger in proportion as the hardships of their political condition became more intolerable. The daily increasing woes occasioned by the ruthlessness of the Roman rule, the shamelessness of the Herodian princes, the cowardice and abjectness of the Jewish aristocracy, the self-degradation of the high-priestly families, the mutual contention of parties, had intensified to such a degree the longing for the Deliverer—the Messiah—promised in the Prophets,

that any highly-endowed pretender to the Messiahship might easily succeed in finding adherents, provided only he by external manifestation or moral and religious deportment attracted them. Deeper spirits were already accustomed to regard the political situation, which had been formed since the Babylonish captivity, as only a temporary one, and therefore a preparation for the true prophet, the Elias who should return to reconcile the hearts of the fathers and the children, and restore the tribes of Jacob. When the people solemnly chose the Asmonæan Simon as prince, the government was to him and his descendants only for a season, until the appearance of the true prophet, who would assign the dominion again to him to whom it belonged; and it belonged of right only to the line of David, the Messiah.

The Messianic time, thus definitely expected, was to bring in a new order of things, as it were, "a new heaven and a new earth," with the appearance of Elias, who was to be the forerunner of the Messiah. The rising of the dead would begin, and the future world be formed. This Messianic expectation ruled the mind of the middle classes of the nation, with the exception of the aristocracy and the favourers of Rome, who were content with the present, and had to dread from any change harm rather than expect from it good. Hence, there appeared, within the short space of thirty years, a series of fanatical enthusiasts, who, without any conscious fraud, and following only their inward impulse to shake the yoke from the neck of the nation, gave themselves out as prophets or Messiahs, and found adherents who were faithful unto death. But, easy as it was to find dependents, it was hard to enlist the whole nation in the cause of any one as the elect Messiah. Knowledge had been too much increased, by study of the holy books, and the people were too much divided into parties, to allow any one to secure the suffrages of the whole nation. The Republican zealots, the disciples of Judas the Galilean, expected that the Messiah should consume the enemies of Israel with the breath of his mouth, make an end of the Roman dominion, and restore the golden age of Davidic empire. The Schammaïtes added to this image of the Messiah the lineaments of very rigorous religiousness and the purest morals. The Hillelites, less political and less fanatical, represented to themselves a Messiah who was a prince of peace, for all

internal and external discipline. But they were all at one in this, that the Messiah must spring from the race of David; as, indeed, Son of David had become, in course of ages, equivalent to Messiah. The Messianic fulfilment must, it was generally thought, be confirmed by the return of the tribes of Israel, scattered in all lands, laden with the gifts of the peoples as expiation for the long sufferings inflicted upon them by their oppressors. Even the educated, who were penetrated by the Greek spirit,—Philo, the Jewish Platonist, being their chief representative,—embellished the good time with miracles and signs. A supernatural manifestation, visible only to the devout, would call home the banished and penitent descendants of Israel from all Greek and barbaric lands. The Messianic time would also, so thought the educated, find the Jewish nation inwardly prepared for it, by a renewal of old patriarchal piety, and by elevated sentiments which should know no further decline into sinfulness. Then would the sources of grace be opened, and blessedness flow from its ancient springs; the wasted cities would be repaired, the wilderness be changed into a fruitful land, and the prayers of the living would have power to recall the dead to life.

All this is true. But it is not equally true that the Essenes painted the Messiah and the Messianic era in its most ideal forms. Undoubtedly, their entire ascetic life tended to this end, to advance the kingdom of heaven and the coming time, or the world to come. A Messiah who would win the affection of the Essenes must lead a life free from sin, must abjure the world and its nothingness, must give evidences that he was full of the Holy Ghost, possess power over demons, and introduce a state of community of goods from which mammon would be excluded, poverty and detachment from all possession being the ornament and glory of man. Then why, if this be the case, have we no record, either in Christian or in other documents, of the Essenes having joyfully welcomed Jesus?

But if Jesus was an Essene, then his forerunner must have been one. Dr. Graetz says, that the first cry, that the Messiah must shortly appear,—“The kingdom of heaven is at hand,”—came from the Essenes. He who first lifted up his weak voice in the wilderness did not, indeed, think that it would echo far and wide, over land and sea, and gather the peoples of the earth around the standard of

a Messiah. He announced the kingdom of heaven, only in order to summon the sinners of Judaism to repentance and amendment. He might believe that, if Israel took this first step, God would send the Son of David, who, if not present, was at hand, to bring to the people their Messianic salvation, and to raise the dead to life. The Essene who sent forth this voice was John the Baptist: the term Baptist being no other than Essene, that is, one who daily purified body and soul in the pure spring. There are only few accounts of John extant. The history of his youth, that he was the son of a priest Zacharias, whom Elisabeth bore to his old age, when herself old, and that he sprang from the priestly class of Abia, as well as other wonders preceding and following his birth, are, in our historian's opinion, later inventions. The only historical fact he admits is, that John was a Nazarite; that is, belonged to the Essenes. His manner of life was strictly Essene. He fed on locusts and wild honey, and wore the vesture of the old prophets, a garment of camel's-hair and a girdle of leather. John seems to have been animated by the conviction that if all Israel was baptised in the Jordan, with confession of sins,—that is, adopted the Essene rule of life,—then the promised Messianic time would soon appear. He probably had his permanent abode with other Essenes in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea, in order to be always ready to instruct penitents in the deeper moral significance of baptism. Certainly, reception into the Essene order was connected with this; probably omitting the rigorous rule of abstinence from all unclean things and the community of goods. “Doubtless there were not a few who, with deep and enthusiastic feelings, weary of the sorrow of the times, flocked to the Essenian Baptist. Who would not help forward the great work of redemption and the kingdom of heaven when that could be done in connection with a usage already customary and familiar?”

The question whether the multitudes were better for the Jordan baptism, and whether the symbolical act left any real impression of a practical nature, is answered by an appeal to experience. In general, our author thinks, the Jewish people, especially the middle classes of the townspeople, did not need this spasmodic stimulant to amendment of life; it was by no means so wicked and degenerate; and the ordinary means of religious improvement contained in their religion were enough. At no time

was the public spirit and habit of sacrifice greater among the masses than now: and this presupposes a sound religious sentiment. If passion hurried one or the other to breaches of law, this was only the part of human infirmity. There were two directions in which, probably, John's appeal to penitence was useful; upwards and downwards: on the aristocracy and the rich, perverted by the Romans; and on the common people, rendered disorderly by the frequent wars. But the great laughed at the well-meaning enthusiast, who thought to introduce the wonder of the Messianic age by the Jordan baptism; and the sons of the soil were much too stolid to listen to the cry for amendment of life.

John's proclamation was much too harmless, and went too little beyond the circle of ordinary notions, to awaken any prejudice on the part of the ruling Pharisees. His own disciples, who continued his work, observed the law with all strictness, and kept even the outward observances of fasting. If the Pharisees—that is, at that time, the Hillelites and Schammaites—were not much taken by the Essene enthusiasm and extravagance, they were nevertheless not directly opposed to the Baptist. Scarcely, therefore, was it possible that John would call the further representatives of religion “a generation of vipers, who would find it hard to escape the wrath of the last judgment.” The Herodians, however, were jealous of a man whose pithy and strong sayings were of such power to awaken the people to any enterprise. Herod Antipas, in whose province John was, sent his guards to take him and imprison him. Whether he remained long in prison, and still survived when one of his disciples was held to be the Messiah, as some related, is doubtful to Dr. Graetz on account of the untrustworthiness of the authorities. But it is certain that Antipas beheaded him. All that is said about the daughter of Herodias he thinks pure embellishment to make the end of the hero more tragic and interesting.

“After the Baptist's imprisonment, some of his disciples carried on his work, among whom none has had so great a success as Jesus of Galilee. The disciple soon became greater than his master; and gave the first impulse to a movement which has given a new direction to human history, and brought about by a thousand concatenations the deepest changes in thought and action, in art and science, in individual life, and in the history of States. Never has

any man born of woman enjoyed such enthusiastic Divine homage for thousands of years. His glory has obscured the conquerors and founders of great empires; yea, conquerors and founders, heroes and geniuses, have bowed their heads in homage before him. Two Galileans, Judas and Jesus, were to guide into new paths of development two systems of doctrine; the one that of Pharisaism, the other Essenism."

If Jesus of Nazareth developed the doctrine of Essenism, he must have been trained among the Essenes. Now the Essenes had no special relation to Galilee. Their scene and sphere was extremely limited, and far from the earlier scene and sphere of the labours of John the Baptist and Jesus. There was no reason whatever why the memoirs of our Lord's history should omit the fact, if it had been one. Moreover, no one can read the Gospels and compare them with the authentic accounts handed down of the Essenes in Palestine and the Therapeutæ in Egypt without perceiving that the points of contact between them and the Christianity even of Jesus in the Gospels are only few. The pith and essence of the teaching of Christ—that for which, as Dr. Graetz admits, He died—is perfectly strange to any system of Essenism with which history makes us familiar. But our historian, in what next follows, seems to forget the Essene education of Jesus.

The paragraph dedicated to the birth, infancy, and youth of our Lord is one which we will not quote or dwell upon long. It pleases the historian to dismiss in a brief note the miraculous conception and birth of the Virgin; and in one of the few scornful sentences that we have to comment on. "Joseph's paternity must be accepted by all modern Christian theologians, who would not make themselves ridiculous by the mystical notion of a Virgin-birth." Whether Joseph or the mother of Jesus was of Davidic descent is regarded as historically unproved; and the Gospel attempts as contradictory. The birth at Bethlehem is also dismissed; but only on the ground that the only evidence is history made for the purpose. The beautiful incident in the twelfth year, with its internal evidence and external so unimpeachable, is rejected; though nothing can be said against it but that St. Luke alone records it. With regard to Nazareth Dr. Graetz says little; but he brings forward ample proof of the utter untrustworthiness of Benan's description. And, before

entering further on the history, he gives an interesting note which we must condense :

" In exhibiting early Christianity, the historian must assume only the historical, that is the critical standpoint ; to obtain which has been the noble result of German effort. English Deists, with Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, simply mocked at Christianity, without giving any account of its nature. The author of the *Wolfenbüttel Fragments* (Reimarus), has the stupid view that Christ was simply a deceiver, who aimed to make himself king of the Jews ; and when the enterprise was unsuccessful cried, ' My kingdom is not of this world ! ' The Rationalists in the beginning of this century, whose representative was Paulus, of Heidelberg, adopted the perverse expedient of rejecting the collective and individual miracles of the New Testament, while holding fast the historical in them, and finding out the measure of the natural underlying. Strauss's *Leben Jesus* made an epoch in 1835. He showed incontrovertibly that many narratives in the Gospels are myths, unconsciously composed by the heads of the young Church, and with the evident attempt to show that the Old Testament prophecies of the Messiah were realised in Him ; ' this and that happened that this and that might be fulfilled. ' But his critical light illumined only in part the dark ground of the Gospels ; he explained much but not all. Obscurity still remained, which his method failed to touch. The Tübingen school made a further advance, led by F. C. Baur. It established the principle of the opposition which divided the apostolic and post-apostolic age into two parties ; Ebionism, which aimed to hold fast the Judaic law with an Essene admixture within the Christian Church, and Paulinism, which was opposed to the law, and laid great stress on the Divine Sonship. The members of this school showed thoroughly, with more or less consistency, that the Gospels are throughout ruled by this opposition, and everywhere reflect it. This key alone gives criticism the power to test what in the Gospels is true or historical, and what is of a ' tendency ' character or polemical. It is true that the authentic and the historical is diminished to a very small minimum. But the critical school has not yet set upon the problem of dividing what in the life of Jesus is authentic from the mythical and the ' tendency ' part. It is afraid of the disillusion. It has also another weakness, from which it cannot shake itself free, that of thinking one only Gospel (whether Matthew or Mark), to have been composed immediately before or immediately after the destruction of the temple (70—80). The argument for this rests on very weak feet. The life of Jesus was set forth first in writing in the oldest Gospel over a century after his departure (135—138), and it contains with a little tradition many myths and ' tendency ' embellishments. In general it may be maintained that those utterances of Jesus which have an

anti-legal character, or attribute to Christianity a universal significance for the Gentiles also, are spurious; since this point of view was taken first by Paul, and was earnestly contended against by the chief Apostles, especially James and John. On the other hand, that in the Gospels which suggests Ebionism, Nomism, or advocacy of the law, and a Messiahship for the Jewish people, may be regarded as claiming genuineness."

In other words, that is genuine in the Gospels which, taken alone, is quite contrary to the Gospel; and that is unauthentic which, added to the former, makes up Christianity. There is ample evidence that long before the time alluded to the Gospels were known and quoted. But it is late in the day to show the baselessness of the Tendency theory. The quotation is given to explain the historian's point of view. Another will give a rather new aspect of the Redeemer's education:

"The measure of this knowledge was limited by the educational circumstances of his fatherland. The Galileans, far from the metropolis and temple, and hindered by the intermediate Samaria from going regularly to the feasts, were far below Judæa in knowledge of the law. Galilee was without the living interchange of religious thoughts and discussions of the law which made for the temple visitors a common heritage of Scripture. The land which at a later time possessed the great schools of Sepphoris and Tiberias, and witnessed the last bloom of legal development in Palestine, was before the destruction of the temple poor in institutions for diffusing knowledge. But withal the Galileans were rigorous in ceremonials, retaining every tittle; and things permitted in Judæa were forbidden in Galilee. Galilean strictness did not allow to the betrothed pair such familiar intercourse and freedoms as were tolerated in Judæa. In Judæa it was permitted to work on the forenoon of the preparation of the Passover; the Chaldeans, on the contrary, kept the feast from early morning. The neighbourhood of Syrian heathenism taught the Galileans all kinds of superstition. Their limited notions ascribed many forms of sickness to the influence of demons; hence there were so many possessed among them. Their dialect had for the same reason many Aramaisms. They could not speak pure Hebrew, and were much exposed to mockery in consequence. A Galilean was known by the first word he spoke; and was therefore not employed in public prayer, because his corrupt speech induced laughter. Nazareth, the birthplace of Jesus, presented nothing remarkable. It was a little hillside town, by no means more fruitful than the other parts of Galilee, and bore no comparison with Sichem rich in streams.

There is a little hill in the neighbourhood, whence may be seen the neighbouring valleys, but by no means the sea or the Jordan."

By reason of his Galilæan origin the Founder of Christianity could not have reached that elevation in the law which the schools of Schammai and Hillel made familiar in Jerusalem. But what he lacked in knowledge he made up in disposition. Profound moral earnestness and holiness of life he must have possessed. That appears in all the documents which may be counted historical; it appears even in the perverted doctrines which his adherents placed in his mouth. The meekness and humility of Jesus suggest a resemblance to Hillel, whom he seems generally to have taken as his model, and whose golden precept, "What thou wilt not that others should do to thee, do not to others," he made the starting-point of his teaching. Like Hillel Jesus regarded peaceableness and placableness as the highest virtue. His nature was possessed by that higher religiousness which consecrates to God, not merely the hour of prayer and a longer or shorter devotion, but every step in life; devoting to Him every movement of the soul, submitting everything to Him with childlike confidence. He was penetrated by that love of the neighbour which Judaism enforces even towards an enemy. Certainly he never allowed a curse against his enemies to escape him; and his exaggerating friends did him injustice when they put such curses into his lips, and made him utter unloving words even to his mother. He may have reached in the passive virtues that ideal which Judaism, even Pharisaic Judaism, lays down: "Number thyself among the oppressed, and not among the oppressors; bear reproaches and answer not; do everything out of love to God, and rejoice in sufferings." He also evidently had a sympathetic, heart-winning nature, which ensured to his words a deeper impression.

But it seems to Dr. Graetz essential that Jesus, like the Baptist, must have been connected with the Essenes. His spirit generally, abhorring violence and worldly ambition and party strife, must have drawn Him to that company which led a contemplative life and were estranged from the world and its vanities. When therefore John the Baptist, or more correctly the Essene, invited to baptism in the Jordan and repentance and preparation for the kingdom of Heaven, Jesus also went

and was baptised. "The embellishing legend relates that the heaven was opened over him, that the Holy Ghost descended like a dove, and announced to him his office (as in the Haggada the Shekina is the Holy Ghost and personified under the figure of a dove)." Although it cannot be proved that Jesus was formally received into the order of the Essenes, much of his life and work can be understood only on the supposition that he had appropriated Essenian principles. Like the Essenes, Jesus rated voluntary poverty very high, and despised riches or mammon. Sayings are put into his lips which sound genuine: "Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" "Ye cannot love God and mammon;" and so forth. In enthusiastic exaggeration of contempt for the earthly, he warned his disciples: "Take no heed for your life, what ye shall eat or drink; nor for your body, what ye shall wear. The birds of the air neither sow nor reap, the lilies of the field do not spin; care not for the morrow, but only for the kingdom of God." Like the Essenians, Jesus disapproved of marriage; and even commended those who for the kingdom of God made themselves eunuchs. The community of goods he not only tolerated but absolutely commanded. For his immediate disciples had a common purse, and lived in community. He imposed also an abhorrence of the oath. It hardly needs to be remarked that the miraculous healings, specially the casting out of demons, were quite familiar among the Essenes, and pursued as a distinct craft among them. His dependents did not regard it as peculiar to Jesus that he cast out devils; but only made it prominent that he was not behind the Essenian exorcists. As to his Essene relations we may draw an inference from the disciples to the Master. It is related of James, his brother or relative, that he led a Nazarite life, drank no wine, ate no meat, let his hair grow, used no oil. But it appears that Jesus appropriated only the essential traits of Essenism: love of poverty, contempt of possessions, community, celibacy, abstinence from oath, healing of possessed and lunatics. On the other hand, the unessential points, such as rigorous Levitical purity, frequent bathing, wearing of the apron, and the like, he gave up. Even on baptism he seems to have laid no stress; since it is not related of him that he ever practised this act or prescribed it.

If all this be true the Founder of Christianity can hardly

have had much sympathy with the Essenes. He certainly would have referred to them if He had been under any obligation: there is nothing in His recorded character to warrant the supposition that He could possibly have suppressed all reference to the source whence He derived His best knowledge. Moreover, the character which Dr. Graetz himself ascribes to Jesus is essentially at variance with the very idea of a proud suppression of the religious stock whence He came; and the fact that most of the observances of the Essenes are either condemned or mentioned with caution precludes the thought of our Lord's Essenian origin.

When John was cast into prison by the Herodian Antipas, as dangerous to the State, it was, according to Dr. Graetz, the simple thought of Jesus to carry on his work. He began with the same "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," probably not thinking that he in the kingdom of heaven, that is, in the coming Messianic era, would play an important part. Meanwhile, he did see that, if his cry was to have results and not die in the wilderness, he must turn to one particular class of the people, and not to the people as a whole. The middle class, dwellers in the smaller and greater towns, were for the most part so devoted and godly that the appeal to repent and amend had no meaning for them. The young ruler's "All these have I kept" was true for the religious earnestness of the whole middle class. Later descriptions of Jewish corruption, and of the perversion and abandonment of the Pharisees of Christ's time, are mere inventions and do not correspond to the reality of things at that day. The disciples of Schammai and Hillel, the adherents of the Zealot Juda, the embittered enemies of the Herodians and Romans, were not morally weak and needed no physician. They were only too ready for self-sacrifice. Rightly enough Jesus had no thought of bettering them. Nor did he any more assume to be the reformer of the rich and eminent, the friends of the Romans and Herodians. These would have treated the unlearned Judge of morals and preacher with scorn and mockery, if he had urged against them their pride, their mercenariness, and their hardness of heart. Jesus therefore with correct tact turned simply to those who were cast out of the Jewish fellowship, and looked upon as branded men and women. There were those in the land who had no knowledge of the saving truths of

Judaism, of its law, of its glorious history, and of its future. There were transgressors, or, as they were called in the phrase of the time, Sinners, who, cast out of religious fellowship on account of their deeds, either did not seek or did not find way of return. There were publicans and tax-gatherers who, avoided by patriots on account of their preference of Roman interests, turned their back on the law and led an indolent life, regardless of the past alike and the future. There were artisans and ignorant people who had few opportunities of going up to the metropolis, and seeing the temple in its glory; they either never heard or did not understand the law. For these Sinai had not glowed, nor had prophets been inspired; for the teachers of the law, more busied with the building up of doctrine than with the conversion of souls, did not make the law and the prophets intelligible to these people.

Such were the outcasts to whom Jesus is supposed to have turned, in order to draw them up out of their spiritual debasement and forgetfulness of God. He felt in himself the vocation to "save the lost sheep of the house of Israel." "The whole," that is, those who knew and observed the law "have no need of the physician; but the sick, that none of the least may perish:" such was his noble profession and vocation! As Jesus thus limited his work to a definite circle, he might expect, in human calculation, to have more success than John who sent out his indefinite cry into the wilderness. In another respect also the two vocations differed. The Baptist summoned the people, and left it to every one to obey or not; but Jesus descended to the needy in person, in order to draw them to himself, and make them by word and example susceptible to the truths which he taught. Filled absolutely with this conception—the purpose to arouse the abject, ignorant, and God-forgetting people, the publicans and sinners, to prepare for the coming kingdom of heaven by a penitent half-Essene way of life—Jesus went first to his own birthplace, Nazareth. But here, where he had been known from infancy, and his piety and knowledge must have been approved, he was received with contempt: "Physician, heal thyself!" An unconfirmed account says that he was thrust out to a hill, and all but thrown over it. At any rate, the treatment he received gave occasion for the well-known proverb of the prophet in his own country. He left Nazareth to return no more.

But in Capernaum he had a better reception. The inhabitants of this beautiful and fruitful region were as different from the Nazarenes as a mild seacoast climate from the rough mountain air. This place contained more of the objects whom Jesus would benefit; and his penetrating discourse, issuing from the deepest emotion, found more entrance here. Among his first adherents in Capernaum were Simon and his brother Andrew, sons of Jonas, both fishers—the former in part at least a transgressor of the law who neglected the food statutes—and two sons of one Zebedee, James and John, zealous men, called Sons of Thunder. There was also a rich publican, whom the documents call now Matthew and now Levi, in whose house Jesus tarried and had fellowship with other companions of the lowest class. Women also of doubtful repute belonged to his discipleship; the most famous of them being Mary Magdalene (of Magdala, near Tiberias), out of whom seven devils, that is, in the phrase of the day, seven plagues, were cast. “Jesus transformed these abandoned women into penitents. Certainly, it was something hitherto unheard-of, that a Jewish teacher should have fellowship with women, and especially with such women.”

Meanwhile, the New Teacher knew how to lift to himself, by word and example, these sinners and publicans, these lost and ungodly creatures; he was able to fill their souls with love to God, that they might be worthy “children of the Father in heaven,” and to elevate and ennoble their hearts by inward piety, and to amend their lives in the hope of entering the kingdom of heaven. This was the greatest wonder that he achieved. There were the deaf and the dumb, and the blind and the dead whom he healed and raised. A converter and trainer of men stands infinitely higher than a worker of miracles. He above all taught his male and female disciples the Essenian passive virtues of self-renunciation, humility, contempt of earthly good, temperance, and peaceableness. He commanded his disciples to take no gold or silver in their scrips, not to possess two garments, and not to wear shoes on their feet. He made children their examples: that they should become as free as they from sin, undergo a perfect new birth, and be prepared to become members of the kingdom about to be set up. The precept of brotherly love he pressed even to the verge of selflessness: he taught the poor not to care for meat and drink and clothing.

The rich he taught to give the true kind of alms, "that the left hand should not know what the right hand did." He gave injunctions about private prayer: with a short formula (the Paternoster), which was probably already in use among the Essenes. All this is true testimony and honourable to the traditional enemy of our Lord. But it is obvious to suggest that the virtues which Jesus taught were not peculiarly Essene. His abstraction from the world was not that of the Essenes; and His doctrine of self-denial had a very different basis from theirs. Moreover, both here and elsewhere, the historian confounds precepts given to the Seventy on their peculiar mission with the general ethics of Christ.

The Judaism then existing Jesus is said by no means to have sought to reform. He was no mender of doctrine, nor did he seek to found anything new; but simply confined himself to the conversion of sinners and their preparation for the kingdom of God. The unity of the Supreme he made very emphatic, nor did he modify or weaken in the least degree the Jewish idea of God. When a scribe asked him what was the substance of Judaism, he answered that it was the love of the one God and equal love of the neighbour. When one called him "Good Master," he earnestly deprecated this, and taught that One only was good, "My Father in heaven." His dependants, faithful to Judaism, transmitted his saying, that "heaven and earth shall pass away before one jot of the law." He must have hallowed the Sabbath; for his Judaic disciples observed it strictly, which they would not have done if their Master had been lax. The Shammaite severity, which would not allow healing on the Sabbath, he certainly opposed, and asserted that the law permitted good to be done on the Lord's day. Jesus did not interfere with the system of sacrifices: he only required, as the Pharisees did, that reconciliation with man should precede reconciliation with God. He did not repudiate fasting; only cleansing it of hypocrisy. It follows from the words of Matthew and Luke that Jesus had on his garment the hem prescribed by the law. He was so perfect a Jew that he shared the limited feeling of the time, and despised the heathen world: understanding by that the Romans, and Greeks, and Syrians. He would have nothing to do with the Gentiles. He spoke of casting pearls before swine. He said to the Syrophenician that

he was sent only to the lost sheep of Israel. He forbade his disciples to enter the way of the Gentiles or Samaritans. All this, and more, is in a sense true. St. Paul himself—supposed to be the great misrepresenter of Christ—tells us that He was “the minister of the Circumcision;” and it may be safely affirmed that He did not once leave the limits of the holy land. But that His soul was in any degree bound by the restriction of Jewish prejudice there is no evidence to prove. Of course, the evidence which we rest upon has no force for Dr. Graetz. He does not believe that the Son of Man meant the representative of all men. He does not accept the beginning of the Gospels which herald Him as the Light of the Gentiles; nor the end of them which speaks of discipling all nations.

Remaining thus within the limits of Judaism, this Jesus of the modern Jew thought not of bringing a new revelation, or of setting up in any sense a new covenant: his only care was to scatter the seeds of already extant truth in hearts that had been lying fallow. He did not even declare the pure immortality of the soul; that is, its continuance after the removal of the bodily shell in heavenly blessedness, but simply and solely the resurrection of the body from death at a definite time, as the other Jewish teachers of the age taught that the resurrection of the pious would take place upon earth, and a new order of things, the World to Come, be founded. Like the Pharisees and Essenes, Jesus connected this with the Messianic era, the entrance of the kingdom of heaven. For impenitent sinners he had a fiery Gehenna, or Hell. In short, the merit of Jesus—and it was no slight merit—consisted in his having internalised the prescriptions of Judaism, seized them with the heart and impressed them on the heart: that he emphasised the relation of the Israelites to their God as the children of a Father; that he gave prominence to the brotherhood of men; that he placed morality in the forefront; and, finally, that he made this doctrine of interior religion and holiness accessible to the worst of creatures.

But Dr. Graetz thinks, and we agree with him, that mere instruction would not have brought to Jesus so large a circle of devoted adherents, and such an abundant influence, if he had known how to excite men's minds to wonder and enthusiasm by something extraordinary. His external appearance, his enthusiastic nature, his moral greatness,

his penetrating style of instruction, in few sharp words or in longer parables presenting sublime truth in plain forms that seized and arrested the hearers; all these circumstances did certainly produce a mighty impression.

"Yet, in order to awaken a response in dull common people utterly indifferent to ideals, to excite in them an unhesitating faith, and to obtain their homage as an extraordinary being, it was necessary to adopt a procedure of an extraordinary character, and such as would touch the imagination of the masses. Now, the Christian documents are full of narratives with the utmost possible variations on the common theme that Jesus performed miraculous cures. Though much in these narratives must be attributed to exaggerating legend, to the tendency to embellish a hero, and especially to the productive nature of the myth, yet there must have been a kernel of historical truth in them. Miraculous healing, especially in the case of the possessed, was so bound up with the idea of the work ascribed to Jesus, that his followers gloried more in this than in any special holiness of life. The dignity of a disciple of Jesus was recognised in this, that he could cast out evil spirits, and cure diseases by invocations of the name of his lord. If we are to believe the documents, the people wondered more at his power over demons and Satan than at his moral grandeur. Was the healing art then in such a state of infancy that every skilful physician was marvelled at as a higher being? Or were those sicknesses, which he is said to have healed, of a psychical kind dependent on imagination; and might a soul-physician succeed in uprooting them by means of influences wrought on the fancy? Or might the concentrated and strong will of a morally pure personality penetrate to the organic centres of man, and remove, in a psychical way, the seat of disease? However we may seek to explain the procedure, it is certain that in one or more instances—the number is indifferent—Jesus healed by touch or exorcism, or some other means a disease which was then called possession. By this he excited the amazement of the multitude to a very high degree. It was this that first made him appear to uneducated masses as an extraordinary being. In their eyes the prophet of Nazareth had power over evil spirits which hurt mankind, over Satan who turns God's people from Him, over hell whence these powers of darkness spring. He seemed to them to be a man of God whose mere word wrought magical effects, and to whom it was a small thing to work miracles. And as Jesus did not repel these common people from him, but condescended to them, taught them in a language they understood, and strove to educate them for citizenship in the kingdom of heaven, it was natural that he firmly attached them to himself, and that they were his faithful and true adherents."

No one knows better than our Jewish historian that the Gospel narratives of the Saviour's healing are so bound up with His entire manifestation, that it is impossible to establish any such theory as he propounds; indeed, he feels the impossibility himself. He admits, as any man in his senses must admit, that there were some interventions of Jesus which were beyond the ordinary reach of human nature; that the universal belief, of which innumerable traditions were extant, could not be mistaken in attributing to Him supernatural power. Now, granting that Jesus was a good man, such a pure and unselfish lover of souls as Dr. Graetz assumes Him to have been, can we further permit ourselves to think that He allowed all men to believe in a power from heaven that He did not possess? And if this wonderful Person possessed this power, where can we place a limit to it? Was it not most appropriate that evil spirits, supposing them to exist, should feel it? If Dr. Graetz does not believe in the existence of Satan and evil spirits, he is not worthy to be the historian of Judaism. He is rebuked by the ancient teachers of his own community. For ourselves, we see in the entire record every token of perfect consistency. Jesus came to destroy the works of the devil; and the powers of evil were exhibited accordingly in their utmost might around Him. He was challenged, again and again, by His adversary and ours. And it is very observable that the narratives most explicitly obviate the possibility of any such hypothesis as a secret power over the springs of life and nervous energy. Our Lord Himself always made it plain by what power—by what Finger of God—He wrought His wonders.

But to return. Our historian goes on to show that, encouraged by his success in Capernaum, where Jesus first had a circle of discipleship, he went round the Galilean cities, tarried long in the second capital, Bethsaida, in Magdala, and Chorazin. He also passed over the sea of Tiberias to the east coast, the region of Gadara; but was not long out of Galilee. In Bethsaida and Chorazin his success was little; and a woe was pronounced upon them, like that upon Sodom and Gomorrah. But his faithful disciples, male and female, implicitly obeyed him. "Released from their old habits, they surrendered their goods to live in community. Fellowship in eating and drinking, borrowed from the Essenes, was their external

bond. Through the aid of the rich publicans, the poorer adherents were raised above want, which bound them all the more closely to Jesus." But all this is only true in part. Here and elsewhere Dr. Graetz imports the Acts into the Gospels, and represents the disciples of Jesus as living in community life before the time. There was no fellowship in eating and drinking, nor any selling of goods, while the Lord was in the midst of His disciples. The miraculous feedings were of a very different kind, and imply the reverse of what is here stated. And we know that rich women retained their wealth, and ministered with it to the Lord.

The institution of the Apostolate is looked upon with much suspicion by Dr. Graetz; and, in treating of it, he violates his own canons of historical criticism. He says that, among his disciples Jesus chose those for more intimate fellowship who, through their ability to grasp his doctrine, and their strength of character, seemed more likely to serve his ends. "The number of these most trusted adherents was not known to the original documents; but legend made them twelve, as a kind of setting for the twelve tribes of Israel, and gave them the name of apostles. The twelve chief disciples were to judge the twelve tribes." But he thinks that there were certainly more than that number. He finds it remarkable that a Zealot, one of the disciples of Judas the Galilean, by name Simon, was one of the interior circle; and thinks that he hoped, through the means prescribed by his new master, to attain the same end that Judas aimed at, the deliverance by force from the Roman yoke. But there is not the slightest vestige of evidence that there were more apostles than twelve appointed by our Lord; nor is there sign that they any of them aimed at a forcible rescue of the Jewish people from Rome. We pass, however, to an event of most critical importance in the great history, which is thus recorded:—

"The goal, the centre of all his thoughts, the secret shut up in his breast, Jesus one day disclosed to his most trusted disciples. He led them to a sequestered district at the foot of the Mount Hermon, not far from Cæsarea Philippi, where the Jordan springs forth from colossal rocks; in this solitary region he purposed to reveal his deepest secret. But he ordered it in such a manner that the disciples should extract from him the thought that he was

himself the promised Messiah. He asked them what his disciples thought of him. Some said that he was Elias, the expected forerunner of the Messiah; others that he was the prophet foretold by Moses. Then Jesus asked, 'Whom say ye that I am?' Simon Peter answered, 'Thou art Thyself the Messiah.' Jesus commended the penetration of Peter, confessed his Messiahship, but forbade his disciples to betray the secret or even to speak of it. Here was in mysterious darkness the hidden birth-hour of Christianity. When some days later the most confidential disciples Simon and James and John, say to him in fear that Elias ought to come before the Messiah, Jesus hinted to them that Elias had come in the person of John, though men knew it not. Had Jesus from the beginning of his appearance nourished this thought in his deepest soul? Or did the conception first arise when the happy result of his labours, the possibility of its realisation, dawned upon him? That is a mystery which perhaps will never be disclosed.

"Although Jesus here first avowed himself the Messiah, and received homage as such, he never called himself Messiah, but used other terms which were doubtless current among the Essenes. He was the Son of Man, with allusion to Daniel's vision of Him who came to the Ancient of days; where doubtless the whole people was meant, the people of the Messiah; though at this time the meaning was perverted to the personal Messiah. Again, he used the suspicious word 'Son of God,' with probable reference to the Psalm, 'Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee,' which also appears in Jewish circles to have been referred to the Messiah. Did Jesus merely use that expression figuratively for the Messiah, or mean it to be taken in its literal sense? So far as we know, he never declared himself on that subject; not even later, when on account of that word he was brought to the bar and condemned. His disciples were afterwards divided about it; the difference in apprehending it split Christianity into two parties, and gave birth to a new idolatry. Other and quite innocent appellations Jesus used to designate his Messiahship. 'Bread from heaven' (manna), and 'Bread of life,' probably not less current among the Essenes. It is hardly indicated how he expected to fulfil the Messianic expectation. Certain it is that he thought only of Israel, which he purposed to deliver from sin as well as from the yoke of the Romans. Jesus as the Christ thought no better of the Gentiles than Jesus the disciple of John. Without doubt he so conceived of the redemption of Israel that if the Jewish nation would, in devoted love to God and man, in self-denial, and especially in assumption of voluntary poverty, yield itself to his guidance, and be raised to a higher life, then on His part God, who waits in a certain sense for the concurrence of His children, would in love to His people bring about all those wonders, such as their deliverance from a foreign yoke, the return of the

dispersed, the restoration of the Davidic glory: the dream of an enthusiast, which after eighteen centuries is still a dream."

Here, of course, is the great contention between our historian and us. This "dream of an enthusiast" was the counsel of eternity, acted out in time and in the full daylight of human history. We cannot realise to ourselves the ideal set up by Dr. Graetz. His enthusiast, according to his own showing, could not have intended to deceive. Yet He did deceive both the people and His own disciples. And, in Dr. Graetz' theory, the artifices to suppress what nevertheless He plainly announced are simply incomprehensible. No one who reads the narratives will find in them any traces of the pressure upon Jesus which induced Him, as the next quotation hints, to go up to Jerusalem against His will. He set His face stedfastly to go up to His passion. In fact, there is hardly any evidence in favour of Christianity so strong as that which its enemies furnish in their attempts to account for the conduct of Jesus. He is set for the revelation of many hearts—of Jewish hearts especially. Generally speaking, they solve the difficulty as their fathers did: "We will not have this man to reign over us." And they reject the Nazarene with either silent or loud contempt. But here we have a writer of a different type. Our author seems almost yielding to the sway of the Being whom he so calmly criticises. His Jesus is too good for imposture; but he is also too wise for mere enthusiasm. The result is, that He remains an incomprehensible enigma; "a mystery," as he says, "that perhaps will never be disclosed." There is but one revelation of the mystery; and, if we read the New Testament aright, the people to whom Dr. Graetz belongs, if not Dr. Graetz himself, will hereafter read it with unveiled faces and rejoice.

"When Jesus accepted his disciples' avowal that he was the Messiah he commanded them, our author notes, to conceal it. Was it fear that Herod Antipas, in whose province he lived and taught, would consign him to the doom of the Baptist? or was it his purpose to wait until a larger number of adherents should enable him to appear in a more imposing manner as the Messiah? The true reason we have no means of ascertaining. He comforted his disciples by telling them that the time would come when they might 'proclaim on the housetops what they had heard in secret.' But it happened just the contrary to what Jesus and his disciples expected. As soon as it was known—the disciples probably did

not keep silence—that Jesus of Nazareth not only heralded the kingdom of heaven, but was himself the promised Messiah, public opinion was enlisted against him. Men expected from him signs and tokens of his Messiahship which he could not give; and he evaded their question. Many of his disciples took offence at his Messiahship, and fell away from him. If he would save himself from exposure to his disciples, he must do something to crown his work. They expected of him that he would appear in the capital, before the whole nation assembled at the Passover, and there assume the Messiahship. It is narrated that his own brethren conjured him to go to Judæa ‘that his followers might see his work. For no man doeth anything in secret, but will make himself known; if thou doest these things, show thyself to the world.’ Then Jesus seems to have determined to go his dangerous way. Moreover, he was not safe in Galilee; and pursued by the minions of Herod, to have fled from place to place. When in these straits one would attach himself to him, Jesus said: ‘Foxes have holes, the birds nests, but the Messiah hath not where to lay his head.’ How long he taught in Galilee is not known. The documents would seem to indicate that his work at longest was over in a year; so entirely had the circumstances vanished from them. According to another source, no better authenticated, it lasted three years.”

Dr. Graetz is always extremely solicitous to keep our Lord among the Jews. He is jealous of the Jewish consistency of his hero; for such we may call his Jesus. Accordingly he argues that so little was it in the thought of our Lord to break with existing Judaism, that he avoided the Samaritans, enemies of all Jewish pilgrims to the feast; so, in order to preclude any misunderstanding, as if he would abolish the law, he answered a Pharisee who offered his adherence and asked the conditions: “If thou wilt have eternal life, keep the law; sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor:” that is, distribute it among my poor dependents. Arrived in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, he did not go down into the capital, but took up his abode on the Mount of Olives, where the lepers, who must avoid the holy city, had their dwelling. In the house of such a leper, named Simon, who with his people were disciples, he found refuge. The other adherents, whom he found in Bethany, belonged to the lower class: Lazarus and his sister, Mary and Martha. It is said by the documents that only one rich and eminent person of Jerusalem, Joseph of Arimathea, was a disciple of Jesus.

Approaching the entrance into Jerusalem and our Lord’s

appearance in the temple, Dr. Graetz finds only legends and glorifying embellishments, in which there is little historical truth. It is said that the people led Jesus triumphantly into the city; but the same people a few days later demanded his death. The one and the other are, he finds, inventions: the former, to exhibit Him as acknowledged by the nation; the latter, to cast the blood-guiltiness of his execution upon the whole nation. No more historical, in his view, is the trait that Jesus entered the temple with violence, cast down the moneychangers' tables, and drove out the sellers of doves. Such an occurrence of so striking a character would not have been passed over silently in the other documents of the time. Nor is there any authority for believing that the moneychangers and sellers of doves pursued their traffic within the temple. The market for sacrificial victims was outside the city, on the Mount of Olives, under a cedar. On the temple hill only oil, wine, and meal for unbloody sacrifices were distributed; not for gold, but for marks, as it was not for every one to know the right quantities prescribed for such offerings. In the neighbourhood of the temple there were indeed exchanges for those who had neglected, during the month before the feast, to provide the requisite coin. "Against this custom—that of collecting money in the neighbourhood of the temple—Jesus may have spoken with condemnation; because He was opposed to Mammon on all occasions. Thence, doubtless, the legend about the temple invasion and the temple cleansing." But Dr. Graetz concedes all that is really demanded. There is no necessity for supposing that our Lord entered the temple proper, where such abominations could not exist. Suffice that in the precincts of the temple—in the court of the Gentiles—this traffic was carried on.

As to the most important section of His life, the position which Jesus assumed in Jerusalem with regard to the people, the Sanhedrim, and the several parties, and whether He publicly announced Himself the Messiah, and how this was accepted, the documents, Dr. Graetz thinks, coloured, that it is impossible to distinguish the historical kernel from the legendary accretions and embellishments. Prejudices were undoubtedly against Him in the metropolis. The cultured portion of the people certainly did not welcome a Galilean Messiah, ignorant of the law; and it was in direct opposition to the notions of centuries that

the Messiah should come out of Galilee : he was looked for in Bethany and from the stem of David. Now probably originated the proverb, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" The pious were offended in him because he consorted with sinners and publicans. Even the disciples of John, that is, the Essenes, appear as a rule to have been repelled from him. The Shammites were aggrieved by his healing on the Sabbath ; they could not conceive of a Messiah dishonouring the holy day. Jesus had now and then spoken against the expositions and inferences of the Pharisees : for example, that a son, in consequence of a vow, was prevented from helping his parents, thus setting aside the command to honour them. This may have come to their ears, and they were embittered against him. The Zealots could not expect much from him, because he preached only peace, and did not inflame his followers with fierce zeal against the Romans, but rather, from his general contempt for Mammon, exhorted them freely to pay their taxes. "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." All these strange peculiarities, which various parties could not harmonise with the Messianic idea, made the middle orders of the nation, and especially the rulers and scribes, cold towards him ; and he did not meet with a favourable reception in Jerusalem. All these matters of offence, however, made up no ground of accusation ; and there was nothing as yet to be alleged. Free expressions of opinion were brought into such vogue by the frequent debates between the schools of Schammai and Hillel that no one was likely to be prosecuted for a religious opinion, provided always that he did not violate generally acknowledged religious laws or offend against the Judaic idea of the Supreme God.

Now it was on this last point that Jesus, in the view of our historian, presented a weak side to the attack. The report was circulated that he called himself "the Son of God," a word which, if taken in its strongest sense, cut so deeply into the religious convictions of the Jewish nation, that no one thus invading their doctrine could escape with impunity. But how was the tribunal to obtain assurance on this point, whether he gave himself out actually to be the Son of God, and what meaning he attached to the word. Certainly Jesus did not use it indiscriminately, but only in the narrow circle of his disciples. How was that

to be found out which was a secret of the fraternity? A traitor was necessary from among the disciples themselves, and he was found in Judas Iscariot, who, as it is related, moved by covetousness, delivered him to the judgment whom he had hitherto honoured as the Messiah. Reference is made to a Jewish authority, seemingly old and trustworthy, which places the service of the traitor in its true light. The court needed, in order to arraign Jesus as a false prophet, or deceiver of the people, two witnesses who should have heard censurable words spoken by him. The traitor, therefore, was to move him to speak, so that two witnesses, who in ambush noted all he said, might plainly hear him; an exceptional procedure, which probably occurred only on this occasion, and was afterwards made a precedent in similar cases. According to the Christian document, the treachery of Judas served only to discover Jesus to the soldiers and the crowd, a discovery that he made by means of a kiss: "as if," says Dr. Graetz, "he who had entered Jerusalem in triumph, and had preached openly in the temple, might have been nevertheless unknown!" But surely the Christian documents are as likely to be right as the Jewish, especially as the latter avowedly invents a new precedent. Surely the author of the Gospel would have avoided the appearance of a needless precaution on the part of Judas, in the matter of the kiss that is, if the melancholy truth had not been as he relates it. Again, let us quote our author:—

"As soon as the band had seized Jesus his disciples in a body left him, seeking their safety in flight: Simon Peter alone followed him from afar. When the day broke on 14th Nisan, the feast of the Passover, that is, the preparation day before the feast of unleavened bread, Jesus was led before the Sanhedrim: not the greater but the lesser judicial court of twenty-three members, in which the high priest, Joseph Caiaphas, had the chief place. The investigation was this, whether it was certain that Jesus gave himself out to be the Son of God, as the witnesses alleged. It sounds altogether incredible that the judicial process was carried on against him because he had said: 'Destroy this temple, and in three days I will build it again.' Such a saying, even if he had spoken it, could never have been matter of accusation. The accusation was rather of blasphemy: whether or not Jesus would have himself acknowledged as the Son of God. When this specific question was put to him, Jesus kept silence and gave no answer. When the president again asked him whether he was the Son of God,

he is said to have replied 'Thou sayest it,' and to have added: 'Hereafter will the Son of Man be seen sitting on the right hand of the throne of God, and coming in the clouds of heaven.' From this expression, if he actually uttered it, the judges might gather that he regarded himself as the Son of God. Thereupon the high priest rent his clothes on account of the blasphemy he heard, and the court condemned him as a blasphemer. The Christian documents do not make it plain whether the judges condemned him wrongfully according to the then current penal statutes. The appearance was against him. The confirmation of the sentence of death, or rather the permission for the execution, the Sanhedrim received from the governor, Pontius Pilate, who was in Jerusalem at this feast.

"Pilate, before whom Jesus was led, asked him about the political side of his mission, whether he as Messiah made himself the King of the Jews; and when Jesus answered ambiguously 'Thou sayest it,' the governor pronounced at once the sentence of death. That alone was his office. It is a legendary addition that he found Jesus innocent and would have saved him, but the Jews insisted on his death. If Jesus was scorned, and obliged to wear the crown of thorns as in mockery of his Messianic royalty, this indignity came not from the Jews but from the Roman soldiers, who were glad enough to mock in his person the Jewish nation. There was so little of passionate hatred against his person among his judges that they gave him, as they gave every condemned person, the cup with wine and vinegar, in order to stupefy him and mitigate His sufferings. As Jesus before his death was scourged, it follows that Pilate dealt with him after the Roman fashion; for the Jews never scourged a criminal about to die. The Roman lictors were the perpetrators of the scourging with rods, thus with the alacrity of contempt treating the so-called 'King of the Jews.' It was they who at the command of Pilate nailed him to the cross and put him to death with the uttermost indignity in the Roman method. For with the sentence of death, pronounced by the Roman official with whom was the power of life and death, the condemned belonged no more to his nation, but was under Roman authority. Not the Jewish Sanhedrim but Pilate executed Jesus; and that as a disturber of the peace and raiser of sedition. The Christian documents intimate that he was crucified alive at nine in the morning, and gave up the ghost at three in the afternoon. His last word was from the Psalm, in Aramaic: 'God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' In mockery the Roman soldiers had placed an inscription over the cross: 'Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.' The crucifixion, and probably also the entombment of the body, took place outside of the city at a place of burial devoted to the condemned, which was called Golgotha, the place of a skull.

"Such was the end of a man who lived for the moral amendment of the abandoned of his nation, and probably was the victim of a misunderstanding. His death was the occasion, though the innocent occasion, of countless sorrows and manifold deaths to the children of her people. Millions of broken hearts, have not yet expiated his death. He is the only man born of woman of whom it may be said without exaggeration that 'He did more in his dying than in his living.' The place of a skull became for the historical world a new Sinai. For the rest, these events so important to the Christian world made so slight an impression in Jerusalem that the Jewish historians, Justus of Tiberias and Josephus, do not utter a syllable about Jesus and his execution: this in the case of Josephus being the more remarkable because he relates the most trivial circumstances of the governorship of Pilate, and does not pass over a Samaritan prophet who had made himself responsible for delivering over to his people the holy vessels concealed by Moses on Mount Gerizim."

Reserving a few remarks on this impressive quotation, we will sum up Dr. Graetz's closing observations. He observes that when the first terror of the capture and crucifixion of Jesus, which had dispersed the disciples, was over, they assembled again, to mourn over the death of their Master. The whole company of Jesus, at least that part of it found in Judæa, amounted to one hundred and twenty members only; and when those in Galilee were included, to no more than five hundred. And thus it is shown how deep the impression must have been which Jesus made upon these mostly ignorant men. Far from giving up their faith in him as a dream, they became all the more enthusiastic; and their reverence reached the point of fanaticism. The only stumbling-block remaining was this, that the Messiah who was to redeem Israel, and bring in the glory of the kingdom of heaven, had died by a shameful death. How could that Messiah be subjected to sufferings? The suffering Messiah had always been to them a serious embarrassment. This offence in Jesus must be done away before his disciples could yield themselves with perfect devotion to his claim to be the Anointed. And Dr. Graetz, following the Tübingen critics, finds in the Apostle Paul a help out of the difficulty. A scribe among themselves arose who quieted himself and them by showing that, according to a prophecy of Isaiah (which the Jews also referred to the Messiah), sufferings would be inflicted on the Messiah that He might abolish the sins of the

people: "He was cut off from the land of the living, and for the sins of His people He was wounded." It was a Pharisee who helped the affrighted, helpless, and dispirited company of the disciples of Jesus out of the greatest perplexity: he made the new and marvellous by means of his interpretation of Scripture old and scriptural, and gave the Christianity which was at the point of being dissolved a firm foundation. The method of expounding Scripture at that time was a power which could make what was most irrational appear acceptable, and what was most incredible appear necessary. Without some, however weak, demonstration out of the holy writings, whether Pentateuch or Prophets, nothing new could maintain itself. The hermeneutical principles of Pharisaism, which often wrested the literal sense by perverting the connection, first rendered faith in the Messiahship of Jesus and his death capable of life. In this way was the riddle solved; and then all must be. Even that Jesus was executed as a transgressor appeared full of importance, that the prophecy concerning the Messiah should be literally fulfilled. Was it not beforehand predicted that he should be "numbered with the transgressors?" His disciples remembered having heard him say while he lived, that he was going to persecution and even death. Thus suffering and death belonged to the demonstration of his Messiahship. His adherents went through his whole life, and found in every trifling circumstance a higher Messianic allusion. Even that he was born, not in Bethlehem but in Nazareth, was a fulfilment of prophecy: "He shall be called a Nazarene." Thus the company of believers became convinced that Jesus of Nazareth was the Christ (the Messiah).

When their minds were satisfied on this point, it was, according to Dr. Graetz, not hard to answer another question: When will the promised kingdom of heaven appear; the representative and perfecter of it having died on the cross? Hope gave this answer: "The Messiah will come again in glory with the angels of heaven, and then will he recompense every man according to his work." They believed that "there were some then living who would not taste of death until they had seen the Son of Man coming in his kingdom (his Parousia)." Hence the believers expected every moment the return of Jesus; and on this point differed nothing from the Jews, only that they connected the Messiahship with a personality already known.

After his return, Jesus would set up a thousand-years' kingdom, the Sabbatic Millennium, after the six thousand years of the world's history, which was to bring to believers all the delights of peace and every earthly happiness. To sustain this faith, it was necessary to believe that Jesus had not sunk under death, but had arisen again. Probably in dependence on the Biblical narrative of the prophet Jonah, that he was three days in the whale's belly, the saying went forth that "Jesus lay three days in the sepulchre, and then arose again, and his grave was found empty." Many of his people asserted that they had seen him, now here, now there, and had spoken with him, had touched his wounds, and even eaten with him fishes and honey. Faith found not even the slightest ground for distrusting his Messiahship.

And now we come to the conclusion of the whole matter. Dr. Graetz thinks that, highly as the first believers honoured Jesus, and much as they glorified him, they did not yet exalt his name beyond the human sphere; their fanaticism went not so far as to think him God. They held him to be only a more highly endowed man, who, because he had fulfilled the law as none before him, had been found worthy to be the Messiah of God. Hence they did not decline from the law of Judaism; they observed the Sabbath, circumcision and food laws; still counting Jerusalem and the temple holy. Hardly could they have kept the law, if Jesus had expressly taught them its rejection, or if they had seen him neglecting it. Yet had they, in connection with their faith on a Messiah who had already appeared, certain other peculiarities which distinguished them from the rest of the Jews. The voluntary assumption of poverty, which Jesus had taught them, was a prominent feature. They appealed to the rules which he had enforced on the disciples: "Take neither gold, nor silver, nor money in your purse; take no scrip by the way, nor two coats, nor any shoes, nor any staff." On account of this voluntary poverty they were called Ebionites (poor), a name which they either gave themselves or received from those without. This of itself rendered the living in community possible; so that every one who joined them sold his possessions, and handed over the produce to the common fund. On this side, the first or Jewish Christians, called by the Jews Nazarenes, did not remove far from their origin, Essenism. For the administration of their

goods, and the care of their common meals, they appointed, as was customary in every Jewish community, seven stewards. The Essene regimen of the first company was shown also in their abstinence from flesh and wine, in their celibacy, in their neglect of oil for anointing, and superfluous clothing: a single white garment of linen was enough. Of James, the brother of Jesus, who, on account of that relation was chosen to be the president of the first Jewish-Christian church, and was its model, it is related that he drank no wine, ate no meat, never had a razor on his head, wore no woollen garment, but was content with one only of linen. On account of this exemplary life, James received the title of "The Good" (Oblias). He lived strictly according to the law, and was exceedingly rigorous when Jewish Christians permitted themselves to break it. Simon Peter and John were with him in the government of the first Ebionite community. These pre-eminent disciples were the "pillars" of Christendom. Simon Peter was the most active among the followers of the Master: he spared no pains to win disciples for the faith of Jesus, and for the Christian rule of life. He is, however, described as of a wavering character. The early documents say of him, that he thrice denied Jesus at his trial, and his Master himself called him one of "little faith." His opponent said of him that, "without regarding the proscription, he ate with the Gentiles; but that, when people came from James, he feared longer to partake of Gentile food." He, like the other disciples of Jesus, considered himself commissioned by his Master to go to the "lost sheep of the house of Israel," in order to make them capable of brotherly fellowship in the kingdom of heaven. Like Jesus and John the Baptist, they were to proclaim the Gospel. Just come into existence, Christianity went on its way of proselytism and conquest. The disciples maintained that they had received from Jesus the gift of healing the sick, awakening the dead, casting out evil spirits. The exorcising of demons, which with Jesus was a mere accident, they made a permanent function; and spread abroad the faith in the power of Satan and evil spirits which they had brought from Galilee, and which only this faith made an absolute reality. Within Judaism, the faith in demons was of a harmless nature, without any religious stamp; it was only in Christendom that it was elevated into an article

of faith, to which hecatombs of human victims have been offered.

The first Christians used, or rather abused, the name of Jesus to all kinds of exorcisms; all those who believed in Jesus ascribed to themselves the power to drive out evil spirits in his name, to charm serpents, to heal the sick by the laying on of hands, and to be unhurt even if they drank any deadly thing. Exorcism was gradually elevated into a standing business of the Christian rulers; the reception of a disciple was preceded by it, as if until that moment he had been possessed by a devil. No wonder that the Jews regarded the Nazarenes, and the Gentiles regarded the Christians, as exorcists and magicians. Yet in the first decades after the death of Jesus they were little regarded in the Jewish circles: on account of the humble place they generally occupied they escaped observation. They formed a particular sect, being reckoned among the Essenes, with whom they had so many points in common. They would probably have gone out of existence if a man had not afterwards arisen who gave the sect an extension, and elevated it to a height, which ensured to it the dominion of the world.

This man, of course, was Saul of Tarsus, whose influence on the new sect was such as to make him the real founder of Christianity. He wrenched it finally from the law, from which, as Christ left it, it had (not broken away; and he gave it that position of independence which enabled it to go forth conquering and to conquer.

On another occasion we may take occasion to discuss the question of St. Paul's relation to Christianity. Suffice now to observe that this theory is founded on a simple mistake. The germs of all that St. Paul taught and wrote are founded in the Gospels and early Acts. Moreover, the other Apostles who were in Christ before him preached the same universal gospel of salvation without the deeds of the law which he preached. In fact, they were all under one common influence of the Holy Spirit, whose government of Christianity and its development was supreme. This need not now be dwelt upon. Suffice to remark further that there was no life in Christianity which St. Paul gave it: its existence was not by any means dependent on him. We must allow Dr. Graetz to cherish the poor satisfaction of believing that the Christian sect would have soon expired if it had been left as Jesus left it.

We know that He Himself was in it, and ever is in it, the power of an endless life. But we must make one last sad quotation :

"An evil star dominated the Jewish people for a whole century, since the civil war of the last Asmonæans had brought the Roman despotism into Judæa. Every new event issued in always increasing unhappiness. Koheleth's consolation, that 'there is nothing new under the sun,' proved itself vain now. The Messianic idea, which had been wavering vaguely and fantastically in all minds, and had now received an embodiment, was yet something new that was never before in the world; and this new birth with the mark of death was destined to inflict on the Jewish nation unknown and frightful wounds. The Messiahship of Nazareth had sprung out of the womb of the Essenian sect. This sect had already a grudge against the popular life of the people as Pharisaism moulded it; and in the child, inheriting this grudge, it had been bitterly increased by the exasperation of the death of its Founder. Pontius Pilate contributed not a little to the hostile disposition with which the Christian sect regarded its own flesh and blood. He had added scorn and mockery to the death inflicted; he had scourged and crucified their Messiah like the lowest slave, and placed on his head the crown of thorns in contempt for the 'King of the Jews.' This figure of the blood-sprinkled Jesus thus crowned with thorns hovered ever before the eyes of his disciples, and excited within them the desire of revenge. But instead of venting their displeasure upon cruel and bloodthirsty Romanism, they made the representatives of Judaism responsible and by degrees Judaism as a whole. They made themselves forget, or forgot with time, that Pilate was the murderer of their Master, and directed the bloodguiltiness upon the head of the Jews and their children."

No special pleading of this kind will ever avail to efface the blot on Jewish history. It is vain to deny the truth of the narratives which all conspire to convict the Jews, with their priests and rulers, of the most solemn crime ever committed on earth: He was mocked and put to death by Jewish rulers. Christ was crucified by their "wicked hands;" and there is a sense in which His blood rests still on them and their children. But their crime was turned to the salvation of the race of man, the race of the Jews being included; and some of the grandest passages in the Christian writings foretell the coming of the day when Israel shall repent, and look upon Him whom they pierced, and mourn and be saved through Him whom their fathers rejected. Meanwhile, it is equally

vain to make Jesus of Nazareth a Jewish Sectary, Essene or otherwise. While He lived among men He was in some sense a Jewish Prophet, a Minister of the Circumcision; but when He approached His cross, and they robbed Him of His garment, He was stripped of His Judaism, and became in very deed and in the fullest sense what He had alway been, the Son of Man, and a Jew no longer. He belongs to the races of Adam; but no human father gives Him a nationality. He belongs to us all. All nations, all generations, all ages of man, both sexes, and all the individuals on earth, have in Him an equal right.

LITERARY NOTICES.

SOME RECENT BOOKS OF VERSE.

- Poems and Ballads.* Second Series. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly 1878.
- Newdigate Prize Poem. Ravenna.* Recited in the Theatre, Oxford, June 26, 1878. By Oscar Wilde, Magdalen College. Oxford: Thos. Shrimpton and Son, Broad Street. 1878.
- The Faust of Goethe.* Part I. In English Verse. By W. H. Colquhoun. London: Arthur H. Moxon, 21, Paternoster Row. 1878.
- The Flood of Years.* By William Cullen Bryant. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.
- Selected Poems of Matthew Arnold.* London: Macmillan and Co. 1878.
- Amelia, Tamerton Church-tower, &c., with Prefatory Study on English Metrical Law.* By Coventry Patmore. London: George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden. 1878.
- The Angel in the House.* Fifth Edition. Same Author and Publishers.

WE were among those who assailed the first series of Mr. Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*; and it will not be expected that, on so vital a question as that of morality or the reverse in poetry, there should be any changeableness on our part. What we said ten years ago about the pruriencies of *Poems and Ballads*, we should not hesitate to say again now if there were occasion; but since that time book after book from Mr. Swinburne, each varying in character from the last, has come under our notice, and in the matters wherein *Poems and Ballads* was mainly execrable there has been steady improvement—or rather elimination—till now we receive a “second series” of *Poems and Ballads*, and would fain, if we could, forget the associations of the title. Truly there

is little beside the title,—a title, by-the-by, not invented by Mr. Swinburne, but used many years ago by another author for a very different collection—to identify this book of 1878 with the volume of 1866; and we presume it is mainly because Mr. Swinburne has given his dog a bad name that one or two of our contemporaries have proceeded summarily to hang the same, without apparently examining very far into its merits and demerits. Certainly in the volume now before us there are none of those reckless orgies that we found in the *Poems and Ballads* of 1866; and although some few pieces here, such as “At a Month’s End” and “A Song in Season,” are open to the charge that they have exquisite and seemingly earnest workmanship wasted on *blasé* themes of “light love,” bordering on the licentious, the main bulk of the book is not characterised by this trifling, while some of the poems maintain a level of feeling as high as the workmanship is perfect. Such for instance is “The Complaint of Lisa,” a poem of exquisite purity and pathos, full of lofty and chastened passion, and written in an incomparably musical form of verse; indeed so musical that nothing but astonishment remains when one has recovered from the poignant impression of its solemn beauty, and found analytic power to examine the perfectly disguised intricacy of its structure. Such again is “In the Bay,” the longest poem in the book, in which the poet of to-day tries to reach back and realise a personal communion with the two great idealistic poets of our land, the Phosphor and the Hesper of English song, Marlowe and Shelley; and we cannot do better than extract the few stanzas of invocation that seem separable:

“All those that here were of thy kind and kin,
Beside thee and below thee, full of love,
Full-souled for song,—and one alone above
Whose only light folds all your glories in—
With all birds’ notes from nightingale to dove
Fill the world whither we too fain would win.

“The world that sees in heaven the sovereign light
Of sunlike Shakespeare, and the fiery night
Whose stars were watched of Webster; and beneath
The twin-souled brethren of the single wreath,
Grown in kings’ gardens, plucked from pastoral heath,
Wrought with all flowers for all men’s hearts’ delight.

“And that fixed fervour, iron-red like Mars,
In the mid moving tide of tenderer stars,
That burned on loves and deeds the darkest done,
Athwart the incestuous prisoner’s bride-house bars;
And thine, most highest of all their fires but one,
Our morning star, sole risen before the sun.

“And one light risen since theirs to run such race
Thou hast seen, O Phosphor, from thy pride of place.
Thou hast seen Shelley, him that was to thee
As light to fire or dawn to lightning; me,
Me likewise, O our brother, shalt thou see,
And I behold thee, face to glorious face?

" You twain the same swift year of manhood swept
Down the steep darkness, and our father wept.
And from the gleam of Apollonian tears
A holier aureole rounds your memories, kept
Most fervent-fresh of all the singing spheres,
And April-coloured through all months and years.

" You twain fate spared not half your fiery span ;
The longer date fulfils the lesser man.
Ye from beyond the dark dividing date
Stand smiling, crowned as gods with foot on fate.
For stronger was your blessing than his ban,
And earliest whom he struck, he struck too late.

" Yet love and loathing, faith and unfaith yet
Bind less to greater souls in unison,
And one desire that makes three spirits as one
Takes great and small as in one spiritual net
Woven out of hope toward what shall yet be done,
Ere hate or love remember or forget.

" Woven out of faith and hope and love too great
To bear the bonds of life and death and fate :
Woven out of love and hope and faith too dear
To take the print of doubt and change and fear :
And interwoven with lines of wrath and hate
Blood-red with soils of many a sanguine year.

" Who cannot hate, can love not ; if he grieve,
His tears are barren as the unfruitful rain
That rears no harvest from the green sea's plain,
And as thorns crackling this man's laugh is vain.
Nor can belief touch, kindle, smite, relieve
His heart who has not heart to disbelieve.

" But you most perfect in your hate and love,
Our great twin-spirited brethren ; you that stand
Head by head glittering, hand made fast in hand,
And underfoot the fang-drawn worm that strove
To wound you living ; from so far above,
Look love, not scorn, on ours that was your land.

" For love we lack, and help and heat and light
To clothe us and to comfort us with might.
What help is ours to take or give ? but ye—
O, more than sunrise to the blind cold sea,
That wailed aloud with all her waves all night,
Much more, being much more glorious, should you be."

We have extracted these stanzas, not because they are the highest strain of poetry in the book, but partly because they are new to us, whereas many of the finest things we have long been familiar with in the pages of periodical magazines and reviews. Such are "The Complaint of Lisa," "Ave atque Vale," "Memorial Verses on the Death of Théophile Gautier," the stanzas "In Memory of Barry Cornwall," "A Birth-Song for Olivia Frances Madox Rossetti," and "Ex-Voto ;" but we meet an unfamiliar and most exquisite poem again in *Inferia*, written on the death of Admiral Swinburne, in March, 1877 : we give it entire :

"Spring, and the light and sound of things on earth
Requickening, all within our green sea's girth;
A time of passage or a time of birth
Fourscore years since as this year, first and last.

"The sun is all about the world we see,
The breath and strength of very spring; and we
Live, love, and feed on our own hearts; but he
Whose heart fed mine has passed into the past.

"Past, all things born with sense, and blood, and breath;
The flesh hears nought that now the spirit saith.
If death be like as birth and birth as death,
The first was fair—more fair should be the last.

"Fourscore years since, and come but one month more
The count were perfect of his mortal score,
Whose sail went seaward yesterday from shore
To cross the last of many an unsailed sea.

"Light, love and labour up to life's last height,
These three were stars unsetting in his sight,
Even as the sun is life, and heat and light,
And sets not nor is dark when dark are we.

"The life, the spirit and the work were one
That here—ah, who shall say, that here are done?
Not I that know not; father, not thy son,
For all the darkness of the night and sea."

We have only to observe that the order of the words *light, love and labour* is unfortunate: readers used to Mr. Swinburne will, notwithstanding the comma, be apt to read *light* as adjective instead of noun.

A notable feature of the book is the small series of translations from the French of François Villon, which are judiciously selected from the mass of that author's work, rendered with great spirit, and "purged of certain impurities" which it would have been scarcely feasible to give in these days. When we say that one of the finest of Villon's poems, and by far the best of these translations, is the "ballad which Villon made for himself and his comrades, expecting to be hanged along with them," it will be understood that, as his verse corresponds with his life, it is not generally edifying. Still, it is well for students to know something about him. One point of scholarship seems to have eluded the quick apprehension of Mr. Swinburne: he translates the complaint of La Belle Heaulmière (from Villon's *Greater Testament*), and renders *Heaulmière, Armouress* in the title and *Armourer's maid* in the text; but he should have said *helm-maker*, the person indicated being doubtless a fifteenth century *grisette* employed in making the lawn and linen helmets worn by the ladies of that time.

To say that Mr. Oscar Wilde's *Ravenna*, the Newdigate prize poem of 1878, is beyond the average of prize poems, would be to do it only very scanty justice; for the general run of prize poems

are dreary compositions enough, whereas *Ravenna* has no such set air as would compel us to associate it at all with the class of compositions to which it belongs. It is an attractive piece of couplet writing, judged from the merely literary point of view; and if we attempt, as we feel impelled to do, to pierce through the prize poem to the personality of the prizeman, we cannot but find him a youth of ardent feeling and keen perception of the beautiful, who has written a really joyful reminiscence of a journey to and sojourn at Ravenna. The poem seems to us to celebrate, not so much Ravenna and her historic associations, as the impressions which these may produce on a sensitive and enthusiastic disposition—as though the pilgrimage commemorated had been the result of some small researches, and not these the result of the pilgrimage. If so, it would be natural that the poet should fall into the mistake of recording Byron as having been summoned to Greece from Ravenna,—he might well, in the immediate glow of his poetic impressions, have forgotten that the poet had left Ravenna some time, and went to Greece from Genoa; but if the researches grew out of the impressions left by the pilgrimage, how did Mr. Wilde manage to fall into such an error? Here is the passage we refer to:

“How lone this palace is, how grey the walls!
 No minstrel now wakes echoes in these halls.
 The broken chain lies rusting on the door,
 And noisome weeds have split the marble floor:
 Here lurks the snake, and here the lizards run
 By the stone lions blinking in the sun.
 Byron dwelt here in love and revelry
 For two long years—a second Anthony,
 Who of the world another Actium made!—
 Yet suffered not his royal soul to fade,
 Or lyre to break, or lance to grow less keen,
 'Neath any wiles of an Egyptian queen.
 For, from the East there came a mighty cry,
 And Greece stood up to fight for Liberty,
 And called him from Ravenna: never knight
 Rode forth more nobly to wild scenes of fight!
 None fell more bravely on ensanguined field,
 Borne like a Spartan back upon his shield!
 O Hellas! Hellas! in thine hour of pride,
 Thy day of might, remember him who died
 To wrest from off thy limbs the trammelling chain
 O Salamis! O lone Platean plain!
 O tossing waves of wild Euboean sea!
 O wind-swept heights of lone Thermopylæ!
 He loved you well—ay, not alone in word,
 Who freely gave to thee his lyre and sword,
 Like Æschylus at well-fought Marathon.”

The meeting of Byron and Shelley at Ravenna would have been a really fine point for Mr. Wilde: we wish he had chanced upon that fact, instead of the fiction of the foregoing lines.

Mr. Colquhoun's reasons for publishing his translation of *Faust*, notwithstanding his being "almost reluctant" to add to the already long list, are barely sufficient in themselves. He says it has taken him a long time, that there are friends who wish to see it in print, that "his aim has been to render the German very closely," and that he feels encouraged by a sentiment expressed by Maffei in favour of a multiplicity of translations of a great work. The first proposition we take on trust—the version has all the air of vast and painful throes in the manufacture of it: the second proposition (as to friends who wish to see the book in print) has always found a place in the prefaces of mediocre books: the fact that the aim has been to render the German closely may account for the extreme poverty and stiffness of the English; and Maffei's sentiment, of course, goes for nothing, even if he had meant to welcome all translators of *Faust*, good, bad, and indifferent. To translate idiomatic German into unidiomatic English, for the sake of literality, is absurd; and slavish literality in a verse translation is mistaken, as we have often insisted, because poetic quality is sacrificed. Compare a passage of this version with the same passage in Mr. Bayard Taylor's:

MR. COLQUHOUN'S VERSION.

Chorus of Disciples.

Already the sepulchred
Hath unto heaven,
Living, exalted,
Grandly, self-risen;
And now in delight,
Of development free,
Approaching the joy
Of creation, is He.
Alas! on earth's breast
To our grief we rest;
He left us—his own—
Left us pining here;
Alas! we bemoan
Thy bliss, Master dear!

Chorus of Angels.

Arisen Christ hath,
From womb of corruption
forth!
Rejoicing may ye
From your bonds break free;
By deed, glory giving,
Love manifest making;
Feeding, right brotherly,
Voyaging in ministry,
Blessedness promising;
You is the Master near,
Unto you is He there?

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR'S VERSION.

Chorus of Disciples.

Has He, victoriously,
Burst from the vaulted
Grave, and all-gloriously
Now sits exalted?
Is He, in glow of birth,
Rapture creative near?
Ah! to the woe of earth
Still are we native here.
We, His aspiring
Followers, Him we miss;
Weeping, desiring,
Master, Thy bliss!

Chorus of Angels.

Christ is arisen,
Out of Corruption's womb:
Burst ye the prison,
Break from your gloom!
Praising and pleading Him,
Lovingly needing Him,
Brotherly feeding Him,
Preaching and speeding Him,
Blessing, succeeding Him,
Thus is the Master near,—
Thus is He here!

Mr. Colquhoun's "literality" is awkward, and not always even correct; Mr. Taylor's paraphrase is elegant, and hits the spirit of the original. Then compare a passage with the prose version of Mr. Hayward: the following speech of Mephistopheles is perhaps a fairer sample of the average attained by Mr. Colquhoun than the last extract:

"But many a problem knotted too,—
 Let thou the great world on carouse,
 And here in quiet let us house.
 Long has it been a wont traditional
 That in the great world formed is many a small.
 Young witches see I there exposed and nude,
 Old ones their charms that sensibly seclude;
 Be social for my sake at any rate,
 Small is the trouble, and the sport is great.
 What instruments are those I sounding hear?
 Curst clang! we must get used to it, I fear.
 Come thou with me—it must go on, this din—
 I first step on, and then I hand thee in,
 And soon will find for thee another mate;—
 What say'st thou, friend? no small place that, to rate.
 There look along—the end you scarce divine,
 A hundred fires are blazing in a line.
 Dance, cook—prate, drink, make love, do all the lot,
 Now tell me where a better could be got!"

Here is Mr. Hayward's version of the same passage:

"And many a riddle is also tied anew. Let the great world bluster as it will, we will here house ourselves in peace. It is an old saying, that in the great world one makes little worlds. Yonder I see young witches, naked and bare, and old ones, who prudently cover themselves. Be compliant, if only for my sake; the trouble is small, the sport is great. I hear the tuning of instruments. Confounded jangle! One must accustom oneself to it. Come along, come along! it cannot be otherwise. I will go forward and introduce you, and I shall lay you under a fresh obligation. What sayest thou, friend? This is no trifling space. Only look! you can hardly see the end. A hundred fires are burning in a row. People are dancing, cooking, drinking, love-making! Now tell me where anything better is to be found!"

The verse of Mr. Colquhoun has no merit of melody entitling it to be called poetry; and, when compared with Mr. Hayward's prose, is very poor prose indeed.

The late William Cullen Bryant's stately poetic vision, *The Flood of Years*, is a composition which lends itself to illustration in a very marked degree; and it was a happy thought to issue it with woodcuts, designed and executed by Mr. W. J. Linton, than whom it would be impossible to find a more accomplished wood-cutter or a more apt designer. The vision of a poet who sees the years as a flood sweeping onward, and carrying along humanity in its various aspects and under its ever-shifting conditions, could

not fail to awaken the best powers of an artist who is himself a poet; and there are illustrations in this book which are as fine as anything Mr. Linton has ever done. To say this is to say that the volume, at its best, reaches the highest level of modern English woodcutting, regarded from the technical point of view, while in poetry of idea, and rectitude of carrying-out, there are some half-dozen designs beside the title-page that are surpassingly fine. The poem is hardly more than 150 lines, but so sumptuously printed, with an illustration facing every few lines of text, that the book forms one of the most beautiful "gift-books" one could desire.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have done well to add the *Selected Poems of Matthew Arnold* to their admirable *Golden Treasury Series*; and a most charming little book they have made of the said poems. We can imagine that many who are unfamiliar with the works of the author of *Sohrab and Rustum*, will be tempted into a better knowledge by finding this dainty little volume in their hands, and that others to whom his works are already dear will find them dearer still on reperusal in so taking a form and order. Whether Mr. Arnold has made the selection himself is not divulged in the book. His lovers will probably discern, or think they discern, his hand in both choice and arrangement. We could have wished to find one more of the considerable poems—*Balder Dead*—though if it were to be a choice between that and *Sohrab and Rustum*, we should certainly give our vote in favour of this last-named exquisite work, which does find a place in the book. Want of space can hardly have excluded the songs of Callicles (from *Empedocles on Etna*); and, missing these, we feel impelled to suspect some crotchet of the poet, and not of an alien compiler. The typography is particularly pleasant, and Mr. Jeens's vignette of the lyric muse, which "adorns" the title-page, really does adorn it.

In the two volumes of Mr. Coventry Patmore's which we have before us, we presume we are to recognise the first instalment of a uniform edition of that poet's works,—and not before such an edition had become desirable. We are not among those who object to long prefaces, and who would have been ranged with the assailants of Wordsworth on the score of preface-writing when the second volume of *Lyrical Ballads* came out; and consequently we are well pleased to see Mr. Patmore prefacing his works with a reprint of an exhaustive study of English metrical law, which originally appeared in the *North British Quarterly Review*. This is one of the best essays on the subject that we have ever met with,—full of erudition, and fine intelligence, and, at the same time, not the least unreadable through its learnedness. It goes further into the question of metrical law than any of the standard essays on that and cognate subjects, and forms a most appropriate intro-

duction to the works of one who has, to judge from those works, made metrical questions a special study on practical as well as theoretical grounds.

With the exception of "Amelia" and eight other pieces, we find no poems in these volumes with which we are not already familiar. "Amelia" is certainly new to us, and calls for some remark. It is highly characteristic of the author in the delicacy of the treatment, and in a particular kind of supersensitiveness that we do not find in other writers; and yet there is a vein of sentiment intimate to the very blood, so to speak, of the poem, which astonishes us by its intrinsic coarseness. The situation is that of a visit paid by a pair of lovers, to the grave of the lady's predecessor in the gentleman's affections, at which inappropriate place he gives his new love, Amelia, a bracelet, formerly the property of dead Millicent:

"Nay, I will wear it for *her* sake," she said:
For dear to maidens are their rivals dead.
And so,
She seated on the black yew's tortured root,
I on the carpet of sere shreds below,
And nigh the little mound where lay that other,
I kiss'd her lips three times without dispute,
And, with bold worship suddenly aglow,
I lifted to my lips a sandall'd foot,
And kiss'd it three times thrice without dispute."

Of the remaining small poems that are unfamiliar to us "L'Allegro," "The Scorched Fly," "Ma Belle," and "The Kiss" are not remarkable. "The Girl of all Periods" comes under the head of seriously meant *vers de société*, and is admirably done; "A Dream" reminds us of Blake, rather than of Mr. Patmore; "The Sign of the Prophet Jonah" is serious and stately—in the manner of the odes published last year with the "The Lost Eros."

The rest of the volume has appeared before in one or other of the books published respectively in 1844, 1853, and 1866, viz., *Poems, Tamerton Church-tower, &c.*, and the fourth (pocket) edition of *The Angel in the House*, which contained a collection of miscellaneous poems at the end. In that little volume, for instance, the poem now called "Olympus," appeared with the title "Amelia," which is this year transferred to another poem; while the poem now called "A London Fête" is considerably altered from one that appeared in the volume of 1853 as "A Sketch in the Manner of Hogarth."

The other volume now before us contains one half of *The Angel in the House*, Books I. and II., which used to be called *The Betrothal* and *The Espousals*; but from there being no indication of incompleteness, we presume Books III. and IV., originally

issued as *Faithful for Ever* and *Victories of Love*, without any external reference to *The Angel in the House*, are, after being incorporated under that title, to be restored to separate existence. Books I. and II. have been subjected to much rearrangement and textual change. The volumes are prettily printed, legible, and handy.

GIBBON'S LIFE OF GEORGE COMBE.

The Life of George Combe, Author of "The Constitution of Man." By Charles Gibbon. In Two Vols. London: Macmillan and Co. 1878.

MR. COMBE was the first and last apostle of phrenology in these islands. No one preceded and no one has followed him. With him the theory rose into notice, and gained whatever influence and position it possesses. Should phrenology ever become, as Combe fondly hoped, the generally received philosophy of human life, the solvent of all mysteries and guide of all practice, it is to him, not to his teachers, Gall and Spurzheim, that honour will be done. If Gall and Spurzheim drew the first rough outline, it was Combe who supplied the filling up, and presented the subject in a form acceptable to the British intellect. Apart from all question of truth or error, it would be hard to exaggerate the courage, the persistence, the tenacity, the faith in himself and his cause which Combe displayed. Perhaps these qualities often showed a tendency to degenerate into extremes. He was always more ready to ask advice than to act upon it, and tenacity often merged into doggedness. But the sincerity and fervour of his enthusiasm cannot be questioned.

The strength of the opposition and the animosity he aroused cannot be wondered at. Edinburgh, the scene of Combe's life and teaching, was the stronghold of the severest orthodoxy. To this he opposed the boldest religious negations. There was not one of the cherished traditions of Scotch faith that he did not directly traverse. If he was ridiculed, denounced, assailed in the fiercest terms, socially ostracised, he could hardly think it strange. He was the first assailant. The doctrines attacked were those most fundamental to Christian faith. The attack was made in the most uncompromising way; no truce or compromise was ever sought. If the opposition on the part of believers were less earnest, unbelievers would have better reason for their descriptions of faith as old and effete than they have at present. A great deal of the opposition Combe encountered must be set down to the magnitude of the claims made on behalf of

phrenology. It is set forth as nothing less than the sum and substance of all knowledge and truth. Metaphysics are swept away. Religion and morality must be reconstructed from their lowest foundations. Education, jurisprudence, social and political economy must go to school again. The first thing the world has to do is to unlearn all that it has ever known on all these subjects. Mankind are not quite prepared for this surrender at discretion to a claimant never heard of before. Combe had against him not merely the whole religious but the whole intellectual world. One of the sharpest controversies of his life was with Sir William Hamilton. Perhaps nothing but the most boundless confidence could have sustained Combe against the opposition he had to meet; but the same confidence undoubtedly intensified the opposition. No theologian or church-council was ever more absolute or dogmatic. Arguments of assailants like Hamilton are passed by as "worthless," (II. 117.) Such pretensions on behalf of a science just born, teeming with speculative elements, are somewhat strong. Combe himself describes phrenology as not an exact but an *estimative* science—an amusingly ambiguous definition. What does *estimative* mean? The only meaning we can give to it is *conjectural*, or at most *provisional*, *tentative*. For a science in its rudimentary state to claim to dispossess established theories, and control the whole domain of thought and action, is certainly an extreme course. It would have been miraculous if such claims had not met with keen opposition.

It is singular that we should have had to wait twenty years for Combe's biography. Never before were such abundant materials forthcoming for a biographer's use. Mr. Combe not only preserved all letters addressed to him on phrenological subjects, but kept copies of all he wrote. The latter "occupy eleven large quarto volumes of 700 to 800 pages each, and six smaller volumes which he used when travelling. In addition, he left thirty journals, in which he recorded the chief events of his life, the ideas that occurred to him for use in his works, and occasionally extracts from the books he read which had any bearing on the subjects of his thought." In addition, there are his numerous works—treatises, pamphlets, &c. Of all these materials Mr. Gibbon has made admirable use. For proportion, distinctness, impartial and well-drawn delineation the portrait could not be surpassed. Excepting the single occurrence of the Scotticism "to a degree" I. 142, and too numerous errors of the press, such as *external* for *eternal* I. 238, *speciam* II. 120, and the omission of nearly a whole line, II. 121, there is no fault to be found with the biography either as to matter or form. It is really a careful piece of work, where selection must have been difficult and laborious.

The biography is intensely phrenological, and in this respect is a good illustration of the revolution which the theory would make in prevalent modes of thought and speech. Combe was above all things thorough. He carried his theory into everything, looked upon individuals, nations, history, society, religion, with phrenological eyes. His biographer says: "Phrenology was in his eyes the key to all knowledge. His devotion to it was intense; he viewed life entirely through its medium; he attributed to his knowledge of it all the good he tried to do and was able to accomplish; and he was too much inclined to think that all the failures of mankind were due to ignorance of its principles." Hence his biography is strewn thickly with phrenological "developments" of all the persons he had to do with—himself, his father, mother, wife, brothers and sisters, friends and teachers, great politicians and writers. It may be owing to habit and prejudice, but we confess that the first impression is not a pleasant one. We do not like the physical and material element constantly thrust into the foreground. Probably a due course of education might obviate this. Combe's birth took place in 1788, when the centenary of the Revolution was being celebrated. He writes: "Whether the themes of liberty, which she would be hearing and reading about as that time approached, had any effect in modifying the cerebral organism of her babe, I do not know; but certain it is that she then gave birth to a child whose ruling passion through life was to act the part of a reformer." Perhaps Combe would have explained the Reform Bill of 1832 by the fact that the birth of most of those who carried it fell about the same time. His father's temperament was "bilious, nervous, and sanguine, and his head large." His mother's brain was "of average dimensions, and remarkably well proportioned, conscientiousness and firmness predominating among the sentiments. Her knowing organs were rather larger than the reflecting organs." Dr. Adam, Rector of the High School, and author of *Roman Antiquities*, "manifested benevolence, conscientiousness, and philoprogenitiveness." Mr. Combe shows how religious faith, just like virtue and vice is a matter, not of truth and falsehood, but of organisation, by the difference between himself and an early friend, J—— L——. The latter had "a fine, sanguine, nervous, bilious temperament, excellent health, a brain of an average size, in which the organs of veneration, hope, and wonder were all larger in relation to the other organs than in my brain, while self-esteem was well developed in both. In him the organs named were larger in relation to conscientiousness than they were in me." Hence J—— L—— could not help believing in election; Mr. Combe could as little help disbelieving. It was his large organ of conscientiousness that formed the barrier. In the same way he explains the difference between a happy and gloomy death-bed.

Referring to some doubts expressed by his own mother when near death, he says: "My heart burns to think that under this strange creed of ours the veriest scoundrel who has hope large and conscientiousness small, should pass through the bed of death full of confidence, while the very excellent of the earth should groan beneath dreadful apprehensions arising from the very faculties which inspired their conduct with virtue." Before entering into a matrimonial engagement he made two examinations of the lady's head, and believed that the practice followed universally would prevent unnumbered evils. He did the same in the engagement of servants with the best results, although he frankly acknowledges that all that phrenology can tell us is the original character unmodified by training and effort. One of the best proofs of his sincerity was his conduct to a clerk who had defrauded him to the amount of £500. "The man had talents, was professedly religious, was regular in his attendance at church, and morning and evening his neighbours were made aware of his private devotions by the sound of psalm-singing and prayer. Combe had seen that the man was deficient in conscientiousness according to phrenology, but trusted to his religion to keep him straight. On discovering the fraud, Combe was at first confused by its extent, for the loss was a considerable one to him, but he did not use a harsh word to the man; he pointed out the benefits which had been heaped on him, and contrasted them with his conduct. Then he told him that in future there would be no safety for him except in situations where fraud would be impossible, and forgave him."

We have phrenological descriptions of German, French, Italians, Americans, of Robert Owen, William Hazlitt, Dr. Croly, Lord Brougham, Archbishop Whately, Richard Cobden, Baron Stockmar, Channing, Quincy Adams, Kossuth, Mezzofanti, Lord John Russell, Lord Clarendon, and the Queen. Combe was several times consulted respecting the training of the Royal children. Prince Albert and Stockmar were evidently disposed to defer considerably to his opinions. He drew up a long memorandum respecting the education of the Prince of Wales, which is given in full. Many of these individual descriptions are given as demonstrations of the truth of phrenology; but, considered in this light, they labour under a fatal defect. The only perfect test would be a description based on phrenological data alone. But what cranioscopist can exclude all knowledge of the subject under manipulation derived from other sources? In the case of Croly and Whately, Combe handed his account to others without intimating who the subjects were. He evidently thought that thus he secured an impartial test. But the data were drawn up by one who knew who the subjects were, the proof being thus vitiated. Quite unconsciously the phrenologist must be influenced

by previous knowledge. If this knowledge were absolutely shut off, the descriptions we imagine would be exceedingly vague. A case in point is the elaborate characterisation of the Queen in 1838. Mr. Combe saw her by the aid of a glass at the opera, and on the strength of this inspection drew up the account given in the biography. But how could Mr. Combe forget all he had heard and read in many quarters? "The genuine Irish head" is said to indicate "great combativeness and philo-progenitiveness. Cautiousness is not large. Destructiveness is not so large as combativeness," and so on. We scarcely need phrenology to tell us this. The nearest approach to demonstration is a singular case which Mr. Combe met with in America. By an accident a little girl lost a portion of her skull. In the aperture the brain could be felt beneath. Mr. Combe tells us that certain organs which he has localised were thus exposed, and that he distinctly felt these to throb or remain quiescent as subjects calculated to excite these particular emotions were appealed to or not. Without for a moment casting suspicion on Mr. Combe's perfect truthfulness and honour, it is unfortunate that he did not think of securing other witnesses to the same phenomena. Every one knows the influence of prepossessions and fixed ideas.

Mr. Combe was born in Edinburgh, Oct. 21, 1788. His father's house and brewery, situated in Livingstone's Yards, have been swept away by city improvements. His childhood and youth fell during evil days of war, famine, and widespread distress. Over against glorious victories, quite as famous as that of Blenheim, must be set the national debt, dear bread, the press-gang and lash. The story of his early youth and education is told by himself in an autobiography which he began, but did not complete, and a melancholy story it is. Words, not things, formed the substance; terror, not persuasion, the method of his education. Mr. Luke Fraser, his master at the High School for four years, did nothing but ply the "tawse" incessantly. How Combe's body survived the insanitary conditions of his home, and his mind the perverse treatment of his teachers is an unexplained mystery. At least both mind and body must have received a warp. All evil results of mistaken treatment were put down to "the fall of man and sin." The hardest Calvinism in church and prolix parrot-lessons on Sunday at home, complete the unlovely picture. But we believe that the autobiography needs qualification. We cannot give it the same praise for impartiality which belongs to the biography. Combe began his autobiography in the last years of his life, when the severance from his early creed and associations was complete, and we cannot but think that his later views colour the descriptions of these early scenes. We cannot suppose that any sane persons would be guilty of conduct so

uniformly and consistently ignorant, harsh, and fatuous as is here ascribed to his parents, teachers, and friends, without exception. There must surely have been bright, redeeming features not mentioned here.

After serving an apprenticeship to the law, George Combe began business on his own account as Writer to the Signet—which is, being interpreted, solicitor and attorney—a profession he pursued with signal credit and success until 1836, when his own savings and his wife's fortune enabled him to retire, and, in fulfilment of a long-cherished wish, devote himself to the advocacy of phrenology. To this he gave up twenty-two years of competence and leisure. He married, in 1833, Miss Siddons, daughter of the celebrated actress, whose phrenological development and religious views accorded on all points with his own. His domestic relations were all that could be desired. His relatives adopt his views. His brother, Dr. Andrew Combe, who suffered much from illness and died comparatively young, rendered him most valuable service.

His attention was first directed to the subject about the year 1815. Like most others he at first treated its claims with ridicule, and even refused to go to hear Spurzheim lecture; but at last consenting, he was thoroughly convinced, and from that time advocated the cause with a zeal and enthusiasm that only grew more intense to the last day of life. He came to be regarded as the real founder of phrenology, not only in his own country, but throughout the world. By the formation of phrenological societies; by courses of lectures in various towns; by innumerable essays and pamphlets, as well as extended treatises, he carried on his mission. His chief works, such as *The Constitution of Man*, have had a large sale, and have undoubtedly exerted very great influence. His labours were not confined to Great Britain. He made great efforts to gain converts both in Germany and America. In America he spent two years, lecturing incessantly. The results were not very encouraging. Passing curiosity was the chief motive of his hearers. He suffered great annoyance from American interviewers and in other ways. At the cost of prodigious labour and serious risk to health, he delivered a course of lectures in German at Heidelberg; but nothing came of it. He had a high opinion of Germans and Germany, rating them phrenologically far above French and Italians.

Combe accomplished least in his own city of Edinburgh. The evangelical element, much as he scorned it, was too strong for him. As he receded farther and farther from received beliefs, early friends fell away from his side, and he was left alone. It is evident that his own feelings did not soften as time went on. When about to publish his *Moral Philosophy*, which he knew "would stir up the saints," he said bitterly: "I feel now quite

disposed to brave all their brimstone." Many of his followers contended, and still contend, that there is nothing in the theory inconsistent with Christianity; but he himself never took this position. His attitude is clearly that of direct antagonism. We cannot see that he retained anything of Christian faith save verbal belief in God. If there is any distinction in substance between his creed and materialism we cannot discover it. There seems too much reason for the assertion of a Dr. Engledue, at a Phrenological Association meeting, that "Materialism constitutes the only true and rational basis of phrenology." An American once said to Combe: "Are you aware that in *The Constitution of Man* you have given a new religion to the world?" "No; I am not conscious of having done so, and certainly did not intend it." "But you have done so. The views of the Divine government there unfolded will in time subvert all other religions and become a religion themselves. I call it Combeism." Combe would not have answered so afterwards. The Bible is "heavily laden with inconsistencies and contradictions to reason and philosophical truth,"—I. 316. The possibility of miracles he denied. Prayer, in any real sense, is utterly abandoned. With much mention of Christianity, Christ is only mentioned once in the two volumes. Even as to immortality he professes himself indifferent. He sees nothing anywhere but the reign of general laws. He speaks of "the pernicious habit of considering the brain by itself, and the mind by itself, when nature has made them in this world one,"—II. 158.

We freely acknowledge the good which George Combe did in one respect. It was too much the practice before his days to ignore man's body and physical surroundings altogether. Mind and body were regarded as independent of each other. The ill consequences of putting asunder what God has so closely joined together were many and far-reaching. All this is altered now, and Combe's teaching has been one element in producing the change. But it has only been one of many elements, and we question whether the good equals the harm with which it is bound up.

The reading of Combe's biography has suggested to us the parallelism of his course with that of Comte. The latter, indeed, had a severer early mental training than the former; but their lives and the tendencies of their teachings are not dissimilar. Both are out and out secular and material. Both ignore the spiritual element in man. Both had the same contempt for metaphysical inquiries. One, like the other, makes "mental science a department of physiology,"—II. 199. It is curious that their names differ only in a single letter. Combe pretty plainly suggests the notion of immortality as consisting in fame and influence,—II. 343.

The biography contains several good stories. Combe was much amused at the large development of acquisitiveness in the people of Aberdeen. "In the steamboat I overheard an Aberdonian passenger cheapening his dinner with the steward, because he had become sick in the middle of it, and had not been able to do full justice to himself." In Meath the following plan was adopted to prevent cattle-stealing: "The Catholic priests had each ten to twenty cows pastured gratis by the proprietors and farmers. It was widely proclaimed that the priest had a cow on the farm, but only one person knew which was his. The people believed that if they stole or maimed a priest's cow they would be inevitably damned; and so, lest they should take or injure it by mistake, they were obliged to respect them all." "Dr. Neill Arnott dined with us to-day. He mentioned that Jeremy Bentham had an old female servant whom he had taught to speak in his own style. Dr. A—— called one day on Bentham, and asked if he was at home. 'He is circumambulating, Sir,' was the answer. 'Oh, I'll go to him and circumambulate with him.' He was shown into the garden, round which Jeremy was walking. He called on another day, which happened to be wet. 'Is Mr. B—— at home?' 'Yes, Sir; but he is gyrating.' 'I'll go in and talk with him while he is gyrating.' He was shown into the library, where Jeremy was sitting in a rocking-chair, close to a pillar, and keeping himself rocking by pushing his feet against it. If Dr. Arnott had not used these words, the old woman would have thought him no philosopher, and unworthy of her master's society."

During his later years Mr. Combe devoted much time to the advocacy of secular education and reform in criminal punishments. His views on the last subject are even less practicable than on the former. He divides men into three moral classes, according as the organs of intellect and moral sentiment on one side, and those of animal propensity on the other, preponderate or are equally balanced. As to those in whom the organs of propensity predominate, he states his conviction that "such individuals are incapable of resisting the temptations to crime presented by ordinary society; that they are moral patients, and should not be punished, but restrained, and employed in useful labour during life, with as much liberty as they can enjoy without abusing it." We presume that this restraint would anticipate the actual commission of crime.

Love of fame, the result, we suppose, of a large organ of self-esteem, was a ruling passion. At the close of life he writes thus: "I have a conviction that at last the ways of God are revealed to man, in so far as the government of this world is concerned; or rather, that the true method of discovering the details of these ways is unfolded. Whether or not this is a hallucination of self-

esteem, God knows, but it appears to me to be the real accomplishment of a great work, one which has engaged the highest intellects from the beginning of history to the present day. I feel as if I had now accomplished my mission; and when I look back to the first germ of interest in the question in childhood, and to all the intermediate steps (many of them in my eyes fortuitous) by which I have reached the goal, I cannot help feeling that I have been an instrument, or being, appointed by God for this end. I do not mean that He miraculously inspired me; but that He made a brain and placed it in circumstances which He intended and foresaw would reach the result now accomplished. Time will show whether this be a hallucination or a truth. I am not elated, but happy, morally and intellectually, in my work."

MACMILLAN'S PRIMERS.

Macmillan's Primers. A. Science; B. Literature; C. History. Macmillan. 1876—78.

WE have elsewhere noticed Mr. Gladstone's *Homer*, one of the Literature-Primer Series, and no doubt one or other of the older manuals are well known to most of our readers; but still we wish to make a few remarks on the newest volumes of the three divisions. And first a word as to the general value of the Primers. They are perhaps the most effective and practical protests which have ever been made against class education. The cost of education has, no doubt, considerably increased with the increased cost of necessities, the higher style in which the modern schoolmaster has begun to live, and the throwing open of endowments which has been a boon less to the country at large than to those who are rich enough to get their sons prepared betimes for the competitive battle. School-books, too, are dearer than they were, both absolutely and also relatively, inasmuch as cloth lasts a much shorter time than the strong sheep binding of our boyish days. They have, too, vastly multiplied. Did not other considerations keep a poor boy away from our chief schools, the book-bill would be a sufficient preventive. Hence the grave danger of more and more class education. The cry, too, had gone up for technical teaching; the working engineer was to be caught young, and taught only what would bear on engineering; and so with the craftsmen in various arts. Culture would, we might well fear, be more and more confined to the higher classes, practical teaching to those who had to earn their bread. The books before us dispel this fear, for they enable the grammar-school boy to get not a smattering of but a very good insight into sciences of which he has too often been con-

tent to be wholly ignorant, and the History and Literature Series give opportunity for those whose main work is some specialty of art or science to "cultivate their minds," as the phrase used to be, and to know far more of history and literature than is generally known by passmen at our great Universities, for instance. The great gulf between University and non-University men, is mainly due to the fact, that in the atmosphere of an University he who has several years to devote to study, or even to more or less literary idleness, can hardly help being imbued with something about general European history, the characteristics of our chief poets and prose writers, and other matters about which too many highly intelligent and highly paid artisans, and a large number of able men of business, know little more than they do of Sanskrit. But it will always be the case, that comparatively few can afford the years at college, and self-instruction is not easy, unless the foundation has been laid. Books like this series enable the boy-artisan to lay this needful foundation. They cost little more (1s. each) than the school-books for the different standards, and we do not despair of seeing them largely used by the highest standard in many of our elementary and by the upper standards in all our second-grade schools. For the more aspiring pupil-teachers, too, they are invaluable, though we must confess our belief that the pupil-teacher system will have to be modified. It is not in human nature to submit to so many checks and restrictions, and to spend so many hours a day in hard teaching with such a poor prospect as present arrangements offer to the great mass of pupil-teachers. At present the supposed prestige makes up for a good deal; let this once be seen through, and the pupil-teacher will become a far rarer being than he now is.

The names of Professors Huxley, Rosecoe, and Balfour Stewart, joint editors, are sufficient warrant for the excellence of the Science Primers.

It is curious to find among them a *Logic* by Professor Jevons, of University College, London. How far his summary of the use of logic would satisfy one of the old schoolmen we cannot tell. "All correct reasoning," he says, "consists in substituting like things for like things; all incorrect reasoning in putting one thing for another when there is not the requisite likeness." Logic, then, in Mr. Jevons' view is a science; and the simple yet thorough way in which he inducts his readers into the mysteries of the syllogism, drawing diagrams of circles, some separated, some included in larger ones, others intersecting, puts it in the power of any thoughtful lad to know more of this science than many who could almost say by heart the text of Aldrich.

Of Mr. Norman Lockyer's *Astronomy* we will only notice the lucid account of sun-spots, "hollows in the bright substance of the

sun, full moreover of gases stopping the light given out below," and the explanation of the sun's atmosphere invisible except during eclipses, and what the sun is made of as proved by the spectroscope. In regard to the brightness, however (p. 89), of fixed stars, we wish the writer had explained the simple way in which the so-called "magnitudes" are determined. He notes the curious fact that the red hue of Mars disappears when looked at through the telescope, while the white of Sirius, the yellow of Arcturus, the red of Betelgeux came out much more markedly with the telescope. In a new edition he will have to say something of these satellites of Mars discovered since this series was begun, and of the new planet Vulcan for which Professor Watson has now again gained credit. And herein is one difficulty in regard to science primers, in some sciences facts are being continually added. In geology, for instance, all the chain of creatures terminating in the horse has been discovered since Professor Geikie wrote his *Geology*. A word, we think, Mr. Lockyer might have given in the speculations as to what has become of the moon's atmosphere; and also a clear statement of the seldom remarked fact that practically the moon does not revolve round the earth in ellipse after ellipse as the year goes, but that the shape of her orbit is a very curious one, seeing that it is dragged out of shape by the simultaneous movement of the earth.

But every volume of the series, including Roscoe's *Chemistry* Michael Foster's *Physiology*, Balfour Stewart's *Physics*, Hooker's *Botany*, Geikie's *Geology*, &c., is equally simple and compendious. Dr. Hooker's admirable account of the way in which bees fertilise orchid flowers is just a sample of what almost every page of every volume offers—lucid terseness and simplicity without a trace of childishness.

Professor Geikie's *Geology* is an admirable manual. Take this remark on that vague word, belonging to the dark age of geology, "the crust of the earth:" "The rocks are not a mere thin covering like a wooden floor below which we should come to something quite different. Deep as the deepest mine the same rocks are found which exist elsewhere at the surface. Whether the inside of the earth is liquid or solid is a much disputed point; but as deep as men have gone there is no sign of a change."

The same Professor's *Physical Geography* (the latest volume of this series, published within the last few months) is what we might expect from the author of the *Great Ice Age*. He sets at rest, very easily, the question of the shape of the earth, to which the lawsuit between Mr. Hampden and Professor Wallace gave new interest; and if he deals with some matters e.g., the form of snow-flakes—which some may think do not belong to his subject, we cannot feel sorry when we note with what admirable clearness he explains them. His account of the work of water in altering

the earth's surface specially commends itself to us—the very different effects produced by the same element, *e.g.*, the excavation of pit-holes in the rocks of a stream's bed (p. 70), of which there are so many examples in the sandstone of the Yorkshire Moors, and the formation of the delta of the Mississippi (p. 74) are well contrasted. The details about raised beaches (on which in our islands stand Glasgow, Leith, and Greenock) comes in *Geology*, whereas we might expect it in the later volume; but the two subjects run into one another. The account of a glacier is, of course, excellent; here Mr. Geikie is wholly in his element.

The History Series began with Mr. Freeman's *General Sketch of European History*, which is really a wonderful little volume, comprising in 150 pages a complete summary of the subject, from the earliest times to the present day. The maps are most valuable, and there are six of them, beginning with one of the Greek colonies, and ending with one of Europe under Charles V. It is very amusing to note how Mr. Freeman manages at every point to bring in his own views; if the next generation widely repudiates the name of Saxon, and believes strongly that the Ancient Britons were exterminated throughout England, and combines with a good old dislike to France, a somewhat unchristian detestation of the Ottomans, Mr. Freeman's primer will certainly have helped to bring about such a result. He begins with a clear summary of the races of men, and ends by noting that France's third attempt at universal dominion (hardly a fair way of stating the cause of the Franco-Prussian war) has failed more disastrously than the others, and that "the Ottoman Empire has lost at all points." How delighted Mr. Freeman will be in a new edition to add Bulgaria and Kars and Batoum to its losses. *Old Greek Life*, by Mr. Mahaffy, is just the book to make a visit to the British Museum fruitful and interesting; we hope that an equally exhaustive and lively book will be written on *Old Egyptian Life*. *Classical Geography*, by Mr. Tozer, seems to us the weakest of the series. We cannot understand a geography without maps. *Greece*, by Mr. Fyffe is admirably done; it brings out clearly that the vice of Greeks was their disunion. Perhaps the most useful section is that on the results of Alexander's conquests, elucidating that part of Jewish history between Malachi and St. Matthew which for so many otherwise fairly read people is a total blank. *Rome*, by Mr. Creighton, is worthy of all praise for the delightfully simple way in which the old stories are told, and the tortuous politics of the close of the Republic explained.

We now come to the Literature Primers. Mr. Gladstone's *Homer* we have dwelt with elsewhere; Mr. Stopford Brooke's *English Literature* is wonderfully full of matter. In regard to the present school of poetry, he says, we are getting a reproduction of what happened in Keats's day: "poets have no care for

a present which they think dull and full of religious questions to which they see no end." Mr. Brooke's account of *Piers Ploughman*, and also of the beginnings of British literature are both of them full and interesting.

Professor Jebb's *Greek Literature* is just the summary which a man needs who has not much time to devote to the subject, while his account of the mystic poems of later Greece, e.g., the *lithica* (*temp.* Julian the Apostate) an endeavour to rehabilitate magic, will be very sure to be new to many a B.A. and M.A. Mr. Dowden's name is warrant enough for the excellence of his *Shakespeare*; and Rev. R. Morris is sure to write well on *English Grammar*. Of Mr. Peile's *Philology* we could have wished to say something more; its wide adoption as a text-book in our better schools shows that it is appreciated.

We look with great interest for the appearance of other volumes. Political economy, the laws of health, our Laws and Constitution, and like matters, deserve to be better known; and to summarise them in a handbook is the best way to spread a knowledge of them.

WORKS ON HOMER.

Stories from Homer. By the Rev. Alfred Church, M.A., Head Master of King Edward's School, Retford. With Twenty-four Illustrations from Flaxman's Designs. London: Seeley and Co. 1878.

Literature Primers. Edited by J. R. Green. *Homer*, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Macmillan. 1878.

Mr. Church hopes that his stories "will represent Homer not unfaithfully to readers, old and young, who do not know him in the original; may, perhaps, commend him to some of the younger sort, who, having made acquaintance with him do not find this acquaintance tend to love." We have no doubt that a schoolboy who has read Mr. Church's book will find Homer much more pleasant reading than one who comes to the Greek without any such preparation. There is no fear of the "stories" being used as a "crib;" and a good prose translation is far more acceptable to most boys than the poetical version. Heroic poetry is now so little appreciated by their elders that we must not expect boys to care for it. The grand rhyme of Pope, from which so many of the generation now passing away get their first notion of Homer, is well-nigh forgotten; and neither Lord Derby's *Iliad*, nor Mr. Worsley's *Odyssey*, nor Prof. F. Newman's ballad-metre version has taken its place. Still there has been a great Homeric revival in another direction. If the ingenuous youth has given up reading Pope, his father and

sister, and even his mother, have heard of Dr. Schliemann, and have probably read some of Mr. Gladstone's many contributions to his favourite subject. Hence they, too, will find these stories a boon, because they reproduce, as faithfully perhaps as a loose prose paraphrase can do the spirit of the original. A few extracts will show how far we are justified in making this assertion. This is from *The Battle in the Plain* (p. 86). Sarpedon is taunting Hector: "'Where are thy boasts, Hector? Thou saidst thou couldst guard thy city without thy people or thy allies, thou alone, with thy brothers and thy brothers-in-law. But I cannot see even one of them. They go and hide themselves as dogs before a lion. It is we, your allies, who maintain the battle. I have come from far to help thy people—from Lycia, where I left wife and child and wealth—nor do I shrink from the fight, but thou shouldst do thy part.' And the words stung Hector to the heart. He leapt from his chariot, and went through the host, urging them to the battle. And on the other side the Greeks strengthened themselves. But Ares brought back Æneas whole from his wound and gave him courage and might. Right glad were his comrades to see him, nor did they ask him any question; scant leisure was there for questions that day." Here (from *The Battle at the Wall*, p. 90) is a more purely descriptive piece: "Now in front of the gates lay a great stone, broad at the base and sharp at the top. Scarcely could two men of the strongest, such as are men in these days, move it with levers on to a waggon; but Hector lifted it easily, easily as a shepherd carries in one hand the fleece of a sheep. Two folding doors there were in the gates, held by bolts and a key, and at these he hurled the great stone, planting his feet apart that his aim might be the surer and stronger. With a mighty crash it came against the gates, and the bolts held not against it, and the hinges were broken so that the folding doors flew back. Then Hector leapt into the space, holding a spear in either hand and his eyes flashed as fire."

This is from *The Trial of the Bow* (p. 299): "Then when Ulysses had proved the bow to be without flaw, just as a minstrel fastens a string upon his harp and strains it to the pitch, so he strung the bow without toil; and holding the string in his right hand he tried its tone, and the tone was as sweet as the voice of a swallow."

Any one who will look into the Greek will see how closely Mr. Church keeps to it; and every one who is a judge of good terse English will admit that his style is thoroughly enjoyable, a model, in fact, to translators.

Of the little book which we have coupled with Mr. Church's *Stories*, we need not say much. Mr. Gladstone makes us feel how true is the saying, "What we find we bring." What he finds in Homer is certainly in great part what he brings. Take, for instance,

his character of Achilles (p. 129); he finds "largeness of range" in the contrast between the hero's fierce joy when the heaven-sent arms clash on the floor of his barrack and his not disdaining to deck himself in the gold ornaments which he has stripped from the slain Nastes. "In him they suggest effeminacy; in Achilles they seem only a tribute to the magnificence of his manhood." We cannot help thinking that this is over-refining. The poet simply describes what took place over and over again in every battle; Nastes is womanish, not because he wore gold, but because wearing he could not keep it. Even, however, where some may think that bringing most he finds most, Mr. Gladstone is always suggestive, and his criticism is always most valuable. We recommend a comparison of his few lines about Helen with the glorification of that heroine which Professor Blackie published some years ago in Blackwood. In the Professor's eyes she is a woman who has sinned, and yet despises herself for sinning; she loves and cannot help loving Paris, but yet she feels, as she thinks of her brothers, how low her evil love has brought her. Mr. Gladstone, less poetically and we think less in accordance with the poem itself, holds that she was carried off involuntarily and "looks on Paris with a scarcely concealed aversion and contempt."

We do not think him right in this; we decline to give up the whole romance of the story—the human passion, the depth of sorrow (quite apart from the material misery) which it works, the bitterness of Helen's kin to the bitterness of Guinevere when she bursts out upon Lancelot with—

Our bond is not the bond of man and wife.
So much the better.

Rather than look on the rape of Helen as a mere case of abduction we would adopt the old Greek myth that Helen was left in Egypt, and that a phantom accompanied Paris to Troy.

Mr. Gladstone's strength, however, does not depend on questions of sentiment like that. He begins by answering objections to the oneness of authorship of the two books (Grote's view of an *Achilleid* and *Odysseid*, recently revived, falls to pieces under Mr. Gladstone's analysis). He decides that there was a man Homer, and that he was not an Asiatic Greek, but that he lived in Greece proper before what is called "the Dorian migration."

Of Homer's geography he gives a clear summary; and is full and suggestive in his chapter on the mythology of the poems—though we think his character of the Homeric Zeus far too exalted, and altogether dissent from the statement (p. 67) that "wherever Zeus intervenes it is with grandeur." We see in Zeus nothing but a glorified Achæan chieftain, with the same foibles and little-nesses and jealousies which marked the earthly chieftain's court. The chapter on Ethnology is to us very interesting; we specially

note the sections "on the foreign or Phœnician element in the Greek nation" (p. 87)—Phœnician, Mr. Gladstone thinks, being used for Oriental, and in Homer meaning Egyptian, as Frank in the Levant means any European. "Hair as an index of race" is an interesting section—though we cannot hold that "Poseidon is marked for a southern deity by his carrying the name of *the dark-haired*." The sea god was never supposed to have black hair. Homer's word means dark blue, iron-grey, just the colour given to his hair in Etruscan frescoes.

These 151 pages form a complete summary of Mr. Gladstone's Homerology, and therefore deserve special study. The closing paragraphs, which show how Greek oratory, poetry, history, every branch of literature, in fact except philosophy, was influenced by Homer, are most telling. We hope none of Mr. Church's older readers will fail to go on to Mr. Gladstone, whose book is also invaluable to the elder schoolboy. We may remark that Mr. Church's illustrations from Flaxman are a great help to the reader; and the colour which he has added (*Etruscan red and black*) is very appropriate.

RECENT WORKS ON SCIENCE.

Tropical Nature and other Essays. By Alfred R. Wallace.
London: Macmillan and Co. 1878.

MR. A. WALLACE is a zoologist whose prolonged and careful study of the fauna and flora of the globe, amidst their most luxuriant native haunts, makes his well-considered writings of great value. His keen love of bold and daring sport, his intense sympathy with nature, his quickness and depth of observation, and withal his scientific severity of description, make what he can tell us of the splendid solitudes of *Tropical Nature* peculiarly welcome. But in addition to this his fame and capacity as a philosophical biologist is second to none—not even to that of his great rival, Charles Darwin. Hence we look with eagerness in a new production from the pen of such a man, to see how the observations which he records, of otherwise unobserved zoological facts, are believed by him to sustain, or otherwise, the leading biological doctrines of our time. It is well known that Mr. Wallace independently and nearly at the same time formulated in his own mind the Darwinian doctrine of the Origin of Species; but he gave way, that Mr. Darwin might—as probably it might have been subsequently shown he had by priority a right to—work out the doctrine as its originator. But Mr. Wallace has given us contributions on the subject which are of the highest moment; and not the least so are those in which he points out what he believes to be the inapplicability of the doctrine as an explanation of the origin of man as now existing on the globe. It is therefore

a matter in which all who are concerned to find the truth on such a subject must have more than usual interest when Mr. Wallace subjects the details of the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" to the scrutiny of new facts, or of old ones more thoroughly investigated.

The book is delightfully written. The subject, of course, in any other hands could have little freshness; but every page is quickened with new light, and carries to the mind conceptions of the luxuriance and natural magnificence which it seeks to describe.

The climate and the appearance of the equatorial zone are well presented. It is uniform in all parts of the globe: at Singapore or Batavia; in the Moluccas or New Guinea; at Para, the sources of the Rio Negro, or on the Upper Amazon, the equatorial climate is essentially the same. The reasons why the equatorial temperature is so equable are very lucidly explained—the most important of which are, of course, the impediments to heat radiation at night, and the large amount of heat liberated during the condensation of the aqueous vapour of the atmosphere in the form of rain or dew. The equatorial atmosphere frequently approaches the point of saturation, and the great weight of vapour which by expansion its high temperature enables it to hold in suspension, causes a very slight fall of temperature, and consequent atmospheric condensation, to issue in heavy rains or copious dews at comparatively high temperatures. The consequence is that the rain-drops become rapidly larger in passing through the saturated air, and by this process as well as by that of the formation of dew, the heat which was employed in retaining the water in a gaseous form, and was then unperceived, is liberated; and keeps up the high thermal condition of the air.

The heat, however, is "never oppressive," as it so often becomes on the borders of the tropics. The large amount of moisture in the air is "congenial to the health of man" if he will only comply with the necessities of the climate. The lowering of the temperature at night is also very gradual and regular, so that it is never cold enough to be unpleasant, and yet is strictly limited in amount and hence is never so oppressively hot as to prevent sleep. During even the rainy season there is rarely a day without sunshine, and in the driest months of the year there are occasional refreshing showers. The consequence is that there are no sharply marked seasons: plants are ever green, and flowers and fruit are never absent.

The subject of equatorial *twilight* is also accurately dealt with. There has been much popular exaggeration as to the shortness of its duration. The sun, of course, descends vertically at the equator, and not obliquely, as in latitudes north and south of the equatorial zone. This explains the length—greater or less—of the

twilight in northern or southern latitudes. It is well known that our twilight is shortest at the time of the equinoxes, and Mr. Wallace believes that equatorial transition from daylight to darkness is not more than a third shorter than this.

At two periods of the year the sun is absolutely vertical, and there are no shadows at noon; which to an inhabitant of temperate zones is a very striking phenomenon. The splendid constellation Orion passes vertically overhead; while the Great Bear is only to be seen low in the northern horizon. Towards the south is the Southern Cross—and the “Magellanic clouds”—a kind of nebula.

The general belief that in the tropical zone there is a magnificent display of floral beauty is not sustained by fact. The truth is that, in proportion as general vegetation becomes more abundant and luxuriant, flowers form a less and less prominent feature. This is true in temperate and even frigid zones. It is mountains, meadow pastures, and hill sides that produce gay and various flowers—much more so, certainly, than our woods and forests. Hence in the luxuriance of the tropical zone there are few flowers. Orchids are rare in the dense forests, and the flowers the forest trees bear are inconspicuous; hence weeks or even months may be passed without looking upon a brilliant or showy flower. The forests of this zone are too gloomy for the light-loving flower. But the forests themselves are grand indeed—“overwhelming by their vastness, and by the display of a force of development and vigour of growth rarely or never witnessed in temperate zones.” The variety of form and species is immense; and parasites, epiphytes, and creepers fill every available space with remarkable modes of life.

But there is a remarkable fact for the philosophical biologist, put with great clearness in this relation. If a traveller is arrested with any special species, and wishes to find more like it, he may often turn his eyes in every direction in vain. There are all around trees of varied forms, dimensions, and colours, but they are *rarely found to be repeated*. There are many *similar forms*, but on close examination they prove to be distinct. It is only at long intervals and long distances that a repetition of any specific form can be found.

Here we undoubtedly have products dependent on environment. The appearance of multiplications of individuals of the same form and species, as in the pine or oak forests of more temperate regions, is dependent manifestly on a permanence of unequable climate conditions. Atmospheric conditions are above all others essential to the growth of plants. As we approach the Pole the variety of groups and species diminishes, until we find only a few specially organised forms which are able to maintain their existence. In the extreme north, pine or birch trees; in the

desert, a few palms and prickly shrubs alone survive. But in the equable tropical zone there is no such struggle against climate; every form of vegetation has become alike adapted to its genial heat and abundant moisture, which have in all probability changed but little through all the geological epochs since this great flora has existed. In the unceasing struggle for existence between the various species in the same area there has resulted a "nice balance of organic forces," which gives the advantage now to one, now to another species, and therefore prevents monopoly by any one form, and so hinders gregarious growth.

The same explanation goes to account for the production of a vast variety of smaller trees which can grow and flourish beneath the shade of the greater trees, and also the luxuriant special adaptations of the tropical forest. Every tree supports numerous other forms of vegetation. They are all crowded with epiphytes; "their forks and horizontal branches are veritable gardens." Creeping ferns and arums run up the smoothest trunks; climbers mount over the highest tree tops. Every crevice is the centre of luxuriant growth, and every fallen and decaying trunk is sheltered in its decadence by a graceful drapery. A ceaseless round of ever-active life weaves the fairest scenery of the tropics into one monotonous whole, of which the component parts exhibit in detail untold variety and beauty.

Very curious are the relations found to exist between ants and vegetation. In the Malay Islands are several curious shrubs which grow as parasites on other trees, and whose swollen stems are true ants' nests. When very young the stems are like small irregular prickly tubers, in the hollows of which the ants establish themselves, and these in the course of time grow into irregular masses of the size of large gourds, completely honeycombed with the cells of ants. The hollow stems of *circopias* are always inhabited by ants, and the species of acacia found by Mr. Belt to be a special dwelling for ants is still more remarkable; this plant itself is infested by a leaf-cutting ant which destroys it; when it is young, the thorns which are found to play so important a part in its history are soft and full of luscious ant-food; into this the ants go; the thorns grow large, and the plant develops special honey glands on its leaf stalks, and other small fruit-like bodies, which are eaten by the ants; they are thus provided by the plant with barracks and food. And what is the return to the acacia? Why, that the ants become a willing army, successfully fighting off the leaf-cutting ants, and so preserving its life!

Equally singular are the remarkable forms of leaf and stick insects inhabiting this zone of the earth. The protection which their mimicry of leaves and twigs—dead, decaying, or living—gives them, is the only way in which such forms can be accounted for.

The most prominent of the tropical fauna are the butterflies; arising from their numbers, their size, and their brilliance of colouring. Among birds the parrots are foremost, and among mammals the apes; and, on the whole, animal life is more varied and abundant here than in any other part of the globe. And this has doubtless arisen from the permanence of the tropical conditions. All other parts of the earth have been devastated by glacial and other changes, but this has remained permanent—thronged with life—and exposed without cessation to the influence of organism upon organism, developing the greatest variety of forms and filling up every vacant space which an organic form could occupy.

A description of the gorgeous colouring and superb plumage of the humming birds precedes the most important element in this very important book. It is known to all readers of recent philosophical writings that there are many remarkable characteristics of the animal world which could not be accounted for by the principles of natural selection. Such are the extraordinary excrescences permanent on some forms of insects and birds, but more especially the gorgeous and at times highly artistic plumage of the feathered tribes. None saw this more plainly than Dr. Darwin, and consequently he conceived and sought to establish as an additional agent in the origin of species what was known as “sexual selection”—that is to say, the influence which colour and form would have in determining the individual choice of the sexes. Now Mr. Wallace disputes the efficiency of this for producing the results attributed to it in the long and slow modification of species. It is true he admits that the male bird or insect is brightest and most coloured; but he contends that this is due to the greater vigour, activity, and intenser vitality of the male. He points out that the colours of an animal usually grow paler and fade during disease or weakness; while at the period of pairing, when the fighting strength is at its best, the colours of all are most brilliant; while in those comparatively exceptional cases where the female bird is the most brilliantly decorated, it is they that are most pugnacious and possess most vital energy.

It does not appear that this is destructive of the influences, whatever they may amount to, of sexual selection; it is simply an exposition of *another* method by means of which change is or may be brought about. The fact that molecular changes may be brought about by “vital energy”—a matter which none can dispute—will account for the variations in colour which a given group of males at the pairing time may present, and thus may provide the very variety which will determine the “selection” of the female bird, and so secure the perpetuity of the slight change in colour which vital energy produced. But we think that Mr. Wallace has come practically much nearer the *modus operandi* of

nature than Dr. Darwin. He has carried us back farther; he has given us an idea of the *operation of a law* according to which minute changes may take place and be perpetuated by selection. It is the vagueness of certain philosophical explanations that is fatal to them. "Sexual selection" is a method which operates to a certain undiscovered extent. But what makes its action possible? No answer is given or considered needful. Mr. Wallace is pointing in the direction of an answer—and to what does it tend? Predetermined law: the last outcome of the first Divine impulse at creation. The watch is a beautiful piece of mechanism, but what is known as the chronometer is better. Why? It not only like the watch keeps accurate time, but it surpasses the watch in this, that whilst it, if taken to the Pole, would go too fast, or to the tropics, would go too slow, the chronometer is endowed with a *compensating power designed* to make its rate regular through all vicissitudes of climate. Organic forms *rigid* would impress us as the product of unmeasured intelligence and power; but organic forms endowed with a *compensating power*—a power of rhythmic change to meet ever-varying contingencies—impress us as works that display a grander and more impenetrable intellectual greatness and beauty.

It is in the light of broad and persistent research, by minds that have no bias, that truth on subjects so profound can alone be discovered.

Conferences held in Connection with the Special Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus, 1876. Chemistry, Biology, Physical Geography, Geology, Mineralogy, and Meteorology. Published for the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education. London: Chapman and Hall.

To all who desire to see the latest results of science in its several leading departments we commend these volumes. They contain lectures and discussions by leading men on every important scientific subject presented in its latest aspect, and withal presented in a form that appeals to the non-scientific mind. These Conferences assumed very much the character of the sessions of the several sections of the British Association; addresses and lectures being delivered, and discussions—fully reported in these volumes—being afterwards carried on. The peculiar advantage which these Conferences presented was the concise demonstration by the most accomplished experts, of the apparatus used in every department of science; and the comparison of these with those in use in the earlier days of sci-

tific research. In this way clear ideas of the methods, accuracy, and historical development of scientific discovery were conveyed to the popular mind; and the very instruments used by the discoverers of the past—many of them of priceless value as scientific relics—were shown side by side with the delicate and exquisite apparatus now employed in all departments of research.

In chemistry there are many very valuable papers, and the methods of Fontana, Laudriani, Schulze, Priestley, Cavendish, Gay, Lussac, and Dalton are explained, and the most refined and subtil methods of manipulation now in use, illustrated.

In the department of biology some remarkably valuable contributions of a popular kind are given, showing the exquisite processes which this advancing science has recently adopted. Taking an illustration from the very first we meet with—that by Dr. Sanderson—we find him explaining processes which are scarcely ever known beyond the walls of the laboratory, save to the expert; and yet the knowledge of such processes, and their precision, must impress the laity with the rigidity and exactitude of modern biological inquiry. He points out that the *scientific* study of nature consists in comparing what is known with what is unknown. It is comparing any object we are studying with a standard; which in one sense is only another expression for measurement. What he wished to enforce was that this comparison with standards was quite as essential in biology as in chemistry or physics. The microscope is a valuable instrument for the biologist in this relation. For example, in the study of the blood of animals. By its means it is seen that the blood of all mammals is crowded with minute corpuscles,—we can compare their forms,—but still more remarkable is the fact that we can now by its means count their number. It is to the physiologist and the pathologist a very important matter to be able to do this accurately. How is it done? It might be done chemically by determining the proportion of iron—which the corpuscle alone contains—there would be in a given quantity of blood. But this would be a long process. Hence a method has been adopted to discover how many corpuscles there are in any drop of blood that might exude from a pricked finger. To understand it, think of a cube one twenty-fifth part of an inch. It is found that the number of corpuscles in such a cube is five millions. These then cannot be counted; neither could the number in the one hundred and twenty-fifth part even of such a drop. To do it the blood is diluted with a suitable fluid—say 250 times; in this way the original cube of blood is divided into about 31,000 parts; and you count the corpuscles in the thirty-one-thousandth part of a cubic one-twenty-fifth of an inch of blood. Suppose it contains 160 corpuscles you will find that this will give for the drop of blood of the size named in starting five millions of corpuscles. But how is the division effected?

By means of an accurately measured pipette you introduce 249 times the quantity of the diluting fluid with which the blood can be commingled; and then the remaining one part (to make the whole 250) is to be of blood. Now all that has to be done is to lay under the microscope a layer of this of a *definite thickness*—one-fifth of a millimetre—and measure off by a small and ingenious little instrument a square of the same area, counting the corpuscles it contains. In this way we have before us a quantity of liquid which contains the one-thirty-thousandth of a cubic millimetre of blood, which it is found, if the blood is normal, would contain 160 corpuscles.

Any one who will try to understand this simple method will perceive the beauty and precision of the methods employed by the modern biologist. No section, indeed, is so well treated as that of biology. From apparatus for measuring animal movements, to instruments for measuring the velocity of thought, there is no method of any moment omitted. The observations of the Rev. W. H. Dallinger on septic organism are explained in detail—so far as in the space they can be; and his apparatus, devised by him for making the highest powers of the modern microscope instruments capable of yielding accurate results, was exhibited, and is briefly explained.

In fine, there is no department of research of any moment that is not represented in the work of these Conferences: and to those who, without being scientific persons, have yet enough interest in the expanding facts of science to desire to know not only the results obtained, but in a general way the processes by which they are discovered, we commend these volumes.

Stargazing Past and Present. By J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. London: Macmillan and Co. 1878.

Popular Astronomy. By Simon Newcomb, LL.D., Professor, U.S. Naval Observatory. London: Macmillan and Co. 1878.

THESE are two essentially popular works on astronomy, both alike giving the latest results of research and calculation; and both written by men who stand in the front rank of their science, the former in this country and the latter in America. The books none the less differ materially in their object. Mr. Lockyer's *Stargazing* is expanded from a course of shorthand notes of a course of Royal Institution Lectures; and is rather an historical development of the nature of the instruments successfully employed and the methods and general results or objects of using them, than a treatise on astronomy as such. It is essentially a book for our age: when the non-scientific public have realised enough interest

in scientific discovery to desire to know not only the results of research, but to have an insight into the methods by means of which these were attained. Mr. Lockyer has provided all that can be desired in this way, and with most happy results; the beautiful illustrations aiding a lucid writer to make the most complex apparatus clearly understood, and the method of employing it plain.

A very concise but efficient account of the astronomy of "pre-telescopic times"—a title which we may in a general sense accept, although it is by no means clear that lenses were not used by the Chaldeans, Babylonians, and perhaps the Egyptians—introduces us to "the telescope;" its general structure, principles, and historic development are clearly set forth; accounts and illustrations being given of the immense refractors which the modern optician has produced. It is a little depressing to the English astronomer to reflect that the prevailing atmospheric conditions in these islands renders the use of the full aperture of the largest refractors now made almost impossible at any time—certainly so in the majority of cases. But this is not so, either on the Continent or in America. Hence the probability of future discoveries being made by Continental and American astronomers is far greater than it is that they should be made in England. This thought is somewhat modified by the fact that our colonies present us with the finest observing fields in the world. Only it wants the wealth of the home Exchequer to procure the vast and splendid instruments that may now be obtained. There can be no doubt that a refracting telescope of thirty inches in diameter could now be made; but this would involve an expense for the lenses alone of £10,000. Mr. Newall, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has an instrument at this time of twenty-five inches in diameter. The Washington Observatory has one of twenty-six inches, and M. Feil, of Paris, has made one for the Austrian Government of nearly twenty-eight inches in diameter. From such splendid appliances great results may be expected: and Mr. Lockyer proceeds to show how these results may be obtained. Thus we are introduced to the clock and the chronometer in all their forms and applications; and to all the other instruments of precision so largely used in the modern observatory.

The book is rendered complete by a consideration of the methods employed in astronomical physics, showing the process by which the light and heat of the stars is determined—how their chemical composition is determined, and opening up all the delicate but very successful means by which celestial photography is carried out. From the accuracy of its facts, the clearness of its explanations, and the comprehensiveness of its plan, this is in all senses a beautiful book.

Professor Newcomb's *Popular Astronomy* is a more ordinary book: that is to say, it is a treatise that leads us along a more beaten

path: but we have presented to us in every direction new facts of the highest moment; and when the general reader closes the book after careful reading he may confidently assure himself that he has passed in review a comprehensive and accurate account of the earliest and last achievements of astronomers.

Studies in Spectrum Analysis. By J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. Second Edition. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1878.

THIS work should be read after the same author's little book entitled *The Spectroscope*. It is not difficult for the general reader to follow the spectroscopist in his analysis of sun and stars, and to perceive how a gaseous may be distinguished from molten metal, though it be in the envelopes of the sun or the dog-star. Nay, he can even go so far as to follow his instructor in perceiving how the advance towards, or recession from our earth, of a star, may be spectroscopically demonstrated. But it is atoms and molecules, and ether and light waves with their measurement, and a mathematical account of the rapidity of their motions, that the untrained mind cannot follow. And yet there is such fascination about it that there is always a large proportion of the unscientific but highly intelligent public that has a very strong desire to get a clear conception of the methods by which such obscure matters are approached and dealt with. Mr. Lockyer in this volume has done as much to meet this desire as is possible, with the facts now at our disposal. We cannot but believe that the reading of this and similar books on scientific subjects must be of great use to any thoughtful mind given to the reading of the subtle and high class periodical literature of our times; for it will enable them to *judge for themselves*, to a large extent, where daring hypothesis and the subtle weaving of thought is transcending the bounds of fact. For the same reason we could wish, heartily, that well-selected works of the same class formed a *necessary* part of the reading of every candidate for the Christian Church.

DUNRAVEN'S IRISH ARCHITECTURAL ANTIQUITIES.

Irish Architectural Antiquities. By Thomas Wyndham Quin, Fifth Earl of Dunraven. Edited by Margaret Stokes. Two volumes. Bell & Co., London.

THESE two sumptuous volumes ought to set at rest for ever the question which Mr. Froude, in his *English in Ireland*, re-opened

with needless harshness of speech: was there a pre-Norman civilisation in the sister island, or not? Mr. Froude answers, "No"—nothing of any account, a few "grotesque" saints amid a barbarous people, to whom the Normans came as civilisers. That this was not the fact; that the Irish were, long before the first invasion, proficient in an art which has never flourished among barbarians; that they had developed a distinct style, which Mr. Freeman calls the Irish form of Romanesque, and which certainly is not Norman, though having a general resemblance to it inasmuch as both are adaptations of Romanesque—this is certainly proved by the numerous autotypes of Irish buildings from the earliest times to the eve of Strongbow's invasion, contained in these volumes.

On pre-Christian art the book maintains a wise reticence. Dun Ængus—indeed, that magnificent dry-stone fort—is photographed from several points of view, but rather to show the resemblance between the old pre-historic forts and the earliest Christian erections than with any idea of setting up a theory as to the art-culture of its builders. The earliest Christian erections (*caiseals*, castella, forts) are just inclosures walled round, exactly as the heathen forts, such as Staigue, are, but with a very small rudely-built church or churches inside. The inclosure was the Welsh *llan*, the sacred domain, the parcel of ground granted by the tribe to the clerics. On the isles of Arran, off the coast of Clare, and on the greater Skelligs, these enclosures may be studied in perfection. The groups of seven churches, so common in Ireland, are due to the custom of building these very small "cells," one for each of the holy men belonging to the mission. The earliest Irish Church architecture, then, was merely an adaptation of what had existed in the country long before. The *rath* of the chief and head of the clan was always surrounded with a wall or walls of stone or earth; such forts, like Staigue or Dun Ængus on a very small scale, are still to be seen in Cardigan and West Cornwall; Worle Hill, by Weston-super-Mare, is something of the same kind. Inside the rath the buildings were probably all of wood and wicker work; but the missionaries who, whatever their nationality, must have seen stone houses, found the natives quite sufficiently skilled in the use of stone to raise under their guidance small churches such as those at Glendalough and Clonmacnoise. Those who visit Cornwall this autumn will find precisely similar churches at Gwithian, near Hayle, and at Perran Zabuloe ("the lost church in the sand"), near Newquay. In these churches decoration, always belonging to the altered Romanesque style, came in gradually, as did the use of the arch, the earliest windows and doors having angular heads. There is a similar progress in the architecture of the round towers, in reference to which this volume is almost exhaustive, containing either autotypes or sketches of nearly every existing specimen.

Dr. Petrie, a generation ago, set at rest all the speculation about the origin of these strange structures, proving that they were undoubtedly Christian, and dispelling the wild tales about Phœnician origin, sun-worship, phallic worship, &c., which had grown up around the subject. Miss Stokes goes a step further, and shows that they are even more modern than Dr. Petrie was willing to admit. From entries and dates of building in the recently-published Irish annals (*Chronicum Scotorum*, in the Irish Rolls series, *Annals of the Four Masters*, &c.), Miss Stokes thinks none of them earlier than the last quarter of the ninth century. They continued to be built right on to the English invasion, not long after which the whole native Romanesque gave way to the imported "first pointed," which is seen in St. Patrick's, in Christ Church, Dublin, and in the ruins of so many Irish abbeys. It is remarkable that the work in these latest round towers is by no means so good as in those of the middle period; as in the contemporary English work of castle walls, keeps, &c., the mortar (unlike the good old mortar mixed from Roman traditions) has dropped out, leaving wide surface gaps between the courses of masonry. That many round towers are more modern than the churches near them, and than the dedication to Christian uses of the spots where they stand, is proved, not only by the dates aforesaid, but by their being built on Christian graveyards. This accounts for some of them having got out of the perpendicular; the ground gave way when the bodies laid below turned to dust.

It appears, too, that the round tower, like the square, chancel-less church, is a survival. Originally all, or almost all, church towers were round, thinks Miss Stokes; and certainly the examples existing at Ravenna, at Nivelles, at Maestricht, at Dinkelsbühl, in Bavaria, and elsewhere (all industriously collected by Lord Dunraven), lead us to think this was the case. In early illuminations, moreover, this is almost always the form of the church towers. Soon, no doubt, it was found that square towers were not only easier to build, but also harmonised better with the churches to which they were attached; hence, the round tower died out, except in Ireland, where archaic forms naturally lingered longest. Again, when the church tower was not needed for defence, but only for ornament, it might take its place as part of the fabric; for defence it was best detached, and the round form gave least opportunity for attack. Miss Stokes's theory is that church towers were built to meet a special evil, the Norse attacks, to which Europe began to be exposed from the middle of the ninth century. These attacks were more furious and persistent in Ireland than even in the sister island, and they were always specially directed against religious centres. The round tower, then, would form a safe retreat for the priests who could carry thither the sacred books and vessels, and hold out until the country was roused and the invader put to flight. Why such towers should not have been built at Croyland and

other English monasteries specially exposed to Danish invasion Miss Stokes does not say. There is a detached tower at Chichester, and there are round towers attached to two or three East Anglian churches; but, as far as we know, they are wholly different from the Irish. As far as Ireland, however, is concerned the theory is sufficient; and, as we said, there is a good deal to support it in the earliest Continental forms of church towers.

Of course, the Irish towers have been used as campaniles; but Miss Stokes's contention is that they were not meant for belfries, for the plain reason that bells of any size are of later introduction. The bells of the tenth and eleventh, aye, and twelfth, centuries were only handbells.

Besides the towers, the volumes contain autotypes of nearly every other pre-English ecclesiastical building in Ireland. Lord Dunraven had determined to make his work complete, and had visited every part of the kingdom, except Tory Island, generally accompanied by his able photographer, Mr. Mercer. Ruins like Jerpoint, Holy Cross near Thurles, Hore Abbey, at the foot of the rock of Cashel, Quin Abbey, near Limerick, with its splendid, marble pilasters, and the many more Cistercian and Franciscan monasteries which are the delight of the tourist, of course do not find a place in a work devoted to earlier buildings; they present few or no distinctively Irish features; in whatever part of Western Europe such buildings are found, they are mostly after one pattern. But, besides the round tower, we have a series of very early churches without chancels (connected, as we said, with the fortified ecclesiastical enclosures, the Greek *τέμενος*, Welsh *llan*), then a set of early, almost unornamented, churches, with chancels—some examples having the double stone roof, the outer built of overlapping flags, the inner arched, which is characteristically Irish, and which may have been locally perfected out of the simple overlapping stone roof of the earlier specimens. St. Kevin's Kitchen, at Glendalough, and the stone house at Gallarus, are good instances; the grandest, of course and much the latest being King Cormac's Chapel, on the rock of Cashel. Then follow a number of specimens of Irish Romanesque doorways, *e.g.*, that at Freshford, Co. Kilkenny, by studying which it will be seen how distinct this style is from what in England we call Norman.

Not the least interesting part of the book is the biographical notice of his father by the present Earl of Dunraven. The intense interest which the late earl evidently took in the work has been fully shared by his editor. Her task of arranging notes, &c., has been a labour of love; and she fully shares the late earl's feeling, expressed by his son, that to put these records of the past before the intelligent English public is the surest way of meeting the ungenerous cry of inferiority of race. In the same spirit, Sir H. Maine, in his *History of Early Institutions*, shows that our common

law is framed on the same lines as the old Irish code; to know this, he says—a fact which proves community of origin, nay close kinship, cannot but lessen partisan rancour, and abate national ill-feeling.

With agitators the late earl had no sympathy; but he felt, as every impartial observer must feel, that the agitator is the child of misgovernment, that to the scorn and misrepresentation heaped on those whom bad laws and a tyrannous system had debased, are due the evil fruits of which Irish history are too full. To judge of what the race might have become had it been left to develop itself under such favourable influences as those which fell to England's share, we must compare contemporary Ireland and England, and certainly up to the twelfth century we find the former far ahead in culture; and we must also make allowance for the disturbing causes which checked development and have prevented culture in what we call the sister island. England, secured from Continental invasion by her insular position, and yet fully sharing in Continental culture and progress, owing to her having received from France two successive dynasties, and also to her having been mixed up during more than two centuries with the innermost life of the French nation, has had the happiest position of any nation in Europe. The disadvantages under which Ireland has laboured may be understood by reading what Mr. Lecky says (in Vol. II. of his *History of the Eighteenth Century*) about legislation; the whole course of law, social, political, religious, was shaped to help Scotland in her working up to the English level; it was specially framed to depress Ireland, and prevent her from making one step forward.

In conclusion, we trust this admirably-executed work will be largely read. It is costly; each volume published at four guineas; but it is just the sort of work no public or free library should be without. The perfection, the weird grace, of much of this old Irish work justifies Mr. Matthew Arnold in speaking of Celtic "magic." He, indeed (in his *Study of Celtic Literature*, a book not a quarter so well known as it deserves to be), says that the Celt has not patience to overcome the tyranny of fact, and therefore fails in marble and on canvas. We rather attribute the causes of comparative failure (though Barry, the painter, and M'Dowell and Foley, the sculptors are exceptions) to the causes which Mr. Lecky has so ably set forth; and if we are asked for a parallel, we point to Greece. The old theory, that the Greeks are not Greeks, but Slavs, has now been discarded by all competent ethnologists. They are the descendants of those who built the Parthenon; but ages of Roman and Turkish misrule stand between them and Parthenon building. When, moreover, in the Oxford Museum and elsewhere, we look at the wonderful carved work done by Sir J. Dean's trained corps of stonecutters, can we say that the Irish hand has forgot its cunning?

BONNEFON'S LIFE OF BENJAMIN DU PLAN.

Benjamin du Plan, Gentleman of Alais, Deputy-General of the Reformed Churches of France from 1725 to 1763. By D. Bonnefon, Pastor of the Reformed Church of Alais, Department of Gard. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1878.

THE hand of Louis XIV. was heavy on the Protestants of France when Benjamin du Plan came into the world on the 18th of March, 1688, not three years after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His boyhood must have been spent—for his father's chateau was close to the foot of the Cevennes—among the stirring scenes of the Camisard War. He must have witnessed the terrible reprisals which "they of the Religion" had to endure; yet at the age of twenty-two, after serving in the King's army—as young nobles were then wont to do—for a space, he determined to abandon the career of arms and throw in his lot entirely with the Huguenots.

It was an act unmistakably of splendid self-denial. Not only did a cruel persecution still rage against the Church; not only did the Protestants brave loss of goods, and liberty, and life; but in the Church itself there was much that must have seemed at least uncomely. An immense number of the members had emigrated. The vigilance of the Government rendered all attempts at maintaining regular discipline impossible. In the fire of rebellion and suffering there had been kindled a spirit of wild enthusiasm that claimed often to speak by direct inspiration of God. This inspiration, so hotly claimed, was as fiercely denied. The eighteenth century, as it grew to maturity, was no fitting season, France was no fitting soil, for such a belief. The "inspired" were regarded with ever-increasing disfavour. Du Plan had evidently allied himself, in some modified degree, to their party. He did not believe that all who professed to be the mouthpieces of God were so in reality—for that would indeed have committed him to the acceptance of strange utterances—but he saw no reason to doubt that, as in old times God had spoken through the mouth of His prophets, so in those latter days He was still speaking through living mouths. This semi-adhesion, it is clear, made him many enemies, and often rendered his position very difficult.

But to return to his life. From 1710 to 1723 he spent his time actively in what may be described as missionary labours among his brethren—preaching, praying, exhorting, encouraging, consoling, taking part in the public affairs of the Church, visiting those who were sick of the plague. During the latter portion of

the time he became a special mark for the hostility of the Government, and had to live in perpetual hiding; and finally, in 1723, quitted the soil of France and took refuge in Geneva.

While living here, in May, 1725, he was appointed by a Synod of the French Protestants, "Deputy-General" to the Protestant powers, or, in other words, he was nominated as foreign representative of the French Protestants—a post to which his social position and recognised activity probably designated him. In this capacity he travelled through Switzerland for some years, collecting money for the necessities of the Church, and finally, in 1731, determined to extend his collecting ground, and travel northwards into Germany and England. Here are his anticipations of English liberality:—"Should I meet with success in that country many persons will be greatly surprised, for the description I have received of the inhabitants, both from English and French sources, does not afford me any encouragement; they are depicted as a people excessively hard and miserly, devoted either to their pleasures or to business, and consequently, it is neither through my ability nor their charity that I hope to obtain succour for our fellow-countrymen, but solely through the grace of God, who can dissolve the rocks in water and the flints in oil, when it is His pleasure to do so." "Alas!" adds M. Bonnefon, "he had not been deceived as to the reception which had been predicted for him, it was everywhere cold and unkind." Nevertheless, some assistance he did obtain, and George II. granted him an audience, and gave him £1,000, with a promise of yearly subscriptions for the future to a like amount.

From England Du Plan travelled to Holland, thence to Germany, thence to Denmark and Sweden, and thence back to England, where he finally settled for the remainder of his life. Here, again, his old associations with the "inspired" were a source of trouble and annoyance. One of the French pastors in London endeavoured to undermine his credit with his brethren in France. A Synod held in 1644 deprived him of his office of deputy. Though he had sacrificed his private fortune to his convictions, accusations, bitter to be borne, of misappropriating the funds entrusted to his care were brought against him. These attacks he succeeded in rebutting. Another Synod held in 1749 declared that the intention of the former assembly in appointing another deputy, was merely to appoint *two*. The arbitrators commissioned to investigate his financial transactions—and whose decision was approved by the Archbishop of Canterbury—completely exonerated him from the charge of malversation. The evening of his life was serene and peaceful. He married in 1751, and had two children, and finally died in 1763.

Such is a brief sketch of the life of Benjamin du Plan, extracted from this volume. Is that life, as here told, one of very passing

interest? We fear that can scarcely be affirmed. To begin with, the translation holds too many French idioms and expressions in an imperfect state of solution to be altogether satisfactory. But this, after all, is a very minor matter. What is more to the purpose is that Du Plan did not, in addition to his moral excellencies, possess the gift of a graphic pen. His letters, except when he is dealing in official style with matters of business, are sermons. They give us no picture, not even an account, of what he had seen—no vivid insight into the minds of those with whom he came into contact, or into his own.

BICKFORD'S CHRISTIAN WORK IN AUSTRALASIA.

Christian Work in Australasia; with Notes on the Settlement and Progress of the Colonies. By James Bickford, Twenty-two Years Resident in New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

MR. BICKFORD was well advised by those who recommended him to write a work of this kind, and he did well in following the recommendation. Readers will find here a mass of information respecting the climate, products, government, commerce, and people of Australasia, which would have to be sought over a wide surface, as well as details respecting the state of religion which could probably be found nowhere else. In the last respect we believe it would be impossible to exaggerate the value of works which preserve those details of the beginnings of great movements, which are known only to the actors themselves, and too often pass away with them. It is a wonderful story which Mr. Bickford has to tell—nothing less than the founding of great nations and churches which must one day be the England and Christendom of the whole southern world, and he tells it not only with all the simplicity and directness of truth but also with a freshness which only personal experience can give, and a vigour which is redolent of Australian life. A map would have added greatly to the usefulness of the volume. Few English readers carry in memory the relative positions of New South Wales, Queensland, and Victoria, to say nothing of Brisbane, Ballarat, Melbourne, and a hundred other places.

The size of the Australian continent, when stated comparatively, startles us. "It is six times larger than British India, twenty-six times larger than Great Britain, and only one-fifth smaller than the whole European continent." The whole European population (and the native is extinct or nearly so) numbers at present about two millions and a half, little more than half the population of London—a number small enough when

compared with the immense size of the country, but very large considering that it is the growth of the present century. Still more wonderful is the story of what this handful of Anglo-Saxons have achieved. They have founded five stable governments, settled the relations of Church and State on a purely voluntary basis, organised a commerce worth £100,000,000 annually, and worked out all the conditions of the highest modern European civilisation. The children of England are happy in being able to profit by the experience of the mother-state, and this is what Australia has done in many respects. One point on which Mr. Bickford insists is, that in Australia voluntarism, unhampered by the presence of opposing methods, has proved itself able to provide for the religious and educational wants of a rapidly increasing population, and, in addition, to carry on important Christian missions. This may be set over against Mr. Hughes's argument against voluntarism drawn from the example of America. Mr. Bickford also states that the caste-feeling, so strongly marked in this country, is unknown in Australia. However, no more wonderful example of the spontaneous energy and governing tact of the Saxon race was ever given than is seen in the present condition of that country. These mere sentry-posts—for even Melbourne and Sydney are no more in comparison with the whole continent—dominate the whole Southern world. Imagine the different results with a few millions of any other race.

While the author devotes his chief attention to the origin and progress of the different Wesleyan missions, he furnishes statistics of sister-churches. In two at least of the five colonies Methodism at present takes the lead, and in the others is only second or third. Its future is entirely in its own hands.

No clear explanation is given of the reason why so little has been done by missions for the Australian aborigines. Several instances are given of attempts which were soon abandoned. Why? The natives were no doubt few to begin with, and perhaps the most degraded of the human species. If it is correct, as here stated, that they probably did not number more than 100,000 a century ago, one would suppose that they must have been declining in numbers before. Now the decline has become extinction. Christianity would have preserved them, if anything could, and, it is a pity that the experiment was never fairly tried. The labourers seem to have soon given way to discouragement. One proof at least is quoted in this volume of the capacity for improvement lingering in the native race. In 1838, Messrs. Hurst and Tuckfield began to work among the aborigines of Port Philip, but were soon taken away on account of the increasing demands of the English work. Years afterwards, as Mr. Tuckfield was working in his garden, a black native rushed up, crying,

"Massa Tuckfield, Massa Tuckfield, be that you? you know, 'member me?" He turned out to be one of Mr. Tuckfield's old hearers, and produced from beneath his blanket a New Testament and Catechism which he had treasured and diligently used.

HUGHES'S THE OLD CHURCH.

The Old Church; What Shall we do With It? By Thomas Hughes, Q.C. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

A VOLUME of addresses, and fragments of addresses, delivered in different towns, on the question of Disestablishment, prefaced by an introductory chapter, and closed by a sermon by Mr. Llewellyn Davies. Everything Mr. Hughes says and writes is sensible, clear, manly, straightforward, as becomes a pupil of Arnold. He speaks with the earnestness of conviction, and, as he believes, in the interest of the nation at large. Even opponents must take into account what he says. From the circumstances of delivery the addresses contain a good deal of repetition, inasmuch as they adapt the same arguments to different audiences. The chief grounds taken are the value of a national recognition of religion; the legal claim given to the whole country, and especially to the poor, upon the ministrations of the Church; the greater breadth and liberality imparted to religious teaching. The two most lively addresses are those at Norwich and Croydon. At the first place a dissenting hearer, called Scurll, kept up a running fire of objection and criticism, which had the effect of adding considerably to the piquancy of the address. At the second place the speaker's opponents were "those of his own household," who were far less courteous than the Norwich dissenter. We scarcely wonder at this. It was cruel in Mr. Hughes to tell clergymen to their face such plain truths about their attitude on the Burials Question, and towards Nonconformists in general.

Mr. Hughes is not a blind admirer of "the old Church." He would like to do a good deal in the way of restoration, or rather adaptation. He would open the graveyards of course, open even the pulpits within certain limits, repeal the Act of Uniformity, remove the Athanasian Creed from the catalogue of formularies, abrogate subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, reform Convocation so as to make it broadly representative, recognise the laity more openly in church work, substitute something better for the *congé d'élire*, and distribute the revenues more evenly. A pretty long list of reforms. If the salvation of the Establishment depends on their realisation, what are the prospects of the Church? Anent the present distribution of the enormous revenues of the English Church, Mr. Hughes states that "there are 1,409 livings which provide neither work nor food, 1,141

which provide food but not work, 3,032 which provide work but not food, and, of the last division, many hundreds consist of the poorest suburban populations of great towns, the very places where spiritual destitution prevails most, and the need is the sorest." By the way, how is the last point consistent with the argument, generally put in the front on this question and much dwelt on in the present volume, that the justification of a national church consists in the fact that it provides for the poor whom voluntary churches perforce neglect, and who otherwise would be given up to heathenism? But we have no desire to argue with Mr. Hughes.

Mr. Hughes's views on church communion are exceedingly broad. He rejoices that in a national church there is room for men like Mr. Matthew Arnold, whom no other body would acknowledge. His distinct creed is that every Englishman as such is a member of the Church, and may claim admission to the most sacred of all ordinances. He draws a comparison between American and English religious society, greatly to the advantage of the latter; but his data seem few and slight. One is that in America family worship is far rarer than in England. Admitting it to be so, the fact might possibly be explained by some other means than the absence of a State Church in America. By parity of reason, ought not family worship to be rarer among Nonconformists than Conformists? Is it so? Is it not conceivable that inquiry might reveal the opposite? But a truce to argument. On the whole, we should rejoice if all clergymen, and lay-churchmen too, were copies of Thomas Hughes. There would then be no Establishment question to distil its acid into English life and widen our divisions, and we are sure that England would be in a healthier and safer condition. If the cause which Mr. Hughes so ably advocates prevail, we shall not complain.

JAY'S SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS.

Sunday Morning Sermons. By the late Rev. William Jay, and now printed for the first time from the Verbatim Notes of one of his hearers. Edited by the Rev. R. A. Bertram. London: R. D. Dickinson. 1878.

HERE are forty-three sermons of a once popular and useful preacher. When we say that they are thoroughly characteristic, all who know and value the former volumes will know what to expect—ingenious construction, homely application, abundance of Scripture illustration, an unaffected, conversational style. Although many of the paragraphs may sound commonplace, the sermon as a whole never does. The preacher's fidelity to Scripture, and the way in which he applies it to modern Christian life

prevent this. Mr. Jay's sermons suppose that modern English Christians might have felt, thought, spoken as believers in the Old and New Testament did, and of course there is considerable truth in the supposition. To Mr. Jay Scripture is intensely real, and this makes his sermons fresh and interesting. A preacher becomes commonplace, when for him Scripture utters nothing but empty generalities out of relation to living joys, and sorrows, and needs. A more ingenious sermoniser than Mr. Jay could scarcely be found. He no sooner touches a text than it falls into some sort of division. If we say that these divisions are mechanical, we mean this as opposed to natural. The sermons do not grow as a tree grows. They are put together like a machine or building, and we see all the joints. The art is not concealed. The path along which the hearer travelled was marked by guide-posts, not at every mile, but at every few yards. Missing the way or forgetting it was, of course, utterly impossible. The sermons cannot fail to be useful in the same way and for the same reasons as former volumes. For reading in cottage-services, when need arises, there could be nothing better. Some of the moralising may seem strained, but this might be said in a far higher degree of much in the Christian Fathers.

Sometimes, in the passion for division, what critics call the unity of the discourse is hopelessly sacrificed. James ii. 1 is divided thus :—I. A Relationship, "Brethren ;" II. A Character, "Lord of glory ;" III. A Peculiar Endowment, "The faith of our Lord Jesus Christ ;" IV. A Prohibition, "Have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ with respect to persons." But most of the sermons are happy in this respect. Take the sermon on the Typical Rock. I. This rock represents Christ, as firm, defensive, supporting, refreshing—as smitten, smitten by Moses the representative of the law, sending forth streams. II. Survey the fine streams flowing from it—Promises, Pardoning Mercy, Sanctifying Grace, Spiritual Consolation, Future Blessedness. III. The quality of these streams, marvellous, from a rock—gratuitous, welcome, copious, unailing.

We do not know whether, if Mr. Jay were living now, he would preach the same sermons, but certainly he would not quote the same hymns. The following stanza among others is quoted more than once from "our sweet psalmist," and appears to be a favourite :—

"Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms,
From grace's magazine,
And I'll declare eternal war
With every darling sin."

There are others even inferior in poetical merit. We are thankful to see that in some respects former days were not better than these.

HILL'S OUR COMMON LAND, &c.

Our Common Land (and other short Essays). By Octavia Hill. London: Macmillan and Co. 1877.

Of the eight essays in this volume three are earnest appeals for the jealous preservation of common lands in the country and open spaces in the towns, while five deal with the subject of charity and district visiting. The link binding them together is that they all concern the poor and lower classes. Miss Hill's opinions and counsels are all the result of wide practical experience, and the book will really be a valuable guide to all workers among the poor. As the essays were read at different places, there is slight repetition here and there, but the facts and advice will bear and need repeating. English common lands are gradually shrinking into smaller dimensions. Since Queen Anne's days alone 5,000,000 acres have been enclosed. Now only a million and a half, if so many, acres remain open. Of course, those who make encroachments do so as quietly as possible. It must be remembered that only in this way have the millions any right in the soil. Absorb the remaining commons, and all England becomes private property; the millions have only the right of the street and highroad. This cannot be for the public weal. Generosity on the part of proprietors is excellent, but on the other side, the sense of obligation is not pleasant. A quarter of the land of England belongs to seven hundred and ten persons. We are glad to know that there is a Commons Preservation Society, at 1, Great College Street, Westminster, that will give advice and help in all efforts to prevent encroachment on common land.

Miss Hill urges earnestly the importance of utilising the open spaces and burial-grounds in our large towns for the public good, and describes several cases in London in which this has been done. One fact we are astonished to learn, that the Quakers sold their burial-ground at Bunhill Fields for building purposes, disinterring the dead wholesale, and refused to wait till efforts could be made to purchase the ground for the public. Such a course is most unlike the Friends, and many will be startled to hear of it.

The essays on charity and visiting are all admirable. Nothing at first sight may seem easier than to help the poor. Really, it is a work beset with difficulties, and to be done well requires tact, patience, discrimination, firmness, not to say harshness. The evil wrought by indiscriminate giving in this country is very great. The *sine quâ non* of effectual charity is knowledge, investigation of all the circumstances of the case. Such investigation will generally alter considerably the first impressions on which most people act in dispensing charity. Strange as it may seem, impulse is the worst guide in such work. All help which, instead of encouraging, weakens the spirit of self-dependence is an unmitigated evil. These are some of the points which Miss Hill enforces. There is

no need in England to plead for charity in general. What she pleads for is personal, systematic, organised labour. We hope that we are gradually feeling our way to something of this kind. In London, a Charity Organisation Society, with a committee in each district, undertakes on request to investigate and report on any case of alleged destitution. Here is the very means by which private individuals can gain the information they need. Other places cannot too soon follow the example of London. Miss Hill says: "I believe our irregular alms to the occupant of the miserable room, to the shoeless flower-seller, are tending to keep a whole class on the very brink of pauperism who might be taught self-control and foresight, if we would let them learn it. I believe, too, that our blanket-charities, soup-kitchens, free dormitories, old endowed charities distributing inadequate doles, have a great tendency to keep down the rate of wages of the very lowest class, partly because they come in like a rate in aid of wages, not so regular as that of the old poor-law, yet still appreciable; partly because they tempt large numbers who might raise themselves to hang on to low callings, and make competition fiercer in them, and the chance of absolute want greater. In nearly every case requiring help there is some step of *self-help* which ought to be taken by the family itself, or some member of it; some girl ought to go to service, some boy to get a place, some member of the family to begin learning a trade, some cheaper lodging to be found. . . . Let it be with any of you who desire to do good a strict rule to yourselves to have the case of every family you want to help thoroughly scrutinised."

ADAMS'S DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Dictionary of English Literature. Being a Comprehensive Guide to English Authors and their Works. By Davenport Adams. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, London, Paris, and New York.

SOME such dictionary as Mr. Davenport Adams has compiled, under the title of *Dictionary of English Literature*, was a thing very much to be desired; and the scheme of this particular attempt to fill the void is, on the whole, a good one. The arrangement is strictly alphabetical; and in their order appear the names of prominent writers, titles of chief works in various branches of literature, *noms de plume*, many familiar quotations and proverbs, leading characters in poetry and fiction, first lines of celebrated songs, ballads, and poems, and short instructive articles on various general subjects in literature. Now it is obvious to remark that such a scheme involves a great deal of repetition, but no less obvious that a scheme equally useful could not be devised without this repetition, which must not, therefore, be accounted a waste of space. For example, if a book of

this kind is to be really useful, it is quite essential that when we turn to a given author's name all his literary doings shall be found chronicled thereunder, or references be given to such other alphabetical headings as may refer to the same; but, of course, in many instances, a part of the information has to appear twice, because we naturally expect that a man's works shall be assigned to him under his own name, and just as naturally that all leading works shall be catalogued and ascribed in the alphabetical order of their title. As an example of the manner in which, under this mode of arrangement, information on a particular man and his work gets scattered through the book, the reader should turn to the article "Tennyson," and note the length of the list of his works, and the statement that *most* of them are separately noticed under their respective headings. In a minor way, an idea of the method and its working can be had from the entries connected with an unimportant enough little book, *Tännhäuser*; or, *The Battle of the Bards*. Under the heading *Tännhäuser* we read simply, "See TEMPLE, NEVILLE;" we turn to that heading, and read—

"Temple, Neville, and Trevor, Edward. The names assumed by the HON. JULIAN CHARLES HENRY FANE (1827—1870), and the HON. EDWARD ROBERT BULWER, afterwards LORD LYTTON (b. 1831), in publishing *Tännhäuser*; or, *The Battle of the Bards*, a poem (1861)."

Under "Fane" we find—

"Fane, Julian (b. 1827, d. 1870), was, says Dennis, 'a poet, a musician, a linguist, a diplomatist, an eloquent speaker, a wit, a mimic, a delightful talker,' but will best be remembered as the author of some delightful sonnets. His *Life* has been written by his friend Robert, Lord Lytton. See TEMPLE, NEVILLE."

Under "Lytton, Lord," we learn that his Lordship has, in addition to his single-handed works, written "also, in conjunction with Julian Fane (*q.v.*), *Tännhäuser*; or, *The Battle of the Bards* (1861);" and we are again referred to "TEMPLE, NEVILLE."

It will be seen that the satirical poem in question gets a fair amount of record, and is easy to learn about, if one knows any one point from which to start the quest. This quest, however, brings us into the present Lord Lytton's domain in the *Dictionary*; and here we stumble on a place through which we want a light shown us. Under "Lytton, Lord," is given a list of seven separate "poetical works" beside *Tännhäuser*, and the memoir of Julian Fane (assigned to 1861, though Fane only died in 1870); and, under "Meredith, Owen," we read—

"The *nom de plume* under which the HON. EDWARD ROBERT BULWER LYTTON, now LORD LYTTON (b. 1831), published his earlier poetry. See LYTTON."

Now, if any one is interested in his Lordship's literary doings at all, we fancy that, for we speak without experience to guide us, such would be likely to want to know *which* of the seven

"poetical works" were issued under the pseudonym of "Owen Meredith;" but this is not divulged in the *Dictionary*. Such an omission is not very serious; and yet, if a story is worth telling at all, it is worth telling thoroughly. The more serious charges against this book are, as they were sure to be, matters of minute detail misstated, misquoted, or otherwise misrepresented. Such an one, for instance, occurs under "Donne": the work called *Death's Duel* is referred to as *Death's Devil*, presumably because Lowndes (*Bibliographer's Manual*), following the original title-page, gives *Death's Dvel*, using *v* for *u*, as Donne did, and producing a word which might, to the uninitiated, seem to be the old word *divel* with the *i* dropped out. Under "Tourneur," the pamphlet *Laugh and Lie Down* is still assigned to Cyril Tourneur, though there never was (as Mr. Churton Collins has shown) any real ground for considering it his. Under "Patmore," the title of one of Mr. Coventry Patmore's volumes, is wrongly given, *The Espousal*, instead of *The Espousals*. In the article on Mr. W. B. Scott, there are two volumes mentioned as entitled respectively *Poems* (1855), and *Poems by a Painter* (1864); but there is only one volume answering to these titles: it was issued in 1854, with a printed title, *Poems by W. B. Scott*, and an etched title or frontispiece, *Poems by a Painter*. There is rather a bad blunder under the head of "Hawthorne." The posthumous novel, *Septimius*, is omitted from the list of Nathaniel Hawthorne's works, and under the erroneous title of *Septimus* is ascribed to his son, Julian Hawthorne.

But it would be quite hopeless to expect to find a work of this magnitude and of this elaborate character free from errors of detail; and we can assure our readers that the volume contains an immense mass of correct information, conveniently arranged and very legibly printed, besides being a book which may be turned to account in the drawing-room as well as the study, and in which the desultory reader will find certain entertainment wherever he opens it, while the student of English literature will find it by far the most useful and meritorious book of the kind obtainable, unless he wants a dry bibliography such as Lowndes's, or a costly and massive set of volumes of reference such as Allibone's.

PANDURANG HARI.

Pandurang Hari, or Memoirs of a Hindoo. With an Introductory Preface by Sir H. Bartle Frere, G.S.I., K.C.B., D.C.L. New Edition. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1877.

ONE of the best historical novels written on Indian subjects. First published in 1826, it is reprinted on the recommendation of high Indian authorities like Dr. Birdwood, Col. Meadows Taylor, and Sir Bartle Frere. There are of course wonderful surprises

and coincidences, everybody proves to be somebody else, persons moving in obscure life discover that they were born to fortune and greatness; but all this is only what always takes place in the world of fiction. The purpose of the writer, Mr. Hockley, a member of the Bombay Civil Service, who makes no other sign, is to illustrate Mahratta life and history at the beginning of the present century, and this purpose is accomplished more effectually than could be done by any historical narrative in the same space. The picture is darkly coloured, but not more so than the facts of the time warranted. Sir B. Frere says: "I can testify that there are very few of the scenes or stories contained in Pandurang's narrative to which I could not find a parallel among the reminiscences I have heard related by old men, whose youth had been passed in Mahratta and Pindari courts or camps during the first twenty years of this century." But two qualifications are to be remembered. The state of native society described has wholly passed away. The scene is laid during the closing scenes of the Mahratta rule while the Peishwa still ruled, and Holkar and Scindia were his ministers. The fact indeed that the work reproduces in vivid colours an age that has passed away gives it an additional value; but its delineations must not be applied to the present. And again, the Mahrattas were essentially a violent, warlike race, the most lawless, faithless, and blood-thirsty of all Hindu peoples. They did nothing for literature or government. What is true of them would not be true of all Indian races. The characters so powerfully drawn must not therefore be taken as universally typical. If the reader takes with him Sir Bartle Frere's judicious cautions in the Preface, he will be in no danger of going astray. The villainies described, deceit within deceit, seem incredible indeed to western simplicity; but they are quite in keeping with the stories told by Hindu writers themselves, and therefore we may presume with the facts of native life. The book will bear not merely reading more than once but musing upon like a picture. In no better way can a reader gain a vivid impression of at least one section of India as it was. Sir B. Frere, comparing the work with Col. Taylor's, says: "For a truthful picture of Mahratta life, as it must have appeared in the latter and more corrupt days of the Peishwa's government, I have met with nothing equal to the dark, bizarre sketches of Pandurang Hari." That is high but just praise.

HUEFFER'S TROUBADOURS.

The Troubadours; a History of Provençal Life and Literature in the Middle Ages. By Francis Hueffer. London: Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly.

DR. HUEFFER has been known for some time past to be specially engaged in the study of the Troubadours, and has put forth

articles from time to time on different branches of his subject; but the handsome volume now at length before us is no mere reprint of articles, though, as the author says in his preface, "some of the materials formerly used have been re-embodied in it." This is a connected, and, as far as may be in a boldly printed 8vo. volume of 385 pages, exhaustive treatise on the whole subject. Not only do we get in general outline a history of Provengal life and literature in that medieval epoch known as the age of the troubadours, but we have further a very full account of the *langue d'oc* of the various kinds of poetry that adorned that language, beside the lyric order special to the troubadours, and a considerable mass of technical and critical discussion.

The greater portion of the book is purposely and avowedly made as untechnical as the nature of the various themes would admit—the author's first aim being to make his book readable in a high-class popular sense, and in this he has succeeded so well that, henceforth, the troubadours should be no longer the mere shadows that they now are to all but the exceptionally cultivated few. For students of poetry, of language, and of biography and manners alike, the whole book is an acceptable gift; while for the "general reader" Parts I and II (some three-quarters of the whole work) will probably be found sufficient—Part III. being purely technical, a fact whereof Dr. Hueffer gives due warning. For our own part, we find this technical division of the book particularly interesting, and, we must also admit, instructive—dealing as it does with the origin of rhyme, the respective parts of rhyme and rhythm in prosody, and the formation of the stanza, in all of which subjects Dr. Hueffer shows himself quite at home not only in the literature of the *langue d'oc*, but in what may be called comparative prosody. But it can hardly be hoped, and Dr. Hueffer would probably be among the last to expect, that this part of his excellent book will interest the popular readers for whose sake he has framed the rest of the work on a popular scale. The accounts of the various Provengal minstrels, for which he has relied mainly on the works of the troubadours themselves, will amply repay the large class of readers who love to contemplate character and incident, while an abundant interest is afforded in the details of those social institutions of which the greater part of us have but a dim conception. We commend the book to the special notice of all classes of readers, as well those who care to be entertained in their studies as those who are students pure and simple; the subject is very fresh, and the treatment should be found very widely acceptable.

EDERSHEIM'S GOLDEN DIARY.

The Golden Diary of Heart Converse with Jesus in the Book of Psalms. Arranged for Devotional Reading on every Sunday. By Alfred Edersheim, D.D., Ph.D. New and Revised Edition. London: The Religious Tract Society.

WE are glad to see a new edition of a choice book. The demand for such wholesome food is a pleasing sign, and the Tract Society has done well in seeking to meet it. The craving which exists for helps to a devotional life is evidenced by the large circulation of works which, with many excellences, include many tainted elements, and need to be used with discrimination. We refer especially to translations and adaptations from Roman Catholic sources. Unless the whole tone of English piety is to be changed for the worse, provision must be made to meet the demand of the kind this work supplies. The matter of these meditations is taken direct from Scripture, and from that divine, unique treasury of devotion—the Book of Psalms. The musings are all founded on study of the original and of the best commentators, are studded with quotations from choice authors and the best Christian hymns, and clothed in graceful, elegant language. They proceed on the supposition that the Psalms more or less directly “treat of and point to Christ and His Church.” The Psalms are thus read in the light reflected upon them from the cross and resurrection of Christ. What can we say more in the way of recommendation?

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

Outlines of Sermons on the Miracles and Parables of the Old Testament: Original and Selected. By a London Minister. London: R. D. Dickinson. 1878.

MORE than a hundred outlines on subjects seldom treated in the pulpit. The “Parables,” for the most part, are the similes and personifications found in the prophets, and will scarcely prove as serviceable as the “Miracles,” which include all the supernatural incidents with which we are familiar. The outlines are clearly and firmly drawn, are evidently the fruit of much thought and research, and will often furnish teachers and preachers with clues to useful lines of remark. The illustrations are drawn from a wide field of reading. Used as an incentive to thought, and in conjunction with the usual commentary, the volume will prove of great service.